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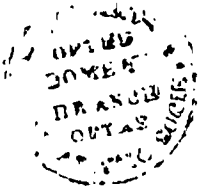

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LITERARY LADIES

OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY

MRS. ELWOOD,

AUTHORESS OF "AN OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA."

24358

IN TWO VOLS.

VOL. I.

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TO

THE MEMORY

OF

HER DEAR MOTHER,

MRS. CURTEIS, OF WINDMILL-HILL,

THE FOLLOWING VOLUMES

ARE

DEDICATED

BY HER

DUTIFUL AND AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER,

ANNE KATHARINE ELWOOD.

Clayton Priory, December 1842.

PREFACE.

THE idea of the following work was first suggested to the writer, by her partiality to the literary performances of her own sex, and from her anxiety to obtain information concerning the lives and characters of those individuals in whose productions she took an interest, without, in general, being able to gratify her curiosity; for, though there are books professing to give an account of women, illustrious from their station, remarkable for their adventures, or celebrated for their worth and abilities, yet is she not aware of their being any published Biography of Literary Females of the past and present century.

It has been her wish to execute to the best of her ability the work she has undertaken, yet is she apprehensive that in some cases, from the difficulty of obtaining precise information, errors may be discovered in these volumes.

She begs, however, to deprecate the severity of criticism, by stating that they are intended only for

such of her own sex, who, not feeling themselves equal to profound and abstract subjects, can derive amusement and information from what is professedly too light for the learned, and too simple for the studious.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LITERARY LADIES

OF

ENGLAND.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Lady Mary Pierrepoint was born in 1690, at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire. She was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, fifth Earl of Kingston, who was, in 1706, created Marquis of Dorchester by Queen Anne, and, in 1716, Duke of Kingston by George I. He was the youngest of three brothers, who successively bore the title of Earl of Kingston. Their father was the son of William Pierrepoint, of Thoresby, surnamed "Wise William," who adhered to the Parliament, and was courted and caressed by Cromwell; whilst his brother, the second Earl of Kingston, was among the adherents of King Charles I., by whom he was created Marquis of Dorchester. Their mother was a Wiltshire heiress of the name of Evelyn, which ever since has been a favourite christian name with her descendants.

The Countess of Kingston was Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of Basil, second Earl of Desmond and third Earl of Denbigh, whose nephew, Lieutenant-

General Fielding, the son of his youngest brother John, was father of the celebrated author, Henry Fielding.

The Duke of Kingston was a man of pleasure and gallantry, feared rather than beloved by his children. In her letters, Lady Mary observes, that Richardson described his character without knowing it, when he delineated that of Sir Thomas, the dissipated father of Sir Charles Grandison. He retained a dignified and handsome appearance till late in life, and his granddaughter, the Countess of Bute, whilst quite a child, remembered his entering her mother's dressing-room, with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance; when Lady Mary, who was at her toilet, all dishevelled as she was, with her long hair floating about her shoulders, according to the custom of the day, immediately fell upon her knees to ask his blessing.

He was advanced in years when he married, much to the annoyance of his family, the young and beautiful Lady Isabella Bentinck, daughter of the Earl of Portland. She was considerably the junior of her husband's daughters, who evidently considered her to have sacrificed herself to an old man solely from interested motives.

At the duke's death, in 1726, after the funeral had taken place, the widowed duchess saw company in state, according to the established fashion. The apartments and staircase were all hung with black cloth. The duchess, closely veiled with black crape, sat under a high black canopy, upright, in her state bed, at the foot of which, ranged like mutes in a tragedy, stood the grandchildren of the deceased duke. The room was lighted by a single wax taper, and she thus re-

ceived the compliments of condolence, tendered in person by every lady upon her visiting list,—if relations, clothed in appropriate mourning,—who, amidst profound silence, curtseyed in and out, approaching the bed with due solemnity, upon tiptoe.

Viscount Newark, the Duke of Kingston's only son, died before his father, at an early age, of that terrible disorder the small-pox, which at that time raged with impunity, carrying off persons of the highest rank and station. In Lord Petre's family, eighteen persons fell victims to it in the space of twenty-seven years, and he himself, celebrated in the "Rape of the Lock" as the ravisher of Arabella Fermor's hair, died of it at the age of three-and-twenty, just after his marriage with a young and beautiful heiress. Lady Mary herself suffered severely from it; and though her beauty was not seriously injured thereby, yet she lost her eyelashes in consequence, which gave an air of fierceness to her fine and brilliant eyes. In one of her two Eclogues, written in 1715, she probably describes her own feelings under those of the lady recovering from that disorder.

Lord Newark left a son and daughter, and the question upon whom the guardianship of his children was to devolve at the decease of his father, raised fierce cabals and contentions in the family. Lady Mary says, in one of her letters, "Mamma and I were in an actual scold when my poor father died. She has shown a hardness of heart upon this occasion that would appear incredible to anybody not capable of it themselves."

Eventually, Lady Frances Pierrepoint, for the care of whom four hundred pounds per annum were assigned,

was placed under the charge of Lady Gertrude Pierrepoint, who had married William Cheyne, Viscount Newhaven.

The death of Lady Kingston, whilst her children were still so young, was a serious misfortune to them, as they were consigned to the care of persons evidently not competent to undertake the charge of educating individuals of their rank and station in life. Lady Mary speaks of her own education as having been a very bad one. "Exactly the same as Clarissa Harlowe's," says she; "her pious Mrs. Norton so perfectly resembling our governess, who had been nurse to my mother, I could almost fancy the author had been acquainted with her. She took so much care from my infancy to fill my head with superstitious tales and false notions. It was none of her fault that I am not at this day afraid of witches and hobgoblins, or turned Methodist."

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Lady Mary Pierrepoint early showed signs of brilliant abilities; and the following anecdote, which she loved to recall, proves that she was an object of pride, if not of affection, to her then young and fashionable father. He was a member of the Kit-Cat Club, consisting of the most eminent Whig statesmen and wits of the day,—so called from a pastry-cook of the name of Christopher Cat, famous for making mutton pies, (also named after him,) which constantly formed part of their entertainment; and the portraits of its members, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, less than a full, and larger than a half-length, to adapt them to the height of their club-room, were termed Kit-Cat size, from the name of the club.

At one of their meetings, when they were choosing toasts for the year, Lord Kingston suddenly nominated his daughter, Lady Mary Pierrepoint, then but eight years of age, as being prettier than any lady on the list, and to prove his assertion, he immediately sent for the child to be brought thither, when she was received by all present with acclamation. Her claims were unanimously allowed, her health was drunk with applause, and her name was engraved in form upon a drinking-glass. She was overwhelmed with flattery, praises, and caresses, and the ecstasy she felt on the occasion she had not words to express. Indeed, according to her own account, she never again passed so happy a day, and probably never again enjoyed so complete a triumph. It was, however, a most dangerous trial for a child, as the love of display and of admiration likely to be engendered by such a scene, might have laid the foundation for most unhappy effects; and indeed, throughout her whole life, Lady Mary appears to have had a craving for *something* which she never obtained.

She certainly never seems to have been happy, or contented even, with her situation. Neither in her single nor her married life, as a daughter, a wife, or a mother, did she find felicity, and her friendships were constantly interrupted and broken off by misunderstandings and quarrels. In allusion to her former life, she says to her sister, "Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us in possession of all we wanted. * * * These things convince me that we are here in an actual state of misery. I am sa-

tisfied I have been one of the *condemned* ever since I was born."

Whilst young, Lady Mary read with eagerness everything which came in her way, and devoured with avidity the voluminous romances of Scuderi and Calprenède, which were then still fashionable. She began to make verses, and some lines of her composition, written at the age of twelve years, are still in existence. She seems to have taught herself the learned languages, for in 1709 she says, "I am now so much alone, I have leisure to pass whole days in reading. My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master. I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any very great progress; but I find the study is so diverting, I am not only easy but pleased with solitude that indulges it." In July, 1710, she sent to Bishop Burnet, who had occasionally kindly superintended her studies, her translation of the Enchiridion of Epictetus, saying, "Here is the work of one week of my solitude; by the many faults in it, your lordship will easily believe I spent no more time upon it; it was hardly finished when I was obliged to begin my journey, and I had not leisure to write it over again."

It was early in life that she undertook to do the honours of her father's house at Thoresby, and in those days it required no small degree of personal strength to undergo the fatigue of sitting at the head of the table, as the lady there installed, not only had to invite and to press her company to eat, but had also actually to carve every dish with her own hands,

and each joint was brought up to her to be operated upon. There were then professed carving-masters, and Lady Mary took lessons three times a week, that she might be able to perform with grace and dignity on her father's public days; but on these occasions she took care to eat her own dinner beforehand, that she might have nothing to interrupt her functions as hostess. The gentlemen guests never thought of offering any assistance, as it would have been conceived an insult if the humblest individual at table had not been helped by the lady of the house. The duties of the master in those days consisted merely in pushing the bottle after dinner, and in keeping up the conviviality of the party.

Among the associates of Lady Mary in early life, may be enumerated Mistress Smith, as young ladies were then termed, the daughter of the Whig Speaker Smith; Dolly Walpole, as she was called by her friends, the sister of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Lady Townshend; Lady Anne Vaughan, the daughter and heiress of Lord Carberry, who married Lord Winchester, and was afterwards Duchess of Bolton; and Mrs. Anne Wortley, the second daughter of the Honorable Sydney Wortley Montagu, who was the second son of Admiral Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich. The name of Wortley was taken in addition to that of Montagu by their son, upon his marrying the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley. Lady Mary's intimacy with the sister soon led to an acquaintance with the brother, which terminated in a mutual attachment. Their first interview took place during a casual visit paid by her to Mrs. Wortley, at which he was accidentally present. Being himself a man of

learning, and fond of polite literature, Mr. Wortley Montagu was delighted with the brilliant wit and cultivated mind of his sister's fair friend. Quintus Curtius having been mentioned, on Lady Mary's observing it was a book she had never read, a most superb edition was in a few days forwarded to her, with some complimentary lines on the title-page.

The flirtation thus begun was carried on by a brisk correspondence with Mrs. Anne Wortley, whose answers, from their lover-like style, and from copies of some of them in Mr. Wortley's hand-writing, it seems were composed by him, though sent in his sister's name. At her death, a more direct communication commenced between the two lovers; but even during the courtship a number of quarrels had already taken place. The fact seems to be that Mr. Wortley was jealous, and that Lady Mary was a coquette; indeed, she went to the blamable length of allowing her father so far to encourage another suitor, that her wedding-clothes were actually bought, the settlements completed, and the day for the marriage appointed.

When Mr. Wortley Montagu made his proposals to Lord Kingston, they were declined, on the grounds of his refusing to settle his estate upon his eldest son, and his lordship told him, "his grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars." The other suitor having complied with all the requisitions of pin-money, settlements, and jointure, was accepted by him, without any reference to his daughter's inclinations. But the lady decided the point, by running away with Mr. Wortley Montagu. To the last moment, however, she appears to have been undetermined, and she subsequently told Mr. Spence that

" she had not made up her mind till the evening preceding her marriage;" but her high spirit seems to have revolted at the threats of her father, of " confining her, if she disobeyed him, where she might repent at her leisure;"—in which determination he seems to have been supported by her nearest connexions.

In her correspondence with Mr. Wortley Montagu, she tells him she is extremely anxious to go to the Continent, as " she could not think of living in the midst of her relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step;" for " she had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations she had disobliged." However, notwithstanding all these hesitations, resolves, and scruples, she, after all, writes to him, " I again beg you to have a coach and be at the door early Monday morning, to carry us some part of the way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to the lady's house, you had best come with a coach and six at seven o'clock tomorrow. She and I will be in the balcony which looks upon the road; you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you." They were married by special license, August 12, 1712.

The rage of Lord Kingston, then Marquis of Dorchester, may be more easily imagined than described, and Lady Frances Pierrepoint, apprehensive that, should her father be induced to examine her sister's papers, there might be some she might not wish to have inspected, hastily burnt all she could find, and amongst them a diary, which Lady Mary had kept for some years, and which she was not much pleased at losing. She continued her journal soon after her marriage, which,

in time, became voluminous. This, too, was destroyed by her daughter, Lady Bute, who, after keeping it for some time, burnt it immediately before her own death in 1794.

The first three years after their marriage were spent by Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu chiefly in the country, occasionally visiting their friends, but principally in hired houses, either in Yorkshire or near Huntingdon. Their circumstances were evidently confined, and frequent separations took place when her husband was attending parliament. Her letters to him are written in a somewhat querulous and discontented strain upon these occasions, and it might be imagined, that, though still attached to him, she already had begun half to repent of the step she had taken, in quitting the pomp and splendour of her father's establishment.

Lady Mary's son, the eccentric Edward Wortley Montagu, was born in 1713,—that son who was afterwards to cause his parents so much trouble, from the irregularity of his conduct. He appears to have been a delicate infant, and was already a source of anxiety to his youthful mother, who writes to her husband, "I am in abundance of pain about my dear child. Though I am convinced in my reason, 'tis both silly and wicked to set my heart too fondly on anything in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far, as to think of parting with him, with the resignation that I ought to do. I hope, and I beg of God, he may live to be a comfort to us both."

The death of Queen Anne in 1714, and the accession of George I., with the change of parties that took place in consequence, produced a considerable

alteration in the circumstances of Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, their friends being in the Whig interest, which then came into power. His connexion, Lord Halifax, became First Lord of the Treasury, and he himself was made one of the commissioners thereof. Lady Mary now emerged into the gay world from her solitude and retirement at Middlethorpe in Yorkshire, where she had been somewhat alarmed, it appears, from apprehensions of movements in favour of the Pretender, and from whence she had been repeatedly urging on her husband the propriety and expediency of his offering himself as a candidate, as member of parliament, for different places.

Lady Mary, from her rank, her wit, and her beauty, must have produced a considerable sensation at the court of George I., and it appears that she everywhere met with that admiration which was her due. She was intimate with most of the leading wits of the day, and a fatal celebrity is attached to her friendship with Pope, from the quarrel which subsequently induced them to traduce each other. This rupture, however, did not take place till some time after her return from Constantinople, and up to the period of their misunderstanding, from the adulatory style of his letters, and from the following verses which Lady Mary communicated to her sister in 1720, but which he subsequently endeavoured to suppress, it is evident he felt a stronger attachment to her than he should have entertained for a married woman.

"Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;

In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here, to happier scenes it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterres, the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
As the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart,
There stretched unseen, in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

In the year 1716, the other powers of Europe, interposing to endeavour to effect a mediation between Austria and Turkey, which were then at war with each other, Mr. Wortley Montagu was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, and in the month of August, accompanied by Lady Mary and their infant son, he set out on the expedition. It was during this journey that the celebrated letters were written, which contain such interesting sketches of eastern manners.

They are principally addressed to her sister, Lady Marr, and to Pope: also to Lady Bright, the daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton of Playford, Suffolk, who died in 1744; Lady Rich, the daughter of Colonel Griffin, and the second wife of Sir Robert Rich, Bart., and Mrs. Thistlethwaite, both of whom were ladies of the court. One, apparently by command, was written to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. Of these letters, Lady Mary either kept at the time, or subsequently took, copies, transcribing them into a book which, in 1761, she herself gave to a clergyman of the name of Sowden, at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thought proper. Of this person, at her death, her son-in-law, Lord Bute,

purchased them; but, to the surprise of her friends, a copy having been surreptitiously obtained, they suddenly appeared in print in 1763; since which time they have passed through various editions, and the book has become a standard work of reference with oriental travellers.

The route of Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu lay through Rotterdam, the Hague, Nimeguen, Cologne, Nuremberg, and Ratisbon, to Vienna, which place they reached early in September 1716, where they spent a month. They then returned by Prague and Leipsic, to Hanover, where the English court was then staying, apparently for fresh instructions. Again returning to Vienna, they started from thence on the 15th of January 1717, and went by Raab and Buda to Peterwaradin, crossing the then frozen Danube on the 26th of that month. At Betsko, a place half-way between Peterwaradin and Belgrade, they were, as it were, handed over to the Turks, and under their charge, crossing the mountains of Hæmus, after four days they reached Sophia, a beautiful city situated on the river Isca, where Lady Mary paid a visit to the bagnio or public baths for women. Then continuing their journey over ridges and hills between the ranges of Hæmus and Rhodope, they reached Philippolis, whence they proceeded to Adrianople, where they arrived about the end of March, and passed some time, and where they found the Sultan Achmet III., who resided in this place in preference to Constantinople. It was here also that Lady Mary first visited the Grand Vizier's lady, the Sultana Hafitum, and the beautiful Fatima, whom she subsequently again saw at Constantinople, and the account of

whom recalls to mind the descriptions in the Arabian Nights.

In May, they proceeded to Constantinople, and at Pera they took up their abode in a palace from whence they saw "the port, the city, and the seraglio, and the distant hills of Asia, perhaps altogether the most beautiful prospect in the world." Here, early in the following year, was born Lady Mary's only daughter, who was afterwards Countess of Bute. During the hot weather they retired to the village of Belgrade, situated fourteen miles from the shores of the Bosphorus, which, from her account, appears to have been a perfect elysium, and where she thus describes her life,—

"Monday, setting of partridges; Tuesday, reading English; Wednesday, studying the Turkish language; Thursday, classical authors; Friday, spent in writing; Saturday, at my needle; and Sunday, admitting of visits, and hearing of music."

It was during her residence at this charming village, that, after due inquiry, Lady Mary had the heroic courage to try upon her only son the experiment of inoculation, which custom she afterwards introduced into England, and which eventually she had the pleasure of seeing generally adopted, notwithstanding the great opposition which it first had to encounter, from the religious scruples and prejudices of some individuals, but particularly from medical men, who, foretelling failure, and the most disastrous consequences therefrom, rose in arms against it.

Mr. Wortley, failing in his negociations between the belligerent powers, in consequence of the Imperialists requiring from the Turks a complete cession of

all the territories acquired by them during the war, received in 1718 letters of recall, and with his family he accordingly left Constantinople, sailing from thence on the 6th of June.

Anchoring off the famous promontory of Sigæum, Lady Mary had the pleasure of visiting the tomb of Achilles, and the supposed site of Troy, and on their voyage, of seeing

> "Th' immortal islands and the well-known sea:
> There where so oft the muse her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung."

Being driven by a tempest on the coast of Africa, they had an opportunity of visiting the ruins of Carthage. Thence they crossed the Mediterranean to Genoa; and continuing their route by land, they stopped at Turin, where Lady Mary was introduced to the Queen of Sardinia, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, by Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I., and the wife of Victor Amadeus II.

The House of Savoy deducing their origin by females from Stephen and Matilda, (an ancestor of whom had married Occa, the sister of Edward the Confessor,) Victor Amadeus founded thereon a sort of claim to the English crown, in addition to the rights of the queen, who was, after the Pretender, the next thereunto in hereditary succession, she being the granddaughter of Charles I., whilst King George I. was the great grandson of King James I. At this time the House of Hanover had but recently ascended the throne of Great Britain, and the Queen of Sardinia, who was particularly courteous to Lady Mary, did not forget to remind her of her English blood,

adding, "she always felt in herself a particular inclination to the English."

On the second day after leaving Turin, the travellers "began to ascend mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted oziers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders: their chaises taken to pieces, and laid upon mules." So much did Lady Mary suffer from the fatigues of this part of her journey, that at Lyons she was taken dangerously ill.

At Paris, which they reached in October, she had the unexpected pleasure of meeting with her sister, the Countess of Marr, who, since her husband's attainder, had resided upon the Continent. It was during the height of the excitement of Law's Mississippi scheme that they arrived, for Lady Mary says, "she saw an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute in Paris—Mr. Law, who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect." They landed at Dover, October 30th, 1718, having been absent from England somewhat more than two years.

Lady Mary's adventures, in addition to her beauty, wit, and talents, now rendered her more than ever an object of celebrity and admiration. Even at the present day, it would be a considerable undertaking for a young woman of Lady Mary's rank to travel with an infant in the depth of winter from Vienna to Adrianople; and at that time a fierce war was raging, which rendered it more than ordinarily hazardous.

Soon after their return, notwithstanding the signal failure of the Mississippi scheme, arose in England the almost equally unfortunate one of the South Sea Company.

Lady Mary appears to have been silly enough to have entered into the South Sea scheme, in which adventurers of all sorts and descriptions then speculated; but she got into a terrible scrape with a Frenchman, of the name of Ruremonde, who, whilst he deposited money in her hands with which to purchase stock, had the presumption to address her as a lover. When the bubble burst, and the stock fell, he appears alternately to have threatened her with exposure by the publication of her letters, and to have annoyed her by urging his suit; whilst she writhed with agony at the idea of the exposure, and of its reaching the ears of her husband, who was particularly sensitive and honourable in all money transactions.

The mystery in which this transaction was involved gave occasion to the scandal-mongers of the day to whisper insinuations prejudicial to the fair fame of Lady Mary. But however severely she might have felt this, she could scarcely blame in others that of which she was so often guilty herself,—she being always fond of retailing the gossip and the piquant anecdotes of the day, not always indeed confining herself within the strict bounds of propriety. But it must be remembered that, in her youth, the nation was not yet recovered from the flood of infidelity, immorality, and indecency, with which it was inundated under the reign of Charles II., and coarseness of phrase, and indelicacy of sentiment, too often characterized even the classic writers of the reign of Queen Anne.

Her friendship with the beautiful Mrs. Murray, the granddaughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, was broken off by her composing and circulating a ballad, founded on circumstances that had occurred

to her, of a particularly disagreeable nature, and to which no female of delicacy would have wished to have reverted. But indeed, by the pungency of her satire, Lady Mary appears to have alienated many of her friends, and her life seems at this period to have been pretty much occupied with polite squabbling. She says of herself, that "she runs about, though she has five thousand pins and needles running into her heart." But though she asserts "that she shall certainly go to heaven from the meekness of her temper," want of spirit could never have been reckoned among the faults of her disposition.

After their return to England, at the earnest request of their friend Pope, the Wortley Montagus took up their abode at Twickenham, where they purchased a house, the cares of which, and the education of her daughter, for some time formed Lady Mary's chief amusements. In 1722 she tells her sister "there is some sort of pleasure in showing one's fancy upon one's own ground;" and with allusion to her little girl, she says, she tries to console herself with a small damsel who is at present all that she can wish, "but, alas! she is still in a white frock."

She, however, did not altogether abandon the gaieties of high life, for in October 1723, in describing the birthnight, she says, "You must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at, but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there. To say the truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show days, to keep the court in countenance." She likewise occasionally joined the royal hunts in Richmond Park, passing many hours on horseback, and

in stag-hunting with the Prince of Wales, who about this time, seems to have admired her more than was pleasing to the princess. But after his rupture with the king, as Lady Mary regularly attended his majesty's parties, the prince withdrew his favour, and the princess became more gracious.

Whilst at Twickenham, Lady Mary was on intimate terms with the Duchess of Montagu, the youngest daughter of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, and also with her mother Sarah, the famous duchess, with whom, though both parties contrived to quarrel with all the world besides, she always contrived to keep on good terms. Among her associates, also, were Lady Stafford, the daughter of the Count de Grammont and of La Belle Hamilton, and " her dear Molly Skerrett," whose injured reputation was subsequently patched up by a marriage with her seducer Sir Robert Walpole. At a later period, she became acquainted with Lady Oxford, the daughter and heiress of the Duke of Newcastle, and the mother of the Duchess of Portland; also with the Countess of Pomfret, the granddaughter of the notorious Lord Jefferies, with whom, in 1740, she spent some time at Florence.

With Pope, she was at first on the most intimate terms, and in 1720, when he finished his translation of the Iliad, Gay wrote him a complimentary poem, in which he enumerates the host of friends who welcomed the poet home from Greece. Among them Lady Mary stands conspicuous.

" What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her! Ah, those are Wortley's eyes!
How art thou honoured, numbered with her friends,
For she distinguishes the good and wise!"

She even, at his entreaty, sat to Sir Godfrey Kneller for him, in her Turkish dress, and his note acknowledging the favour shows the feelings with which he regarded it.

"The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year. I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepoint than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers, as I am with Sappho's. But now—— I cannot say what I would say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw your face first, which, he says, can never be set right on your figure, if the drapery and posture be finished first. To give you as little trouble as possible, he purposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up at your own house of a morning, from whence he will transfer it to canvass, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner they seldom draw any but crowned heads, and I observe it with a secret pride and pleasure. Be so kind as to tell me, if you can, he should do this to-morrow at twelve. Though if I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you like best: let every decorum you please, be observed; I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I desired any at the expense of your quiet or conveniency in any shape."

The picture, with which he was charmed, produced the following extemporaneous compliment from his pen:—

"The playful smiles around that dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth—
So would I draw, (but it is vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny,)
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue joined;
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the soul's divine,
And the whole Princess in my work should shine."

The origin of her quarrel with one who had thus sung her praises, and loaded her with incense and adulation, appears to be wrapt in some obscurity; but Lady Mary's statement was, that on one occasion he made such passionate love to her, that, instead of looking grave and angry, she turned his addresses into ridicule, by bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, and Pope never forgave this slight to his pretensions.

In his anger he also attacked Lady Mary's most intimate friend, the celebrated Lord Hervey, who was son to the Earl of Bristol, and who in 1720 married the beautiful Miss Lepell, elegantly described by Gay as "Youth's youngest daughter, fair Lepell." He was chamberlain to George II., and took an active part in the politics of the day. By Pope, who satirized his former friend Lady Mary, as Sappho, Lord Hervey is lashed as "Sporus" and "Lord Fanny." But the odium recoils upon the poet who could be so unmanly as to attack a woman; that woman, too, one for whom he had once felt and avowed a strong attachment.

With Lord Hervey, Lady Mary corresponded till his death, which took place in 1743; but her inti-

macy did not extend to Lady Hervey. The Herveys were a clever but eccentric race, of whom it was said that the world consisted of "men, women, and Herveys."

With their only son Edward, Mr. and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu appear to have had, from the first, very great trouble, though it is to be doubted whether they behaved towards him with the usual affection of parents to their children. In 1725, Lady Mary says, with no slight degree of bitterness, "My blessed offspring has already made a great noise in the world. That young rake, my son, took to his heels t'other day, and transported himself to Oxford; being in his own opinion thoroughly qualified for the university. After a good deal of search, we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a school-boy."

In 1727, she again writes, "I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son, who has contrived at his age to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting God knows where, and hitherto it is impossible to find him." Whilst yet under age, young Montagu, to a certain extent, ruined himself by contracting a marriage with a woman of very low degree, many years older than himself; and he appears subsequently to have been commanded by his parents to remain in Holland, and not to come to England. When he met his mother at Lyons, in 1742, by appointment, he was directed to assume the feigned name of Durand, and she was greatly displeased with him for mentioning to others their acquaintance.

By his parents he was considered as weak, which should have been a claim upon their indulgence, rather than a reason for severity; by others he was well

thought of, and esteemed amiable and pleasing. Lady Mary, indeed, could see in him nothing but faults, and would have approved of his father's disinheriting him. She was extremely displeased with him for running into debt: but one thousand pounds would have paid off his creditors, and three hundred a year was but a small sum, it must be allowed, for the son and heir of a man of Mr. Wortley Montagu's large fortune. Perhaps to their own injudicious treatment of him, many of his follies and errors are to be ascribed.

At one time he settled in Turkey, where he assumed the habits and manners of a native, and at Warwick Castle is a picture of him in his oriental costume. He eventually died at Lyons in 1776, when about sixty-three years of age, just as he was about to return to England, with the intention of marrying, to prevent his property going to the family of his sister the Countess of Bute. His death was occasioned by a bone sticking in his throat, whilst eating a beccafico for supper.

In allusion to him, Mrs. Piozzi, in her travels in 1786, says, that "Lady Mary's learned and highly accomplished son imbibed her taste and talents for sensual delights, has been long known in England: it is not so, perhaps, that there is a showy monument erected to his memory at Padua, setting forth his variety and compass of knowledge, in a long Latin inscription. The good old monk who showed it me seemed generously and reasonably shocked, that such a man should at last expire with somewhat more firm persuasion of the truth of the Mahometan religion than any other; but that he doubted greatly of all, and had not for many years professed himself a Christian of any sect or denomination whatever."

So have I seen some youth set out,
Half Protestant, half Papist;
And wandering long the world about,
Some new religion to find out,
Turn infidel or atheist."

In 1739, after the death of her friend Lady Stafford, in consequence of her own health failing, or from some other inexplicable cause, Lady Mary separated from her husband and retired to the continent, where she continued for twenty-two years; indeed, till the time of his death, which took place in 1761. The motive for this arrangement must for ever remain a mystery, as from their correspondence they appear, if not an affectionate couple, at all events to have been upon very friendly terms—perhaps better when at a distance than when together, as besides Lady Mary's high spirit and asperity of temper, to a man of Mr. Wortley's refinement her want of delicacy in conversation and cleanliness in her person must have been very unpleasant.

In the first instance, Lady Mary went by Paris, Dijon, and Turin, to Venice, where she made some stay; and in the following year (1740) she made an excursion to Florence, where she spent two months with the Countess of Pomfret. Whilst there, one celebrated contemporary, Horace Walpole, who met her, describes her as "old, dirty, tawdry and painted:" another (Spence) says, "I always desired to be acquainted with Lady Mary, and could never bring it about, though we were so often together in London. Soon after we came to this place, her ladyship came here, and in five days I was well acquainted with her. She is one of the most shining characters in the world;

but she is like a comet—she is all irregularity, and always wandering—the most wise, most imprudent, loveliest, most disagreeable, best natured, cruellest woman in the world."

From Florence she went to Rome and Naples, returning afterwards by Genoa to Geneva, and from thence to Chamberi, where, in November 1741, she fixed her abode till the following spring, when, by Mr. Wortley's desire, she went to Lyons to meet her son, with whom she spent a couple of days at Valence. She afterwards spent a considerable time at Avignon. From thence, in the summer of 1746, she proceeded to Brescia in Italy, under the escort of the Count de Palazzo, as travelling, on account of the then disturbed state of the continent, was considered to be unsafe. She was scarcely arrived there, when she was seized with a violent fever, from which, after receiving the kindest attentions from the family of the Count, she slowly recovered, and was then ordered to Louvères, on the Lake Isco, to drink the waters, which resemble those of Tunbridge, for the ague with which she was still harassed.

It was here that, in 1752, she purchased a rambling old palace, fitting up some of the dilapidated apartments for her own use, and occasionally allowing her neighbours to turn some of the others into a temporary theatre, the building being on so extensive a scale that she suffered no inconvenience from the accommodation to them. Here she passed the greater part of the remainder of her days in philosophic retirement; devoting herself to her garden and her flowers, her vines and her orange trees, and employing her leisure hours in reading, and in corresponding with Mr. Wortley

and her daughter, Lady Bute. She thus describes her life, which she says is "as regular as that of any monastery."

"I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted put myself at the head of my needlewomen, and work till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have at present two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care: my bees and silkworms are doubled. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books. I dare not indulge myself in that pleasure above an hour. At twelve, I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at picquet or whist, till it is time to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishing of this part of the river belongs to me, and my fisherman's little boat (to which I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge." She adds, "I confess I sometimes long for a little conversation;" though, as she observes, "Quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be expected at my age, for my health is so often impaired that I begin to be as weary of it as mending old lace: when it is patched in one place, it breaks out in another."

This once brilliant court beauty was now become so indifferent to her personal appearance, that, speaking of her looks, she says, "I know nothing of the matter, as it is now eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable, that I resolved to spare myself mortification for the future."

Now, instead of being engrossed with gaiety and fashion, she amused herself with instructing her neighbours in the mysteries of making bread; introduced among them French rolls, custards, mince pies and plum-pudding, and improved them in the art of churning butter. She soon became so popular, that, to her great surprise, she found there was a project on foot to erect her statue: "They were so obstinate in their design, I was forced to tell them my religion would not permit it. I sincerely believe it would have been worshipped when I was forgotten, since I was to have been represented with a book in my hand, which would have passed for a proof of canonization."

Her love of reading continued to the last, even after her eyesight became impaired. On one occasion she observes, "I yet retain, and carefully cherish, my love for reading. If relays of eyes were to be hired like post-horses, I would never admit any but silent companions: they afford a constant variety of entertainment, which is almost the only one pleasing in the enjoyment, and inoffensive in the consequence."

Her daughter, Lady Bute, took care to send her a good supply of books from England; and that she still retained an affection for her native land, is evident from a little burst of feeling, upon one occasion, on receiving a parcel from thence, which all those who have been for any time at a distance must feel to be most natural: "Everything that comes from England is precious to me, even to the hay that is employed in packing." Her letters to her daughter are full of criticisms and observations on the authors she had perused; they are witty, instructive, and entertaining.

Laughingly alluding to her love of fiction and

amusing books, she says, "Daughter, daughter, don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, and stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusements. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this would be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings; happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praises from others—eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting.

The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I could confine it to valuable books, they are almost as scarce as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps at this very moment riding on a poker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise, I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people, but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities; we both obtain very desirable ends."

"I thank God I still retain my taste for the gay part of reading. Wise people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me, and is at worst better than the generality of conversation."

"I wish your daughter to resemble me in nothing but the love of reading, knowing by experience how far it is capable of softening the cruellest accidents of life; even the happiest cannot be passed without many uneasy hours, and there is no remedy so easy as books, which, if they do not give cheerfulness, at least restore quiet to the most troubled mind. Those that fly to cards or company for relief, generally find they only exchange one misfortune for another."

"I have now lived almost seven years in a stricter retirement than yours in the island of Bute, and can assure you I have never had half an hour heavy on my hands for want of something to do. Whoever will cultivate their own minds will find plenty of employment."

On one occasion she gave a somewhat laughable instance of the interest she could take in a new book; as she says, alluding to some just arrived, "They amused me very much. I gave a ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my grand-daughter than myself: I returned from a party on horseback, and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was late at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it, and falling immediately upon Fielding's Works, was fool enough to sit up all night reading."

Next to her books, her garden appears to have afforded her the most unmixed pleasure, and having converted a vineyard into one, she amused herself with

forming bowers, covered walks, and rustic apartments. She says, "I am really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading, and as my eyesight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my old age, now pen and needle are almost useless to me."

"I have planted a great deal of tea in my garden, which is a fashion lately introduced into this country, and has succeeded very well. I cannot say it is as strong as the Indian, but it has the advantage of being fresher, and at least unmixed."

One of the amusements of her leisure hours, about 1752, was the writing the history of her own times; but unfortunately for posterity, as it could not fail to have been highly interesting and entertaining from her wit, knowledge of the world, and powers of description, she regularly, as she informed her daughter, burnt every quire as soon as it was finished. Indeed, at all times she appears to have shrunk from the character of an authoress, and seems to have keenly felt the disadvantages of the celebrity and notoriety which attended her. She observed to Lady Bute, when a girl, that "those who cannot but feel they are deficient in ability always look with a mixture of fear and aversion on people cleverer than themselves; regarding them as born their natural enemies. If, then, you feel feel yourself flattered by the reputation of superiority, remember that to be the object of suspicion, jealousy, and a secret dislike, is the sure price you must pay for it." Upon this occasion she probably spoke feelingly, for few persons have been more the object of spite and

malice than Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and possibly the rank, beauty, wit, and talents, that procured her unbounded admiration, at the same time raised the spirit of envy in those who felt her superiority.

Notwithstanding what she says of the retirement of her life, her society was evidently much courted, not only by her own countrymen, but also by the Italians. She gives one or two amusing descriptions of the visitations, as they deserve to be termed, to which she was liable, sometimes apparently at inconvenient moments. On one occasion, January, 1748, she says, "The way of living in this province is, I believe, what it is in the sociable parts of Scotland, and was in England a hundred years ago. I had a visit in the holidays of thirty horse of ladies and gentlemen, with their servants. They came with the kind intention of staying with me at least a fortnight, though I had never seen any of them before, but they were all neighbours within ten miles round. I could not avoid entertaining them at supper, and by good luck happened to have a large quantity of game in the house, which, with the help of my poultry, furnished out a plentiful table. I sent for the fiddles, and they were so obliging as to dance all night, and even dine with me the next day, though none of them had been in bed, and were much disappointed I did not ask them to stay, it being the fashion to go in troops to one another's houses, hunting and dancing together, a month in each castle. The trouble of it is not very great, they not expecting any ceremony. I left the room about one o'clock, and they continued their ball in the saloon above stairs, without being at all offended at my departure."

At another time she received a visit from the

Duchess of Guastalla, with the greater part of her suite, in the same free and *sans cérémonie* manner. "She (the Duchess) entered with an easy French style, and told me, since I would not oblige her by coming to her court, she was resolved to come to me, and eat a salad of my raising, having heard much fame of my gardening. You may imagine I gave her as good a supper as I could. She was (or seemed to be) extremely pleased with an English sack posset of my ordering. I owned to her fairly that my house was much at her service, but it was impossible for me to find beds for all her suite. She said she intended to return when the moon rose, which was an hour after midnight; in the mean time I sent for the violins to entertain her attendants, who were very well pleased to dance, while she and her grand-master and I played at picquet. She pressed me extremely to return with her to her jointure-house. I excused myself, not daring to venture, in the cold night, fifteen miles."

About the year 1758, Lady Mary quitted her philosophic retirement at Louvères for Venice; of which she says, "There is no city so proper for the retreat of old age as Venice, where we have not the *embarras* of a court, no devoirs to force us into public, and yet (which you will think extraordinary) we may appear there without being ridiculous." But as in society, and when among her equals, she could seldom avoid the entering into polite squabbles and tracasseries, so here she was rendered very uncomfortable by the want of courtesy on the part of the British resident, Mr. Murray, with whom she seems to have had a misunderstanding. But for this she was in some degree

indemnified by the society of her friends, Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart, with whom, in 1754, she had formed an acquaintanee, which now ripened into intimacy. Sir James having been attainted on account of his adherence to the Pretender, Lady Mary, both before and after her return to England, exerted herself greatly in his behalf, particularly with her son-in-law, the Earl of Bute, who, after having been preceptor to George III., was in 1760, after his accession to the throne, created by him prime minister.

The death of Mr. Wortley Montagu, which took place in 1761, appears to have removed the cause of Lady Mary's abode upon the continent, or, at all events, she yielded to the entreaties of her daughter to return to England. Early in the following year she arrived in London, where, in speaking of her house, she sarcastically says, "I am now most handsomely lodged; I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor." Her society was as much courted as ever, and her eccentricity appears to have been as great as in former years. Her old enemy, Horace Walpole, thus severely describes her when nearly seventy years old: "I have seen her; I think her dirt and her vivacity are all increased: her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries. She wears no cap or handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes: an old black lace hood represents the first; the fur of a huntsman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last."

Her connexion and sister wit, Mrs. Montagu, mentions her in more favourable terms, in writing to her

sister-in-law, Mrs. William Robinson. She says, "You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved when common coin is worn out: and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory which is perhaps unique. Several persons visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her because her husband and mine were cousin germans; and though she had not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained, by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestique is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine that you are in the first story of the tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times, without the expense of an act of parliament."

A cancer, the cruel disorder which had for years been preying upon her frame, the agonies of which she had borne with great heroism, and which probably was the cause of Lady Mary's apparent neglect of her person and dress, together with other infirmities, deprived her of life six months after her arrival in England: on the 21st of August 1762 she expired in the arms of her daughter, the Countess of Bute.

Strange to say, the only memorial, public or private, to this singularly talented woman, and one who had conferred on her country the benefit of inoculation, is a cenotaph in Lichfield cathedral, with Beauty weeping the loss of her preserver, and an inscription which thus concludes—"To perpetuate the memory of such benevolence, and to express her gratitude for the benefit she herself received from this alleviating art, this monument is erected by Henrietta Inge, relict of Theodore William Inge, and daughter of Sir John Wrottesley, Bart., in 1789."

For beauty, wit, learning, and ability, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu must take a very high rank among the illustrious, not only of her own, but of every age. To the courts of George I. and II. she was a brilliant ornament, from her rank and charms; whilst her ready repartee, and the extent of her information, rendered her conspicuous among the literati of the Augustan age of English literature. She was intimate with her husband's friends, Addison and Steele; with Pope and his coterie; with Young, Fielding, and indeed with most of the wits of that period.

Her virtues were her own; and for that decision of character and patriotic energy which induced her to introduce the practice of inoculation, she is entitled to the gratitude of her country: whilst to her education, and to the age in which she lived, is to be attributed the greater part of her faults. Beautiful, high-spirited, and talented, committed in infancy to the care of a superstitious old nurse, in early youth placed at the head of the establishment of a dissipated man of fashion, and plunged at once into all the gaieties of high life, where her rank, her brilliancy, and her wit, attracted

universal admiration, is it to be wondered at if her head were somewhat turned? By the unfortunate loss of her mother, she had not the benefit of a kind and accomplished female to superintend her education, to soften her heart, and to polish her manners; hence probably the want of feminine qualifications in her, the absence of delicacy, and the coarseness of thought and expression, the want of conciliation, and of attention to propriety and cleanliness.

She was an object not only of admiration but of envy to her contemporaries; and in that *but* how much is comprehended! It will account for the greater part of the ill-natured stories that were put into circulation about her, and which, from her celebrity, and her connexion with wits and satirists, have been preserved and handed down to posterity. She, indeed, severely felt the pains and penalties attached to superiority of talents in a female, and on one occasion she observes, "The use of knowledge in our sex, besides the amusements of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented at a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me, I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken; it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation that way; I have always carefully avoided it, and have even thought it a misfortune."

Lady Mary seems not to have published anything in her lifetime. Her letters from the East appeared surreptitiously soon after her death; and at various times there crept into circulation a number of her fugitive poems. It would have been better for her fair fame had these

latter never been penned; but such was the taste of the day, and in particular of that coterie of wits in which she used to sparkle—Pope, Swift, and others. A more pleasing and delicate style marks her correspondence in later years, especially when addressing her daughter, the only individual for whom she seems ever to have felt uninterrupted affection. In her letters from the banks of the lake Isco, a spirit of philosophy and an air of tranquillity appear throughout, that place her in a far more amiable light, in her retirement, as the recluse of Louvères, than when shining the wit and the *bel esprit* of the court of the English monarch.

Lady Mary was survived by her two children. Her son died at Lyons in 1776; her daughter Mary in 1794. The latter married the Earl of Bute, who was prime minister from 1760 to 1763. The present Lord Wharncliffe has lately published a new edition of the works and correspondence of his celebrated great-grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It is to Lady Louisa Stuart that the world is indebted for the many curious and amusing anecdotes of her grandmother, which appear in that edition of her works.

LADY MURRAY OF STANHOPE.

GRISELD Baillie, afterwards Lady Murray, was born in the year 1693. She was the eldest daughter of George Baillie, Esq., of Jerviswood, in the county of Lanark, and of Griseld Home, daughter of Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont. By the death of an only brother in early infancy, she became the presumptive heiress of her father's ample possessions. Her younger sister, Rachel, married Lord Binning, the eldest son of the Earl of Haddington, the great-grandfather of the present Earl of Haddington, and at the death of Lady Murray, in 1759, the property of the Baillie family went to their second son, who took the name of Baillie, and is the father of the present Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood.

To the pen of Lady Murray, who was, in her day, distinguished for beauty of person, graceful deportment, fascinating manners, and sprightliness of conversation, we are indebted for a description of the character of her parents, and also for an account of the wonderful escapes of her grandfather, the first Earl of Marchmont, then Sir Patrick Home.

The heroic behaviour of his daughter, Lady Griseld Home, has derived additional celebrity from the interesting manner in which it has been made a feature in the Metrical Legends of Miss Joanna Baillie.

These memoirs of her family were evidently never intended by Lady Murray for publication. She modestly says, "I am desirous of nothing so much as to preserve, and make known to her family, what I have observed in my dear mother's life and character, and also those things I well remember to have often heard her tell of, which passed in her younger days. Though it has often been in my thoughts, my unfitness to do it has hindered my setting about it. My affection to the best and tenderest of mothers possibly may bias and blind me. I will therefore set a guard upon myself, to keep strictly to truth, and relate facts which will speak for themselves. Happy for me, were her whole actions so imprinted on my mind that none of them were forgot! But so far from that, all I can remember must be trifling, compared to what a judicious observer might relate, that had access to know her well."

This is dated Mellerstein, December 12, 1749; consequently was written when Lady Murray herself was about fifty-six years old.

The families of Baillie of Jerviswood, and Home of Polwarth, in Berwickshire, had been long united by the ties of friendship and similarity of opinion in religion and politics, before the marriage which took place between Mr. Baillie and Lady Griseld Home, September 17, 1692. They were on the liberal and patriotic side, and consequently were deeply involved in the persecutions and troubles in Scotland of the time of Charles II. and James II

Griseld was the eldest of eighteen children (excepting two that died infants) of Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth, by Miss Ker of Cavers. She was born at Redbraes Castle, December 25, 1665. Her husband, George Baillie, was born at Jerviswood, the 16th of March 1664. Very early in life they began to suffer great hardships and afflictions, from the violent political and religious struggles of the period. It was about the year 1677 that the elder Baillie of Jerviswood was first imprisoned. The little Griseld, then but twelve years old, was sent by her father, Sir Patrick Home, a long journey from their country-house to Edinburgh, to try if, by her youthful appearance, she could get into the prison unsuspected, slip a letter of advice and instruction into his hand, and bring back what information she could collect.

She succeeded so well in this, that from this time unlimited confidence was placed in her, and whatever was entrusted to her care was executed with activity far beyond what could reasonably be expected from her tender age. Within the walls of the prison, a youthful attachment was formed between the son of the unfortunate prisoner and the daughter of his friend, which, in after years, and under more favourable auspices, terminated in a happy and lasting union.

Soon after this, Sir Patrick Home was himself thrown into prison for fifteen months, and was afterwards liberated, on the 17th of April 1679, without any cause being assigned for his confinement. Baillie of Jerviswood also obtained his liberty: but shortly after, persecutions began afresh, and he was again imprisoned; and, in 1683, he eventually fell a victim to the vindictive tyranny of the government he had so patriotically

opposed. He is said to have died with the serene firmness of a philosopher, and the meekness of a christian martyr.

Anxious search was also made for Sir Patrick Home, but through the heroic exertions of his daughter he escaped discovery, although incurring the most hair-breadth risks for his life. Parties were constantly sent after him, and often to his own house at Polwarth, to the terror of its inmates, though no one knew the place of his concealment but his wife, his daughter, and a carpenter, called Jamie Winter, who lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived in so doing. They durst not run the risk of trusting any of the servants, for the frequent examinations and oaths put to them were so strict as to render it imminently dangerous to impart the secret to them.

With the assistance of the carpenter, Lady Home and her daughter Griseld got a bed and bedclothes conveyed in the night to the family burying-place, a vault under ground at Polwarth church, which was situated a mile from the house, where Sir Patrick Home lay concealed for a month, with no other light than what came through an open slit at one end, through which no one could see what was within. During all this time, the youthful Griseld, (for her mother was not able to walk so far, and moreover was narrowly watched,) went every night, by herself, to carry her father victuals and drink, and staid with him in his gloomy hiding-place as long as she could, so as to get home before daybreak. Notwithstanding her having a great terror of a churchyard, particularly in the dark, occasioned, perhaps, by foolish nursery stories, she now stumbled over graves nightly, with no

other fear than for soldiers and parties in search of Sir Patrick Home, the apprehension of which caused her heart to sink within her at every noise or even movement of a leaf.

The minister's house was near the churchyard, and the first night, his dogs kept up such a barking as put her in great danger of discovery. To obviate this, Lady Home sent for him on the following day, and, upon pretence of a mad dog, succeeded in prevailing on him to hang all his.

Another great difficulty was to procure victuals to carry to Sir Patrick, without raising suspicions in the minds of the servants. The only way they could manage it was for Grisold to steal food off her own plate at dinner, into her lap. Some ridiculous dilemmas were the consequence. Her father liked sheep's head, and on one occasion, while the children were eating their broth, she had secreted the greater part of one for him, upon which her brother Alexander (afterwards the second Earl Marchmont) exclaimed, with great astonishment, "Mother, will you look at Griseld? while we have been eating our broth, she has eaten up the whole sheep's head!" This occasioned her some confusion, but so great was their mirth, that her father, at night, was much entertained thereby, and desired that "Sandy might have a share of the next."

Sir Patrick Home endured his gloomy confinement with much composure and cheerfulness of mind. His amusement and entertainment (for he had no light by which to read) was the repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart, from beginning to end. He retained them in his memory to his dying day; and two years previous to his death, in 1724, in the presence of Lady Murray, he directed his daughter, Lady

Griseld, to take up the book and try whether he had forgotten his psalms, by naming any one she chose to select: he missed not a word, and observed, "they had been the great comfort of his life, by night and day, on all occasions."

As the gloomy confinement of the vault was scarcely to be endured for any length of time, Sir Patrick's wife and daughter were busy in contriving other places of concealment for him. One of them was under a bed which drew out on the ground-floor, in a room of which the youthful Griseld kept the key. She, with the assistance of Jamie Winter, at night, made an excavation with her hands, (she durst not use tools on account of the noise,) working till she had not a nail upon her fingers. As they scratched up the earth, she helped the man to convey it away in a sheet on his back, out of the window into the garden. He then made a box at home, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bedclothes, and bored holes in the board for air.

When all was finished, for it took some time to complete, she thought herself the most secure and happy creature alive; and after it had stood the trial for a month, with a daily examination of no water coming in, of which they were apprehensive from the lowness of the situation, and the holes for air had been duly pricked and cleaned, her father ventured to return to his own house again.

After he had been thus concealed for a week or two, the bed being daily examined as heretofore, one day, in lifting up the boards of the floor beneath which it lay, it bounded up, the box being filled with water. "In her life," as Lady Griseld was wont to say subsequently, "she was

never so struck, and had nearly dropped, this being their only safe place of concealment." Sir Patrick, however, observed with great composure, that he saw he must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was now fit and proper for him to leave them. In this he was confirmed by the carrier bringing the sad intelligence from Edinburgh of the execution of Mr. Baillie at the Cross on the preceding day, for which every one grieved, though they durst not express their sorrow. All intercourse had for some time ceased, from the danger of communication, and the Homes were consequently the more shocked from this sad catastrophe being totally unexpected by them.

Of the unfortunate end of Baillie of Jerviswood, who is said by Wodrow to have been one of "the best of men and wisest of statesmen," and "who fell a sacrifice for our holy Reformation, and received the crown of martyrdom on account of his zealous appearances against popery and arbitrary power,"—Hume says, that at the time of the Rye-house plot, "the court was aware that the malcontents of England held a correspondence with those of Scotland; and that Baillie of Jerviswood, a man of merit and learning, with two gentlemen of the name of Campbell, had come to London under the pretence of negotiating the settlement of the Scottish Presbyterians in Carolina, but really with a view of concerting measures with the English conspirators. Baillie was sent prisoner to Edinburgh; but as no evidence appeared against him, the council required him to swear that he would answer all questions that should be propounded to him.

"He refused to submit to so iniquitous a condition; and a fine of six thousand pounds was imposed upon

him At length two persons, Spence and Carstairs, being put to the torture, gave evidence which involved the Earl of Tarras and some others, who, in order to save themselves, were induced to accuse Baillie. He was brought to trial, and being in so languishing a condition from the treatment which he had met with in prison that it was feared he would not survive that night, he was ordered to be executed the very afternoon on which he received sentence."

The danger of longer delay was now so obvious to the family at Polwarth, that preparations were immediately commenced for effecting the escape of Sir Patrick Home; and here again his affectionate daughter exerted herself, by working night and day, to make such alterations in his clothes as would effectually disguise him. The day previous to his leaving his house, they were obliged to confide the secret of his being concealed there to their servant, John Allan, who fainted away from terror and surprise when he heard the tidings. This servant was directed to give out that on the following day he was to go to Morpeth fair to sell horses. When it was dark his master joined him, after a sorrowful parting with his wife and daughter, uncertain whether they should ever meet again in this world.

John Allan preceded, thinking he was followed by Sir Patrick, when he was stopped by a party of horse, and narrowly searched. Fortunately, at this time his master was missing, for, wrapped in thought, Sir Patrick had left the horse to its own guidance, and suddenly found himself at Tweedside, out of his road, at a place not fordable. After some time he managed

to effect a passage, and at last rejoined his servant, who showed inexpressible joy at meeting him.

Sir Patrick Home quitted the high-road, after this providential escape, and got to London by byeways, calling himself a surgeon, and, as he could bleed, he always carried lancets with him, the better to carry on the deception. From thence he went to France, and afterwards travelled from Bourdeaux to Holland on foot, where he sent for his wife and her children to join him.

His estates were now forfeited, and made over to Lord Seaforth, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a trifling allowance was made to Lady Home and her children.

Upon this they lived for the space of three years and a half in Holland, where Sir Patrick went under the assumed name of Dr. Wallace. They were in very straitened circumstances, but Griseld again exerted herself, and performed the most menial duties of the establishment. She rose early to light her father's fire, sat up late to complete the necessary business of the household, went to market, cleaned the house, prepared the dinner, mended the children's clothes, and undertook the superintendence of their education.

Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger than herself, having no turn for household work, amused herself and the family with music, to which they were all partial.

The youngest child, Julien, had been left in Scotland, being too ill to travel when the family set off for Holland, and again did "the young, the sweet, the good, the brave Griseld," exert herself: though then scarcely nineteen years of age, this heroic girl returned

to Scotland alone, to fetch her little sister, and to endeavour to recover some money owing to her father. After numerous hardships encountered, they landed at the Brille, and at night set out on foot for Rotterdam. It was cold, wet, and dirty. The poor child, little able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the mud upon which Griseld took her little sister on her back, and carried her the rest of the way!

> " Who then had guessed the figure slight,
> So bending in such humble plight,
> Was one of proud and gentle race,
> Possessing all that well became
> The accomplished maid or high-born dame,
> Befitting princely hall, or monarch's court to grace ?"
>
> *Joanna Baillie.*

Griseld's eldest and her favourite brother, Patrick, together with her young admirer, Baillie, were now reduced to ride in the guards of the Prince of Orange; they also occasionally stood sentry at his gate, but always continued to do so together, and their friendship and intimacy, thus begun, lasted through life. One of the greatest expenses of this interesting family was the procuring necessary articles for the young soldier, and frequently did the amiable Griseld deny herself her natural rest, that her brother's linen and other accoutrements might be in proper order. Point cravats and cuffs were then worn, and she was wont to sit up after the rest of the family were in bed, to attend to them, so that his might look equally well with those of others.

But though reduced to the utmost necessity, their hospitality was ungrudgingly extended to the numerous and unfortunate exiles, who, like themselves,

were banished from their native land. They had seldom fewer than three or four individuals to share with them their scanty family dinner. But with all these privations, and with the household drudgery which she had voluntarily undertaken, Griseld was perfectly happy; always gay and contented, she made light of their grievances, and was wont to look back on this part of her life in after days, as the pleasantest and most delightful portion of her existence.

This amiable girl, the support and stay of her family, was "middle-sized, well made, clever in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes oery uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chesnut, and to the last she had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips, that could be seen in one of fifteen." It is evident that it was from no want of personal attraction that she became the drudge of her family.

At last, in 1688, came the Revolution, and Sir Patrick Home and his son, together with young Baillie of Jerviswood, accompanied King William to England. The report of the whole fleet having been cast away, after they had sailed on the 19th of October, induced the friends of those on board to flock in vast numbers to Helvoetsluys, to seek for information. Among them were Lady Home and her daughters; but as they could obtain no other accommodations, they were forced to lie in the boat they came in from Utrecht, and for the space of three days they saw nothing but beds, chests, horses, &c., come floating in, which had been flung overboard to lighten the ships. The ship which contained the prince then came in with others, but there were no tidings of that in which

were their own relations. For some time their despair was great, but it was at length relieved by their friends eventually appearing, having lost the whole of their baggage in the storm, which was, at that period, a circumstance of no small consideration to them.

The fleet again set sail on the 1st of November, but the joyful news of the success of their friends was sadly damped by arriving on the very day that Christian, the second daughter of the family, died.

When all was settled in England, the children were sent to Scotland, and Lady Home, with her daughter Griseld, came over to England with Queen Mary, who offered to make the latter one of her maids of honour, for which she would have been well qualified; but this was declined by her, as she preferred returning home with her family. She was, probably, moreover, influenced by the tender affection she felt for young Baillie, which had had its rise when she visited his father in prison in Edinburgh, and which had increased in strength during their years of exile. For his sake she rejected several advantageous offers, though at that time he had not a shilling in the world, and there was no prospect of their engagement ever being fulfilled.

Their constancy, however, was at last rewarded, for young Baillie was again put in possession of his estate, which had been given to the Duke of Gordon, and they were married September 17th, 1692, nearly four years after the revolution.

Sir Patrick Home, who was, in 1690, created Lord Polwarth, and in 1696, Earl of Marchmont, was at this time in high favour with the court, and he was made successively Chancellor of Scotland and the

King's High Commissioner to the Scotch Parliament, which was the greatest office in the country. He lived to a great age, and in 1724 died of a fever at Berwick-upon Tweed, in his eighty-fourth year.

His wife, the Countess of Marchmont, died before him, October 11th, 1703. In her last moments, when taking leave of her children, she called for her daughter Griseld, and taking her by the hand, said, "My dear Griseld, blessed be you above all, for a helpful child you have been to me."

Lady Murray, the elder of the two daughters of Mr. and Lady Griseld Baillie, was born in 1693, and by the death of her only brother she early became the presumptive heiress of her father's property. She herself records that from her earliest infancy her mother treated her sister and self like friends, and there was such an openness and confidence between them, that there were never any secrets in the family.

Lady Griseld had her children constantly with her, whether at home or abroad, and Lady Murray was never absent from her in her life for a longer period than two months at a time. Even these brief separations took place very seldom, and unwillingly. Their governess's name was Menzies; she was the daughter of a writer to the signet, and devoted herself to the care of her young pupils, and subsequently, constantly resided in the family, "a faithful, disinterested friend, with good sense, good temper, entirely in our interest, and that with so much honesty, that she always spoke her mind sincerely, without the least sycophancy." She subsequently had the care of the children of Lady Binning, the younger sister of Lady Murray.

For some years Mr. Baillie, who was in the Scotch parliament, was obliged temporarily to leave his family, whilst he was attending his parliamentary duties; but he never failed to bring back with him some little presents, which he knew would be useful and acceptable, and before he took time to rest himself, he would have his trunk opened for the pleasure of distributing them. When absent, he wrote to his wife every post, and not unfrequently to his daughters also. He left the management of his affairs entirely to Lady Griseld, merely charging her not to run in debt, of which he had a great horror. So good a manager was she, and so good an appearance did she make, that he jokingly would say to her, "I never saw the like of you, goodwife; the older you grow, you grow the more extravagant; but do as you please, providing I be in no debt."

Lady Griseld also underwent great trouble in managing the affairs of her brother, Alexander Lord Polwarth, who went abroad in 1716, leaving them in Chancery. She took care of the education of his children, with difficulty procuring Professor Maclaurin to be the tutor of the eldest, and herself attending to the slightest minutiæ even of the clothes of the younger ones, answering the bills, and evincing the same affectionate attachment to her own relations as formerly. At a subsequent period, however, an unfortunate coolness took place between Lady Griseld and her own family, which was productive of great uneasiness to her, and to which she alludes with great feeling in her papers.

Every second year she went to Scotland to see her father, Lord Marchmont, and when he was too old to

look after his own affairs, the "helpful" Griseld again assisted her aged parent—settling his steward's accounts, and at one time, for a period of two months, she continued from five in the morning till twelve at night attending to his concerns.

As their daughters grew up, and were of an age to relish diversions, Mr. and Lady Griseld Baillie did not endeavour to restrain them from such as were befitting their age, but prudently made a point of accompanying them wherever they went; they were far from being any constraint to the gaiety of the parties, which, indeed, were generally calculated to suit Mr. Baillie's convenience.

Unfortunately, the subject of this memoir early became acquainted with, and attached to, Mr. Murray, who had been educated abroad, and was just returned to his native country. He was the son and heir of Sir David Murray of Stanhope, in Perthshire, by Lady Anne Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Kincardine. Mr. Baillie probably perceived in him the moody and ferocious temper, bordering upon insanity, which lurked under prepossessing manners and a pleasing exterior, for he endeavoured to induce his daughter to give her hand to another individual. But he eventually yielded to her tears, and gave his consent to their union, which took place in August, 1710.

On the very day of their marriage, Mr. Murray began to give both alarm and offence to the family of Baillie, from the extraordinary jealousy he evinced of his wife, taking it into his head she had already transferred her affections to one of his own friends, named Hamilton, whom she had never seen till that

period. He could not conquer the conviction that he had for ever lost her affections, and that he could never regain them, though he continued as passionately attached to her as ever.

His conduct was so singular, and even alarming, that a formal separation at last was insisted upon by Mrs. Murray's friends, and she subsequently resided with her parents during their lifetime.

In 1724, Mr. Murray succeeded to the title and property of his father; but this event produced no alteration in the family arrangements, and he continued the same strange line of conduct, wasting his property in wild schemes of improvement, and becoming a needy and desperate projector, spending his time in writing pamphlets, and in addressing numerous petitions, remonstrances, and memorials to government. He was at one time in parliament for the county of Peebles.

Many years after the separation had taken place, when Lady Murray sat for her picture in London, the painter told her, a gentleman came frequently to his house, and would stand for an hour with his arms folded, gazing on her likeness. This individual afterwards proved to be her eccentric and unfortunate husband. He died in 1743, when his title devolved upon his nephew, by whom it was forfeited by his being implicated in the rebellion of 1745.

Mrs. Murray's spirits were naturally for some time much depressed by the unhappy circumstances which attended her marriage, but, by the kind efforts of her relations and friends, her cheerfulness was in some degree restored. The whole family went to town in the following year, 1711, and Mr. Baillie's house being

the resort of the best company, and the rendezvous of the wits of the day, Mrs. Murray, young and handsome, (she was but seventeen when she married,) was much admired, and became quite the fashion. Yet so careful was she in her manners, that not the slightest levity was ever attributed to her, and no one ever attached blame to her from the misfortunes of her married life.

Mrs. Murray was, from this period, distinguished among those celebrated females who graced what has been termed the Augustan age of the court of England, and her name is constantly to be met with in the letters and memoirs of the time. In Gay's verses, entitled, "Mr. Pope's welcome from Greece," written about 1718, and printed in 1720, she takes a conspicuous place among the fair ladies who advance to hail the return of the poet.

> "What lady's that to whom he gently tends?
> Who knows her not? Ah! these are Wortley's eyes!
> How art thou honoured, numbered with her friends,
> For she distinguishes the good and wise.
> The sweet-tongued Murray by her side attends.
> Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies!
> Now, Hervey, fair of face, I wish thee well,
> With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell!

The epithet bestowed on Mrs. Murray alludes to her fascinating manner of singing the native airs and ballads of her own country, which she did with a delicacy and pathos peculiar to herself.

Mrs. Murray was, at one time, on terms of friendship with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and her sister Lady Marr; but this was interrupted by Lady Mary's exercising her wit at her expense, in comme-

morating a most painfully unpleasant circumstance which had occurred to Lady Murray, from a servant of her brother-in-law, Lord Binning, in 1721, entering her chamber in the middle of the night, in a fit of drunkenness, and apparently with the intention of robbery. He was afterwards transported for the offence, but the ballad which was circulated in consequence, in which Arthur Grey is represented as violently attached to Mrs. Murray, was much resented by herself and friends, and it caused a breach in her friendship with Lady Mary.

With Mary Lepell, afterwards Lady Hervey, early the attached and affectionate friend of Mrs. Murray, her intimacy continued to the close of her life. In 1757, Lady Hervey made a journey into Scotland, to pass a few months with "her dearest and oldest friends, Lady Murray and her family," a visit which afforded both parties the greatest satisfaction. Lady Hervey, in speaking of her, says, "In forty years, and as much as we lived together, she never said or did the least thing to me, that from any other reason in the world, I could have wished undone or unsaid. Of no other person that I ever had any other connexion with could I say the same."

Lady Murray accompanied her family when they went to the continent, on Lord Binning's account. When they were in Holland, Lady Griseld Baillie was the only one of the party who could speak Dutch; though she had not had occasion to use that language since the period of the revolution, she immediately recovered it so as to make herself understood. When they came to Utrecht, the scene of her early trials, she had great pleasure in showing her family every part

of the town, of which she retained a vivid impression, particularly the house in which she had lived, and which she had a great desire to re-visit; but the churlish owner would not admit her, from the fear of their dirtying it, though entreaties were used and money was offered;—Lady Griseld even offered to put off her shoes; but nothing could prevail, and she came away much mortified by her disappointment.

At Naples, where they remained sixteen months, Lady Murray was, at first, the interpreter for her mother; but, though Lady Griseld knew nothing of Italian on her first arrival there, yet, with a very little application, she soon acquired sufficient knowledge of it to transact the whole of her family business with her Italian servants. They, however, had the misfortune to lose Lord Binning,* on the 13th of January, 1738, which was a great grief to his relations.

By the death of Mr. Baillie, in 1738, Lady Murray succeeded to the family estates, subject to the life rent of her mother, Lady Griseld Baillie, "to whom, for the special love, favour, and affection he had, and love to her, and in consideration that she had been to him a most loving, affectionate, and useful wife," Mr. Baillie had secured the income of his whole property.

The following memorandum was written with her own hand in one of her books:—"The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty eight years,

* It was to him that Thomson, who had been for some time entertained in his family, was desirous of dedicating his Summer, to prove his gratitude; but the same kindness which had first disposed Lord Binning to encourage him, determined him to refuse the dedication, which was by his advice addressed to Mr. Doddington, a man who had more power to advance the fortune and reputation of a poet.

without one jar betwixt us, died at Oxford, where he went for the education of his grandsons, the 4th of August, 1738, and was sent home to his burying-place at Mellerstein."

Lady Murray often heard her mother declare, "they never had a shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding, no, not for a moment; and that, to the last of his life, she felt the same ardent and tender love and affection for him, and the same desire to please him in the smallest trifle, that she had at their first acquaintance. He never went alone but she went to the window to look after him; and so she did the very day he fell ill, the last time he was abroad, never taking her eyes from him as long as he was in sight."

Mr. Baillie was indeed a most amiable and excellent man, exemplary both in private and public life. By King William, he was employed in his service during the whole of his reign; under Queen Anne, he was appointed Deputy Treasurer, and one of the privy council in Scotland, and after the union he was one of the commissioners of trade. Upon the accession of King George the First, he was made one of the lords of the Admiralty, and soon after, without any solicitation on his part, he was sent to by Earl Stanhope, then at the head of the Treasury, to come and take his place at the board, as one of the lords. There he continued till 1725, when he retired from public life, having always resolved on so doing when he should reach his grand climacteric, thinking, that at that period, he was called upon to spend the rest of his days in devotion and communion with his Maker.

Lady Griseld Baillie, on her husband's death, continued to exert herself for the sake of her grandchil-

dren, who had been specially consigned to their care by their deceased father, Lord Binning. In 1740, the whole family went to town, to prepare for their going abroad, and, on their account, she lived as economically as possible. In 1744, though at that period very nearly fourscore, she insisted on again returning thither, notwithstanding her great age, as she thought it would be advantageous to the young men to have their friends with them; thus, to the last, sacrificing herself to the interests of others. She died in London, on the 6th of December, 1746, aged 81 years. An inscription, engraved on her monument, was written by Sir Thomas Burnet, the youngest son of Bishop Burnet.

Of her, Lord Cornbury, in writing to Lady Hervey, says, "Indeed I am sorry that we shall see our good old friend no more. I am sorry that we shall partake no more in the sociality of that hospitality, that benevolence, that good humour, that good sense, that cheerful dignity, the result of so many virtues, which were so amiable in her, and which did so much honour to humanity. And I am very sorry for what those must suffer at present, whom she had bred up to her affections, and who had so justly so much from her."

Deeply, indeed, was her loss felt by her family, who were all assembled round her bed when she breathed her last; and Lady Murray, speaking of the sad event, says, "I am certain no number of years allotted me to live, can ever make me feel less, either of grief or wonder, when I reflect on her whole conduct."

At the time of her mother's death, Lady Murray was no longer young, she being past fifty when she came into the full possession of the family property.

She, however, continued to reside with her sister, to whom, and to her second son, the Baillie estates were to go, in the event of her having no children.*

Lady Murray died, deeply lamented by her family and friends, in June, 1759, aged 67, retaining her senses and faculties to the last.

Lady Hervey says of her, "Never in my life did I ever meet with a creature in all respects like her; many have excelled her, perhaps, in particular qualities, but none that ever I met with have equalled her in all. Sound good sense, strong judgement, great sagacity, strict honour, truth, and sincerity, a most affectionate disposition of mind, constant and steady, not obstinate; great indulgence to others, a most sweet and cheerful temper, and a sort of liveliness and good humour that promoted eminent mirth wherever she came; and with all this, her nature, or her under-

* From this lady (whose husband, Lord Binning, died before his father, the sixth earl of Haddington, in 1733) are descended the families of the earls of Haddington, and of Baillie of Jerviswood; her eldest son, Thomas, having been the grandfather of the present earl, and her second son, George, who assumed the name and arms of Baillie, when, on his aunt's (Lady Murray) death, in 1759, he succeeded to the Jerviswood property, having been the father of the present Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood.

His son, who married Mary, the daughter of Sir James Pringle, had by her a family of six sons and three daughters. Of these, Charles, the second son, married his connexion, Anne, the daughter of Hugh, the present Lord Polwarth; whilst Lord Polwarth's eldest son, the Honorable Hugh Scott, married, in 1835, Georgiana, the second daughter of Mr. Baillie. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, in 1821, became the Marchioness of Bnedalbane, and his youngest, Griselda, in 1839, married Bertram, Earl of Ashburnham.

Lady Binning had also a third son, Charles, who was governor of Blackness Castle, and who died in 1806; and two daughters, Griselda, who, in 1745, married Philip, second Earl of Stanhope, and Rachel, who died single.

standing, or both, gave her such an attention to every thing, and every body, that neither when she was most vexed, (and many vexations she had,) nor when in her highest spirits, did she ever say or do a thing that could offend or hurt me."

Indeed, Lady Murray appears to have been the worthy descendant of her excellent parents.

Her claims to literary composition must be limited to the memoirs she has left of her parents, which are modestly headed, "Plain Facts relating to my Father's Character, to which I could give many more," dated 1739, and "Plain Facts relating to my Mother's Life and Character," dated Mellerstein, December 12, 1749. They were printed at Edinburgh in 1822, from the original manuscripts in the possession of the family of Jerviswood. They were evidently written, as she says, "to preserve and make known to her family what she had observed in her dear mother's life and character," and without any view to their publication;—but, in their simple and unornamented style, they are far more interesting than if they had been written with more attention to literary composition. They mention the leading *facts*, and leave details to the imagination of the reader.

DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

FRANCES, Countess of Hertford, and afterwards Duchess of Somerset, was born about the end of the year 1699. She was the eldest of the two daughters and co-heiresses of the Honourable Henry Thynne, only son of Thomas, first Viscount Weymouth, by Grace, the only daughter and heiress of Sir George Strode, serjeant-at-law, of Liveston, in Dorsetshire.

The early part of Lady Hertford's life was passed at Long Leat, to which place she alludes with pride and affection in a letter written in 1746. "I confess there always appears to me more true grandeur in these piles, than in any of the new-fashioned edifices. I am perhaps partial to them, from the circumstance of having passed the first years of my life at Long Leat, which I believe is allowed to be the finest shell now remaining of the houses built in the reign of Edward the Sixth. Though I was only nine years old when my father died, I still remember his lamenting that my grandfather had taken down the gothic windows on the first floor, in one of the

fronts, and put up sashes, in order to have a better view of his garden from a gallery that occupied all that side of the house. As soon as the present Lord Weymouth married, and came to live here, he ordered the sashes to be pulled down, and the old windows to be restored. I flattered myself that this was a good omen of his regard to a seat which for two hundred years had been the delight and pride of his ancestors. But, alas! how short-sighted is human judgment! Long Leat, with its garden, park, and manor, is mortgaged (though its owner never plays) to gamesters and usurers, for twenty-five thousand pounds. So that probably, in twenty years' time, as Mr. Pope says, it may

"Slide to a scrivener or city knight;"

which, I must own, would mortify me exceedingly, notwithstanding the assertion of the same author, that 'whatever is is right,' and that this ought to silence our murmurs and anxieties when we see friends and relations acting (as we think) in an unreasonable and unaccountable manner."

Lady Hertford was fortunately mistaken in her prognostications, as this magnificent property still remains in the family of the descendants of the then possessor.

It was about the year 1713 that Miss Thynne became the wife of Algernon Earl of Hertford, the eldest son of Charles Duke of Somerset, a young nobleman, distinguished for every amiable virtue that could adorn his rank. This marriage, which was the result of a sincere attachment, was productive of great and lasting happiness to both parties, though clouded in some degree, latterly, by the loss of their only son, George Vis-

count Beauchamp, who was born on the eleventh of September, 1725, and who died of the small-pox in 1744 at Bologna, on the evening of the birthday on which he completed his nineteenth year.

The father of Lord Hertford was known as "the Proud Duke of Somerset." The first peer of the realm, the Duke of Norfolk, being a Roman catholic, he, in consequence, took precedence on all grand occasions, and appeared at the funerals of Charles the Second, Queen Mary, and King William; also at the coronation of James the Second, William and Mary, Anne, George the First, George the Second; and he acted as if he himself were invested with royal honours. He was indeed descended from royalty, his grandfather having been the grandson of Lady Katherine Grey, the sister of Lady Jane Grey, and the granddaughter of Queen Mary, the daughter of Henry the Seventh.

His servants obeyed by signs, and when he travelled the roads were cleared that he might pass without obstruction or observation. His children received his mandates with profound respect, and the two youngest of his daughters used to stand alternately, when he slept of an afternoon; but one day, Lady Charlotte, being tired, sat down, and on the duke's waking, much displeased, he declared he would make her remember her want of decorum, and accordingly he left her twenty thousand pounds less in his will than her sister.

The Countess of Hertford, the subject of this memoir, not only composed verses herself, some pleasing specimens of which remain, but she was also the friend and patroness of poets in general; and to the lovers of poetry her name will be for ever dear, from having been enshrined in the "Seasons" of Thomson. In the

beautiful invocation to Spring, she is thus addressed and associated with that delightful season:—

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness! come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
Oh, Hertford! fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation joined
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints, when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee."

Also, in the exquisite hymn on Solitude, she is again mentioned, and identified with the subject of the poem.

"Hail, mildy pleasant Solitude!
Companion of the wise and good,
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Ah! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whispered talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream
A lone philosopher you seem:
Now quick from hill to vale you fly
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain
And warble forth your native strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face;
Then, calmed to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hertford's bloom.
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale
Awakes the rivalled nightingale."

Many a great lady and elevated female have vanished from the stage where they, in their lifetime, played conspicuous parts, and are already forgotten, excepting as they appear on the pages of a peerage, or on the emblazoned sheet of a genealogy.

"They had no poet, and they died."

But whilst they ("their name unknown, their praise unsung") sail down the stream of oblivion, the name of Hertford, "the gentle-looking Hertford," has had poetical immortality conferred upon her for ever by the pen of Thomson, and wherever his poems are read will she be

"For ever grateful to the friends of song."

From her portrait it is evident that Lady Hertford was endowed with no small degree of personal beauty; and her letters bespeak her to have had an affectionate heart and an enlightened understanding:—so that whilst Thomson's eulogium must be allowed to be appropriate and well deserved, it would surely be more liberal to suppose that the subsequent estrangement of the poet from his patroness, (if, indeed, such estrangement ever took place, for she everywhere seems interested in the success of his undertakings) was rather to be imputed to public than private causes; Thomson having written some invectives against the ministry, and being patronized by the Prince of Wales, whilst Lady Hertford was attached to the king and queen, between whom and the prince violent feuds existed.

Johnson's account of their acquaintance is as follows: "Spring was published next year, 1728; with a dedica-

tion to the Countess of Hertford; whose practice it was to invite every summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends than in assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons."

Immediately before this paragraph, Johnson has informed us that Thomson had published, in 1727, *Britannia*, a kind of poetical invective against the ministry, whom the nation thought not forward enough in resenting the depredations of the Spaniards;—by which piece he declared himself an adherent to the opposition, and had, therefore, no favour to expect from the court."

Shortly afterwards he adds, "At this time a long course of opposition to Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamour for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for liberty, which was not in danger. Thomson, in his travels upon the continent, found or fancied so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments, that he resolved to write a very long poem, in five parts, upon Liberty."

Lady Hertford, surely, could not, as a lady of the bedchamber, consistently with her duty to the queen, have continued to invite to her house, a person, delightful poet as he was, who was actually at the very time writing against the king's ministers.

Moreover, after the publication of "The Seasons," Thomson accompanied his pupil, the Honourable Charles Talbot, son of the chancellor, Lord Talbot, on his travels over the continent of Europe; in itself a reason why he could not also be at Lady Hertford's house; and that

they had some intercourse after his return is evident, from her ladyship's observing, in speaking of Vaucluse, in 1739, "Mr. Thomson told me he had seen this fountain; and he promised to give me the description of it in verse: but the promises of poets are not always to be depended upon."

Thomson, who had lost his place of secretary of the briefs, by the death of the lord chancellor Talbot, who had procured it for him, and who was withheld from soliciting it again from his successor, Lord Hardwicke, by pride or bashfulness, was subsequently reduced to great indigence, till a pension of one hundred a year was conferred upon him by Frederick Prince of Wales, to whom he was introduced by Lyttleton, and to whom, on being gaily interrogated as to the state of his affairs, he answered, "that they were in a more poetical posture than formerly."

Of his play, Edward and Eleanora, Lady Hertford observes to Lady Pomfret, "I think you in the right to be angry with our poets for neglecting so many fine subjects as the English history affords for the theatre; and am glad to inform you that a subject named in your last will appear at the playhouse in Covent Garden in about a fortnight; it is the history of Edward the First and his queen, written by Mr. Thomson."

She afterwards states that "Mr. Thomson's play of Edward and Eleanora has met with the same fate as Gustavus Vasa, in being forbidden. I think all the world seem in worse humour than ever I saw them before; or else I look through smoked glasses—which I really believe is not the case, for I never felt my own house more peaceful than it is at this hour."

Of his "Alfred," Lady Hertford, in 1740, says, "As

to books, I have met with nothing new lately, except a masque, which was written by the Prince of Wales's command, and represented at Cliefden. The subject of it is the history of Alfred, and the scene is laid in the Isle of Athelney, in Somersetshire, where he was at the neatherd's house. The clown and his wife are made to speak the dialect of a hero and heroine in a court. The whole conduct of the piece is incorrect. There are two or three fine speeches, several party hints, and one invidious reflection, which did not need the pains that have been taken (by representing it in a different character) to make it absolutely unpardonable. This fine performance is the joint performance of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet."

For this masque was composed our magnificent ode, "When Britain first at Heaven's command," better known as "Rule Britannia," which has now become one of our established national songs.

Lady Hertford appears in a particularly amiable light upon the occasion of her spirited and energetic interposition in favour of Savage, who was condemned to be hanged for the murder of one Sinclair, which had taken place in a drunken quarrel at Robinson's Coffee House, Charing Cross, in November, 1727; whilst his inhuman mother, Lady Macclesfield, was doing her utmost to prejudice the queen against him, by representing a former somewhat forcible intrusion of his into her presence, as an attempt to murder her, when it in fact only arose from his anxious desire of obtaining an interview with his unnatural parent: and when the queen, influenced by this account, considered the man who could have entered his mother's house with an intent to murder her, as unworthy the king's mercy, Lady Hertford

boldly interposed, and by insisting upon her majesty's having the real truth, saved the life of an injured and oppressed individual.

Johnson's account of Lady Hertford's share in the transaction is as follows:—"Thus had Savage perished, had not justice and compassion procured him an advocate of rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His merit and his calamities happened to reach the ear of the Countess of Hertford, who engaged in his support with all the kindness that is excited by pity, and all the zeal which is kindled by generosity; and, demanding an audience of the queen, laid before her the whole series of his mother's cruelty, exposed the improbability of an accusation by which he was charged with an intent to commit a murder that could procure him no advantage, and soon convinced her how little his former conduct deserved to be mentioned as a reason for extraordinary severity.

"The interposition of the lady was so successful, that he was soon after admitted to bail, and, on the 9th of March, 1728, pleaded the king's pardon." . . .

"It is by no means necessary to aggravate the enormity of this woman's (the Countess of Macclesfield) conduct, by placing it in opposition to the Countess of Hertford; no one can fail to observe how much more amiable it is to relieve than to oppress, and to rescue innocence from destruction, than to destroy without an inquiry."

When it is considered that, at this period, Lady Hertford was not much more than twenty-eight years of age, her interposition must be considered as evincing

an energy that does credit at once to her head and her heart.

Lady Hertford was personally acquainted with several of the literary characters of that period, and many of her letters to them have been published. Among others were Bishop Burnet, Dr. Isaac Watts, who dedicated his "Miscellanies" to her, as also the Meditations of Mrs. Rowe, which he published after her death, though, in both instances, by Lady Hertford's express desire, her name was suppressed. In the "Miscellanies," four poetical pieces by her ladyship, under the signature of Eusebia, are inserted: and in the dedication to the latter work, Dr. Watts evinces the very high opinion he entertained of her virtues. Shenstone's beautiful "Ode on Rural Elegance," written in 1750, but not published till some time after his death, was also inscribed to Lady Hertford.

She extended her friendship also to individuals of her own sex, and was well acquainted with Lady Luxborough, the sister of Lord Bolingbroke, Miss Talbot, the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon, and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

In 1741, Lady Hertford thus describes Mrs. Carter, who was at that period about twenty-four years of age: "She was here the other morning, and surprised me with her looks and conversation. The former resemble those of a Hebe; the latter has a tendency to a little pedantry; however, she has, certainly, real and extensive learning."

Both Lady Hertford and Lady Pomfret write in most affectionate terms of Queen Caroline, and in allusion to her death, which took place on the 20th of November, 1737, speaking of a bust of her by Rysbach, which

she had seen in the following November, the former lady says, "I could not look upon it without feeling a return of that tender concern which we each experienced this time twelvemonths, with as much truth as any that were in her service, though possibly with more silence. The recollection was so strongly on my spirits all Sunday and Monday, that I was downright ill, and had, in imagination, much conversation with you on the subject. During both these days I was almost persuaded that you and I were again placed on each side the fire, in the little waiting room at St. James's, where we sat that fatal Sunday night which robbed the world of one whose loss there is every day greater cause to lament, and on whom I can never think without a sigh."

After the death of Queen Caroline, Lady Hertford appears to have retired entirely from the intrigues and tracasseries of a court; and in the privacy of her country residence, with occasional visits to town, the remainder of her life was passed in the bosom of her family: the chief interruption to her happiness being the frequent and violent attacks of gout to which Lord Hertford was subject, to whom she proved a tender and indefatigable nurse. In the summer of 1738, the constant returns of this disorder kept them for some time at the Hermitage on St. Leonard's Hill, now the seat of General Harcourt, about two miles from Windsor. The house was rebuilt subsequently by the Countess of Waldegrave, afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester, when it bore the name of Gloucester Lodge.

Of this, Lady Hertford says, "Though we lead a solitary life here, I cannot say that I find my time hang heavy upon my hands. Betwixt reading, writing, walking, and riding, I have full employment for the day."

Of their residence at Marlborough, which was built by "the proud Duke of Somerset," to obviate the necessity of his sleeping at an inn on his road to London, and which is now actually converted into one, she speaks at all times with much affection. She says, "Whether it is because this was the first habitation I was mistress of, in those cheerful years when everything assumed a smiling aspect, from the vivacity that attends that season of life, or because every little ornament has been made either by my lord's or my own contrivance, I cannot tell; but I certainly feel a partiality for this place, which an indifferent person would be at a loss to account for. The flowers, to me, appear painted with brighter colours, and the hay-fields and alder-bushes breathe more fragrance than the same things do elsewhere."

In November, 1739, they gave up their house in Windsor Forest, apparently with regret, for Lady Hertford says, "The house I own was a very bad one, but there was something in the retiredness of its situation, and the beautiful prospect from it, that I would not (to please myself) have exchanged for the finest apartment in Hampton Court. But it is so much out of repair that we could not live there any longer, without buying and (in a manner) rebuilding it, which, for a very substantial reason that you may guess, was impracticable. We have now taken a house just by Colebrook. It belongs to my Lord Bathurst; and is what Mr. Pope, in his letters, calls his *extravagante bergerie*. The environs perfectly sustain that title, and come nearer to my idea of a scene in Arcadia, than any place I ever saw. The house is old but convenient; and when you are within the little paddock it stands in, you would believe your-

self an hundred miles from London, which I think a great addition to its beauty."

This house, which was called Richhings, or Richkings, and afterwards Percy Lodge, stands about seventeen miles from London, upon the Bath road, and is now the residence of Joseph Sullivan, Esq.

Of its former possessors, Lady Hertford gives the following account. "I cannot discover who were the first builders of it. My Lady Bathurst brought it in marriage to my lord. Sir Peter Apsley, their common grandfather, (for they were cousin germans,) purchased it of an ancestor of Mr. Britton, but that family had not been long in possession of it. On the spot where the green house now stands, there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard, who was certainly esteemed as a tutelar saint of Windsor Forest and its purlieus, for the place we left (St. Leonard's Hill) was originally a hermitage founded in honor of him. We have no relics of the saint, but we have many an old covered bench, with many remains of the wit of my Lord Bathurst's visitors, who inscribed verses upon it.

"Here is the writing of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Gay, and (what he esteemed no less) of several fine ladies. I cannot say that the verses answered my expectations from such authors; we have, however, all resolved to follow the fashion, and to add some of our own to the collection. That you may not be surprised at our courage for daring to write after such great names, I will transcribe one of the old ones, which I think as good as any of them.

'Who set the trees, shall he remember
That is in haste to fell the timber?
What then shall of the wood remain,
Except the box that threw the main?'

"There has been only one as yet added by our company, which is tolerably numerous at present. I scarcely know whether it is worth reading or not.

> 'By Bathurst planted, first these shades arose;
> Prior and Pope have sung beneath these boughs;
> Here Addison his moral theme pursued,
> And social Gay has cheered the solitude.'

"There is one walk that I am extremely partial to, and which is rightly called the abbey walk, since it is composed of prodigiously high beech trees that form an arch through the whole length, exactly like a cloister. At the end is a statue, and about the middle a tolerably large circle, with Windsor chairs round it; and I think, for a person of contemplative disposition, one would scarcely find a more venerable shade in any poetical description."

Lord Hertford, at first, only intended to hire Richkings, but being extremely pleased with it, they shortly afterwards "took the resolution to make it entirely their own:" and as a place where Lord Bathurst resided—the Lord Bathurst, distinguished for wit, taste, and learning, and which was frequented by so many of his celebrated friends—must be interesting to all lovers of literature, the following account, "*extravagante Bergerie*," from the pen of Lady Hertford, who was much attached to the place, is inserted:—

"It stands in a little paddock of about a mile and a half round, which is laid out in the manner of a French park, interspersed with woods and lawns. There is a canal in it about five hundred yards long and proportionably broad, which has a stream continually running through it, and is deep enough to carry a pleasure boat.

It is well stocked with carp and tench, and at its upper end is a green-house containing a good collection of orange, myrtle, geranium, and oleander trees. This is a very agreeable room, either to drink tea, play at cards, or sit in with a book, in a summer's evening.

"In one of the woods (through all of which are winding paths) there is a cave, which, though little more than a rude heap of stones, is not without charms for me. A spring gushes out at the back of it; which, falling into a basin, (whose brim it overflows) passes along a channel in the pavement where it loses itself. The entrance of the recess is overhung with periwinkles, and its top is studded with furze; and little arbours, interwoven with lilacs, woodbines, syringas, and laurels; and seats under shady trees, disposed all over the park. One great addition to the pleasure of living here is, the gravelly soil; which after a day of rain (if it holds up only for two or three hours) one may walk over without being wet through one's shoes; and there is one gravel walk that encompasses the whole."

Lord and Lady Hertford amused themselves with making various little alterations and improvements; and in the following year, May 1741, she says, "My lord has made one this winter, which I think very pretty, by forming a gravel-pit into a kind of dry basin, where he purposes to set his orange trees in summer. The banks that rise from it are planted thick with flowering shrubs and some evergreens. There are fine terrace walks on two sides of it, one a short gravel one, the other a pretty long grass one, fenced from the lane by a very fine hawthorn hedge, which has long been growing in that place, and is now in flower.

"Just across this little gravelly lane, which leads to

the next village, is a thorny wood, the largest on this side the country; this also belongs to my Lord Uxbridge, but I enjoy its music; for, as I walk in it of an evening it affords me a complete concert, for besides blackbirds, thrushes, and nightingales, of which there is an astonishing number, there are fine wood pigeons which, building there, serve as a kind of natural thorough bass. Within doors we amuse ourselves (at the hours we are together) in gilding picture-frames and other small things; this is so much in fashion with us at present, that I believe, if our patience and pockets would hold out, we should gild all the cornices, tables, chairs, and stools about the house."

In the year 1741, Lady Hertford writes—"Assemblies are now so much in fashion that most people fancy themselves under a necessity of inviting all their acquaintance three or four times to their houses, not in small parties, which would be supportable, but they are all to come at once; nor is it enough to engage married people, but the boys and girls sit down as gravely to whist-tables as fellows of colleges used to do formerly. It is actually a ridiculous, though I think a mortifying sight, that play should become the business of the nation, from the age of fifteen to fourscore. I am to have one of these rackets next Wednesday, and you will easily believe that such a concourse of people will not find too much room in my house;—not but that it is a palace when compared with some others, where they have been more frequently."

The following is an account of the "dress of the fashionable young ladies" of that period:—"Neither quite French nor quite English; their hair being cut and curled after the mode of the former, and their bodies dressed in the way of the latter, though with

French hoops. Few unmarried women appear abroad in robes or sacques; and, as few married ones would be thought genteel in any thing else. I own myself so awkward as to yet be unable to use myself to that dress, unless for visits of ceremony, since I do not feel at home in my own house without an apron; nor can endure a hoop that would overturn all the chairs and stools in my closet.

The following is Lady Hertford's account in verse of their manner of life when at their country residence:—

" We sometimes ride and sometimes walk;
We play at chess, or laugh, or talk;
Sometimes, beside the crystal stream,
We meditate some serious theme;
Or, in the grot, beside the spring,
We hear the feathered warblers sing.
Shakspeare, perhaps, an hour diverts,
Or Scot directs to mend our hearts.
With Clark, God's attributes explore;
And, taught by him, admire them more.
Gay's Pastorals sometimes delight us,
Or Tasso's grisly spectres fright us.
Sometimes we trace Armida's bowers,
And view Rinaldo chained with flowers.
After, from thoughts sublime as these,
I sink at once—and make a cheese;
Or see my various poultry fed,
And treat my swans with scraps of bread.
Sometimes upon the smooth canal
We row the boat or spread the sail;
Till the bright evening-star is seen,
And dewy spangles deck the green.
Then tolls the bell, and all unite
In prayer that God would bless the night.
From this (though I confess the change
From prayer to cards is somewhat strange)
To cards we go till ten has struck;
And then, however bad our luck,

Our stomachs ne'er refuse to eat
Eggs, cream, fresh butter, or calves' feet,
And cooling fruits, or savoury greens;
'Sparagus, peas, or kidney beans.
Our supper past, an hour we sit,
And talk of history, Spain, or wit;
But scandal far is banished hence,
Nor dares intrude with false pretence
Of pitying looks or holy rage
Against the vices of the age;
We know we all were born in sin,
And find enough to blame *within*."

In the spring of 1741, she writes, "Inoculation is at present more in fashion than ever; ladies of my acquaintance are shut up to nurse their children, grandchildren, nephews, or nieces. I could be content, notwithstanding this fine weather, to stay in town upon the same account if I were happy enough to see my son desire it, but that is not the case; and, at his age, it must be either a voluntary act, or left undone."

Three years afterwards Lady Hertford had the inexpressible grief of losing this, her only son, by this very disorder. He died at Bologna on the 11th of September, 1744, having just completed his nineteenth year. He, as she herself said, "promised all that the fondest parents could hope;" and, though she bore the affliction with becoming fortitude, she never ceased to lament the privation.

Her only daughter, Lady Elizabeth Seymour, who was born in November, 1716, had previously married, about the year 1740, Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick, in Yorkshire, afterwards Duke of Northumberland.

After the death of her husband, in 1750, Lady Hertford, then Duchess of Somerset, lived almost entirely secluded from the fashionable world at Richkings, which

name was changed to Percy Lodge, and as such it is frequently mentioned in the works of Shenstone and other poets; there putting into practice a formerly expressed opinion of hers, that "in the latter part of life, when the duty owing to a family no longer calls upon us to act on the public stage of life, it is not only more decent, but infinitely more eligible, to live in an absolute retirement;" and her ladyship at the same time expresses herself "charmed with this sentiment of poor Mr. Tickell—

> 'Blest solitude, when life's gay hours are past,
> (Howe'er we range) in thee we fix at last;
> Lost through tempestuous seas, the voyage o'er,
> Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore;
> Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
> And ask if virtue has enlarged the span.
> If bright the prospect we the grave defy,
> Trust future ages, and contented die.'"

The Duchess of Somerset did not long survive the Duke; she died at Richkings in the month of July, 1754, aged about 56 years, and was interred with her beloved husband and son, in St. Nicholas' Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

Her character presents a bright example of every virtue united with the highest rank. Her attainments were various, and her taste for poetry by no means inconsiderable, whilst the patronage and friendly attention she bestowed on literary individuals, will render her an object of interest to the latest posterity. She was an excellent wife to Lord Hertford, nursing him during his long sicknesses with affectionate assiduity; and to her children, she proved a kind and attentive parent, bestowing unwearied care upon their education.

The loss of her son she never entirely recovered,

though she died in perfect resignation to the will of the Almighty, by whom she considered her afflictions had been given to her for wise purposes, of which it ill became her to complain. In one of her letters to Lady Luxborough she thus affectingly expresses herself.

"I have, indeed, suffered deeply; but when I consider it is the will of God, who never chastises his poor creatures but for their good, and reflect, at the same time, how unworthy I was of those blessings which I now lament the loss of, I lay my hand upon my mouth, and dare not repine; but I hope I can with trust appeal to him in the following words:—

"Such sorrow is sent that none may oppose his holy dispensations. Let me sigh, and offer my sighs to him; let me murmur; but in the mean time, in the midst of my sorrow, let me bless his sacred name."

MRS. DELANY.

ALTHOUGH the few letters extant of Mrs. Delany's inditing, perhaps scarcely entitle her to claim a station among the literary characters of Great Britain, yet was she so intimately connected with those who rank as such, and her name is so associated with literary reminiscences, that, as the earth which had dwelt with the rose, exclaimed, "I am not the rose, though I have so imbibed its fragrance as to be mistaken for it," so might Mrs. Delany observe, "Though not literary myself, yet have I so long dwelt with those who are, that I may well deserve to be considered as belonging to them."

Born with the last century, Mrs. Delany's dawning days saw William III. firmly seated on the throne of the Stuarts; and her setting sun beheld that race all but extinct, and the house of Hanover established as the sovereigns of Great Britain. In her early youth she heard of the rebellion of 1715; in her middle age, of that of 1745, in favour of that unfortunate race of princes; and the last years of her existence beheld the first symptoms of that moral convulsion which hurled

their friends and supporters, the Bourbons, from their paternal throne.

Marlborough and the then great autocrat of Europe, Louis XIV., must have been to Mrs. Delany what Wellington and Napoleon have been to many of her successors, and if, in the dawn of her life, she witnessed the proceedings of the rival parties of Godolphin and of Harley, in its wane she beheld the no less conspicuous proceedings of the adherents of Pitt and Fox.

As Mrs. Delany's career commenced when Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury were at the height of their fame and popularity, so, subsequently, among her cotemporaries flourished Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Goldsmith, Blair, Mackenzie, and Walpole, illuminating the literary horizon of her declining days; though, of these, some had already disappeared before she herself sank into the grave. Rich and rare indeed must have been her reminiscences, and therefore it cannot be surprising that her conversation was interesting, and her society so much in request.

The great grandfather of Mrs. Delany, Sir Bevil Greenville, or Grenville, fell at the battle of Lansdowne, fighting in the cause of King Charles I., and his son, Bernard Greenville, was entrusted by General Monk with the most private transactions of the Restoration. Her uncle, George Granville, was, at the memorable change of ministry, in 1710, made secretary of war, in the place of Sir Robert Walpole; and in the following year he became Lord Lansdowne and Baron Biddeford.

To this nobleman, in 1713, Pope dedicated his "Windsor Forest," and to his encouragement and patronage we may consider ourselves partly indebted for

the publication of that poet's beautiful verses, as he himself tells us in the well-known and often quoted lines,

> " But why then publish? Granville, the polite,
> And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
> Well-natured Garth, inflamed with early praise,
> And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays.
> The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
> E'en mitred Rochester would nod his head,
> And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
> With open arms received one poet more.
> Happy my studies, when by these approved;
> Happier their author, when by these beloved."

Lord Lansdowne's celebrated niece, Mary Granville, was the daughter of his brother, Barnard Granville. She was born in a small country house of her father's, at Coulton, in Wiltshire, on the 14th of May, 1700. Great care was taken of her education, and the proficiency she subsequently made in the fine arts demonstrated her natural talent.

She was but sixteen, when, at Longleat, then occupied by Lord Lansdowne, during the minority of his step-son, Lord Weymouth, she first met with Alexander Pendarves, Esq., a gentleman of large property, at Roscrow, in Cornwall, who immediately paid his addresses to her, which were so strenuously supported by her uncle, that she had not courage to refuse him, and she was induced to give a reluctant consent to the match, which took place in two or three weeks' time after the proposals were made.

From a great disparity of years, and from other causes, Mrs. Pendarves was very unhappy during the time which this connection lasted, though, with equal prudence and virtue, she endeavoured to make the best of her situation.

In 1724, Mr. Pendarves died, and his widow shortly afterwards quitted Cornwall, and fixed her principal residence in London. For several years, between 1730 and 1736, she maintained a correspondence with Swift, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and some of her letters are inserted in the editions of the works of that celebrated writer. Of Stella, whom she once saw by accident, she retained a distinct recollection, having been struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes.. She described her as being very pale, looking pensive, but not melancholy, and with hair as black as a raven.

An early intimacy took place between Miss Granville and Lady Margaret Harley, afterwards Duchess of Portland, and lasted through life, notwithstanding some occasional interruptions to their personal intercourse; and it was at Bulstrode that she became acquainted with Miss Robinson, who afterwards became the celebrated Mrs. Montagu.

Mrs. Pendarves was more than thirty years of age before she began to study drawing under the instruction of Goupy, a fashionable master of the time, who was much employed by Frederick Prince of Wales. Oil painting she did not begin till she was past forty, when, such was her passion for the art, that she employed the greater part of her time in its practice. She was principally a copyist; but she executed one considerable original work, "The Raising of Lazarus from the Dead," which was in the possession of her friend, the Countess of Bute. She also excelled in embroidery and shell-work, and in these accomplishments produced many elegant specimens of her skill.

After a widowhood of nineteen years, Mrs. Pendarves

was, in 1743, united to Dr. Patrick Delany, well known as the intimate friend of Dean Swift. He was a literary character of some celebrity, with whom she had long been acquainted, and for whom she had for many years entertained a high esteem. This connection, which lasted for a quarter of a century, was productive of the greatest happiness to both parties, and her husband was said almost to have regarded her with adoration.*

On the death of Dr. Delany, which took place in May, 1768, Mrs. Delany intended to fix herself at Bath, and was in search of a house for that purpose, when the then Duchess of Portland, hearing of her design, went down thither, and succeeded in persuading her to change her plans, as, after many years of separation, she wished to have near her the friend of her youth, and one for whom she so justly entertained such a high esteem.

In consequence of this arrangement, Mrs. Delany subsequently passed her time chiefly between Bulstrode and London, for she still chose to retain an establishment of her own in St. James's Place, where she could, without intruding on the kindness of the Duchess at Whitehall, receive her own immediate friends and family. It was through her noble friend that she was introduced to the notice of the Royal Family, from whom she ever after received the most flattering marks of attention.

Mrs. Delany was already more than seventy-four years of age, when she conceived and put into execution the idea of constructing for herself a Flora of an entirely novel nature. This art, which she may be considered to have invented, was the representing of flowers

* It was to Dr. Delany's villa, long before his marriage with Mrs. Pendarves, that Stella used to retire on the Wednesdays when Swift had his men-companions to dinner.

by a species of mosaic work, formed by the application of coloured papers together, which she cut into strips so finely and delicately, that when pasted on a dark ground the effect was even richer than that of painting itself.

Mr. Gilpin, when he visited Bulstrode in 1776, was shown Mrs. Delany's Herbal, of which he says, in his "Observations relating to Picturesque Beauty in the Highlands of Scotland"—"She has executed a great number of plants and flowers, both native and exotics, not only with exact delineation, and almost in their full lustre of colour, but in great taste; and what is the most extraordinary, her only materials are bits of paper of different colours." "In the progress of her work she pulls the flower in pieces, examines anatomically the structure of its leaves, stems, and buds, and having cut her papers to the shape of the several parts, she puts them together, giving them a richness and consistence, by laying one piece over another, and often a transparent piece over part of a shade, which softens it: very rarely she gives any colour with a brush. She pastes them, as she works, upon a black ground, which at first I thought rather injured them, as a middle tint would have given more strength to the shade; but I doubt whether it would have answered its effect. These flowers have both the beauty of painting and the exactness of botany; and the work, I have no doubt, into whatever hands it may hereafter fall, will be long considered as a great curiosity."

This Herbal was bequeathed by its author to her nephew, Court Dewes, Esq., and was afterwards in the possession of Barnard Dewes, Esq., of Wellsburn, in Warwickshire. This unique work has lately been purchased by ——— Hall, Esq., a son-in-law of Mrs.

Delany's favourite great niece, Mrs. Waddington, of Llanover, formerly Miss Marianne Port, who resided with her venerable aunt during the last years of her existence.

Mrs. Delany was at all times ready to communicate the secret of her art, which she frequently pursued in company, when she would show her friends how easy it was to execute, and would often lament that so few would attempt it.

It was so long after the suggestion of the idea before she brought the process to perfection, that she only completed two flowers in the first year; in the second she completed sixteen, and in the third one hundred and sixty. They were all from nature, the fresh gathered, or still growing plant, being placed immediately before her for imitation.

The intention of Mrs. Delany was to complete one thousand specimens, for a regular herbal; but when within twenty of her original scheme, its progress was stopped by the feebleness of her sight. When at eighty-two, she found her eyes becoming weaker and weaker, and threatening to fail her before her plan could be completed, she cut out the initials, M.D., in *white*, for "she fancied herself nearly working in her winding-sheet."

At the age of eighty, Mrs. Delany began to compose verses, and the following she wrote and prefixed to the first volume of her Flora or Herbal.

"Hail to the happy times when fancy led,
My pensive mind the flow'ry path to tread,
And gave me emulation to presume,
With timid art, to trace fair Nature's bloom:
To view with awe the great creative power
That shines confest in the minutest flower:
With wonder to pursue the glorious line,
And gratefully adore the hand divine."

This Herbal was so celebrated at that period as to be commemorated by Dr. Darwin, in his "Botanic Garden." More recently, William Howitt, in his "Visit to Wotton Hall," in Staffordshire, thus mentions Mrs. Delany, in alluding to "Calwich Abbey, the beautiful residence of Mr. Granville."

"Mr. Granville had two sisters, the elder of whom was the celebrated Mrs. Delany, for many years the intimate friend of George the Third and Queen Charlotte. She was a lady of fine literary tastes and the most amiable disposition, as any one will believe who has seen the excellent portrait of her by Opie, at Hampton-Court. * * * This lady was the intimate friend of Swift, Horace Walpole, Dr. Burney, Anne Seward, and the Duchess of Portland."

In the letters of Mrs. Delany, principally addressed to the Honourable Mrs. Hamilton, which were published in 1820, many pleasing anecdotes are narrated of the Royal Family, and of the extraordinary kindness they showed to the venerable writer thereof.

On the twelfth of August, 1778, the birth-day of the then Prince of Wales, his late Majesty King George the Fourth, his Royal Parents, the then King and Queen, with eight of their royal progeny, paid a visit to the Duchess Dowager of Portland, at Bulstrode, where Mrs. Delany was then residing. She observes, "I had formed to myself a very different idea of such visitors, and wished the day over; but their affability and good humour left no room for anything but admiration and respect; for with the most obliging condescension, there was no want of proper dignity to keep the balance even." Of Queen Charlotte, she says, "She is graceful and genteel; the dignity and sweetness of her manner, the

perfect propriety of everything she says, or does, satisfies everybody she honours with her distinction so much, that beauty is by no means wanting to make her perfectly agreeable; and though age and long retirement from court, made me feel timid on my being called to make my appearance, I soon found myself perfectly at my ease; for the king's condescension took off all awe, but what one must have for so respectable a character.

"The King desired me to show the Queen one of my books of plants; she seated herself in the gallery; a table and the book laid before her. I kept my distance till she called me to ask some questions about the Mosaic work; and as I stood before her Majesty, the King set a chair behind me. I turned with some confusion and hesitation, on receiving so great an honour, when the Queen said, 'Mrs. Delany, sit down, sit down; it is not every lady that has a chair brought her by a king;' so I obeyed. Amongst many gracious things, the Queen asked me why I was not with the Duchess when she came; for I might be sure she would ask for me? I acknowledged it in as few words as possible, and said I was particularly happy at that time to pay my duty to her Majesty, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing so many of the royal family, which age and obscurity had deprived me of.

"'Oh, but,' says her Majesty, 'you have not seen *all* my children yet;' upon which the King came up, and asked us what we were talking about? which was repeated; and the King replied to the Queen, 'You may put Mrs. Delany into the way of doing that, by naming a day for her to drink tea at Windsor Castle.'"

The Duchess was consulted, the next day was fixed

upon. Accordingly they went at the hour appointed, seven o'clock, and were received with the utmost kindness by her Majesty.

"At eight the King came into the room, with so much cheerfulness and good humour, that it was impossible to feel any painful restriction. It was the hour of the King and Queen, and eleven of the princes and princesses, walking on the terrace. They apologized for going, but said the crowd expected them; but they left Lady Weymouth (the Duchess's daughter) and the Bishop of Lichfield to entertain us in their absence."

Numerous were the attentions Mrs. Delany continued to receive from their Majesties. On one occasion "the Queen hearing she wished for a lock of her hair, sent her one with her own royal fingers." She also presented her with a medallion of the King set with brilliants.

On the 1st of December, 1781, when her Majesty and the princesses called at Bulstrode to congratulate the Duchess of Portland on the marriage of her granddaughter, Miss Thynne, the daughter of Lady Weymouth, with the Earl of Aylesford, Mrs. Delany writes:

"The Queen, &c., came about twelve o'clock, and caught me at my spinning-wheel, (the work I am now reduced to,) and made me spin on, and give her a lesson afterwards, and I must say did it tolerably well *for a queen.*"

When their majesties called again at Bulstrode, on Mrs. Delany's being sent for, she says, "I found the King and Queen, and Duchess of Portland, seated at a table in the middle of the room. The King, with his usual graciousness, came up to me, and brought me forward; and I found the Queen very busy in showing

a very elegant machine to the Duchess of Portland, &c. You will easily imagine the grateful feeling I had when the Queen presented it to me."

The following is a description of Mrs. Delany, when she was more than eighty years of age:—

"She still was tall, though some of her height was probably lost. Not much, however, for she was remarkably upright. There were little remains of beauty left in feature; but benevolence, softness, piety, and sense, were all, as conversation brought them into play, depicted in her face, with a sweetness of look and manners that, notwithstanding her years, were nearly fascinating." * * * "The report generally spread of her being blind, added surprise to pleasure at such active personal civilities in receiving her visitors. Blind, however, she palpably was not. She was neither led about the room, nor afraid of making any false step, or mistake; and the turn of her head, to those whom she meant to address, was constantly right. The expression, also, of her still pleasing, though dim eyes, told no sightless tale; but, on the contrary, manifested that she had by no means lost the view of the countenance any more than of the presence of her company." * * * "Her apartments were hung round with pictures of her own painting, beautifully designed, and delightfully coloured; and ornaments of her own execution, of striking elegance, in cuttings and variegated paper, embellished her chimney-piece; partly copied from antique studies, partly of fanciful invention, but all equally in the chaste style of true and refined good taste." * * * "The society which assembled at her mansion was elegant and high bred, yet entertaining and diversified. As Mrs. Delany chose to sustain her own house, that she might associate

without constraint with her own family, the generous Duchess of Portland would not make a point of persuading her to sojourn at Whitehall; preferring the sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, in quitting that noble residence nearly every evening, to lessening those of her tenderly-loved companion."

In addition to the Duchess of Portland, often appeared at Mrs. Delany's house, their mutual friend the celebrated Mrs. Montagu; also Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Miss Hannah More, and the Countess of Bute,—"the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's daughter, a person of first-rate understanding, and possessing a large share of the ready wit, freed from the keen sarcasm and dauntless spirit of raillery of her renowned mother. She was occasionally accompanied by Lady Louisa Stuart, her accomplished daughter, who inherited only the better part, namely sense, taste, and amiability, from any of her progenitors."

Among the gentlemen who frequented Mrs. Delany's parties were the celebrated Horace Walpole, Owen Cambridge, Soame Jenyns, Dr. Burney, &c. &c., and many others of the wits and leading characters of the day.

Latterly, Mrs. Delany was constrained always to make use of an amanuensis when she wished to answer her friends' letters, and in her eighty-seventh year she dictated to her attached and faithful attendant Anne Astley, afterwards Mrs. Agnew, the narrative of Anastasia Robinson, Countess of Peterborough, for the use of Dr. Burney, by whom it was inserted in the fourth volume of his History of Music.

Mrs. Delany had known and loved Anastasia Robinson whilst yet a public singer, for her life was so irreproachable, and her manners so excellent, that she was

admitted into society on terms of equality, by ladies of the first rank and character. She was a great favourite with the Duchess of Portland, whose mother, the Countess of Oxford, had been her first patroness, and who had been present as a friend and witness to the private marriage which took place between her and the celebrated and romantic Earl of Peterborough.

In Madame d'Arblay's delightful "Diary," recently given to the world by her niece Mrs. Barrett, she describes at great length, and with the most graphic traits of character, her first introduction to Mrs. Delany,—which was effected through the medium of Mrs. Chapone. The same work also contains a minute and detailed account of Madame d'Arblay, then Miss Burney's, subsequent acquaintance with Mrs. Delany, which almost immediately ripened into a strict friendship that lasted till the death of the latter. To those of our readers who desire a more minute account of the latter years of Mrs. Delany's life, than the nature of the present work admits of, we would earnestly recommend the "Diary and Correspondence" in question, than which a more valuable and interesting production of its kind has not seen the light since Boswell's Johnson.

To Miss Burney, Mrs. Delany entrusted the overlooking and examination of her letters and manuscripts, together with the selecting, destroying, and arranging the long-hoarded mass of papers.

Mrs. Delany thus alludes to the first visit of Miss Burney. "I have had in the house with me, ever since my nephews were obliged to leave me, Miss Burney, the author of Evelina and Cecilia, which, excellent as they are, are her meanest praise. Her admirable understanding,

her tender affection, and sweetness of manners, make her valuable to all those who have the happiness to know her; and it has been no small satisfaction to me to have had such a companion during my confinement."

The following passages are so much to our purpose, as relating to the early, as well as the latter days of the subject of our present notice, that we cannot refuse to extract them. The period referred to in Madame d'Arblay's Diary is almost immediately preceding Mrs. Delany's residence at Windsor, where a house was assigned to her by the Queen.

"She gave me her letters to rummage, from Swift and Young; and she told me all the anecdotes that occurred to her of her acquaintance with them."

"'I was told,'" said she, "'once, that when I grew older I should feel less; but I do not feel it so; I am sooner, I think, hurt than ever. I suppose it is with very old age as with extreme youth, the effect of weakness; neither of those stages of life have firmness in bearing misfortunes.'"

After a severe illness, increased, if not occasioned by the death of the Duchess of Portland, in 1785, Miss Burney says,—"My dear Mrs. Delany has gone on mending gradually ever since I wrote last. She is employing me, when able, to look over her papers; 'tis to me a sacred task, for she cannot read what she is trusting me with. Sometimes, with a magnifying-glass, she examines first, if what she is giving me is some manuscript of secrecy, with respect to the affairs or character of her friends; and as a word suffices to inform her, she destroys, unread, whatever is of this sort. But this, though a business she wishes to have done, produces

letters and memorandums too affecting for her spirits; yet she never, but by persuasion, leaves off; she seems bent upon subduing all emotions but those that might give pain to others by their suppression. I frequently court her to sadness, for her exertions make me tremble more than her tears; yet those, when they do fall, I can hardly, indeed, with all her example before my eyes, bear to look at."

"Just now we have both of us been quite overset. In examining some papers in a pocket-book, she opened one with two leaves dried in it; she held them a little while in silence, but very calmly, in her hand, yet as something I saw she highly prized; she then bade me read what was written on the envelope;—it was, I think, these words—'Two leaves picked at Bolsover, by the Duchess of Portland and myself, in September, 1766, the twentieth year of our most intimate and dear friendship.' I could hardly read to her the last words, and upon hearing them, for a little while she sank. But I hastened, the moment I could, to other less interesting papers, and she forced her attention to them with a strength of resolution that makes me honour as much as I love her."

"To me alone, she kindly says, she gives way to any indulgence of sorrow; she fears being misunderstood and thought repining by others; and, indeed, the rest of her friends spending with her but a short time, she thinks it her duty to study their comforts by appearing composed to them. Mine, she justly says, can only be studied by what is most relief to herself. The nobleness of her mind can never have had such opportunity of displaying itself as during the last month; and in the numberless instances in which it now appears, she seems

already raised to that height I am still selfishly trying to keep her from yet reaching."

By the death of the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany was deprived not only of the friend of her youth, but she also lost many comforts and pleasures, for she had invariably spent half of every year at Bulstrode, and consequently required no other country-house for the summer. "The Duke of Portland behaved with the utmost propriety and feeling upon this occasion," says Miss Burney, "and was most earnest to accommodate her to the best of his power with every comfort to which she had been accustomed; but this noblest of women declared she loved the memory of her friend beyond all other things, and would not suffer it to be tainted in the misjudging world by an action that would be construed into a reflection upon her will, as if deficient in consideration for her. 'And I will not,' said she to me, 'suffer the children of my dearest friend to suppose that their mother left undone anything she ought to have done. She did not: I knew her best, and I know she did what she was sure I should most approve.' She steadily, therefore, refused all offers, though made to her with even painful earnestness, and though solicited till her refusal became a distress to herself.

"This transaction was related, I believe, to their majesties; and, Lady Weymouth, the duchess's eldest daughter, was commissioned to wait upon Mrs. Delany with this message:—That the Queen was extremely anxious about her health, and very apprehensive lest continuing in London during the summer should be prejudicial to it; she entreated her, therefore, to accept a house belonging to her at Windsor, which she should order to be fitted up for her immediately; and she de-

sired Lady Weymouth to give her time to consider the proposal, and by no means to hurry her; as well as to assure her, that happy as it would make her to have one so sincerely esteemed as a neighbour, she should remember her situation, and promise not to be troublesome to her. The King, at the same time, desired to be allowed to stand to the additional expenses incurred by the maintenance of two houses, and that Mrs. Delany would accept from him 300*l.* a year."

Mrs. Delany was necessarily greatly touched with this kindness and benevolence; but dreading lest this removal might involve her in a new course of life, and lead to connexions and acquaintance which at her advanced age she wished to avoid, she took some time for deliberation and consultation with her friends. All, however, coincided in the opinion that it was an offer she could not refuse.

The house, which was situated in St. Alban's-street, Windsor, near the castle, and in the immediate vicinity of the Queen's Lodge, was accordingly fitted up under the superintendence of the King in person; and on its completion, one of the Queen's messengers brought Mrs. Delany the following letter from her Majesty, written with her own hand:—

"My dear Mrs. Delany will be glad to hear that I am charged by the King to summon her to her new abode at Windsor for Tuesday next, where she will find all the most essential parts of the house ready, excepting some little trifles, which it will be better for Mrs. Delany to direct herself in person, or by her little deputy, Miss Port. I need not, I hope, add that I shall be extremely glad and happy to see so amiable an inhabitant in this

our sweet retreat; and wish, very sincerely, that my dear Mrs. Delany may enjoy every blessing amongst us that her merits deserve. That we may long enjoy her amiable company, Amen! These are the *true* sentiments of

"My dear Mrs. Delany's
Very affectionate Queen
CHARLOTTE.

"Queen's Lodge, Windsor, Sept. 3, 1785."

This letter was brought to Mrs. Delany whilst at dinner, and she accordingly was obliged to answer it immediately, with her own hand, and as she says, "without seeing a letter she wrote."

"It is impossible to express how I am overwhelmed with your Majesty's excess of goodness to me. I shall, with the warmest duty and most humble respect, obey a command that bestows such honour and happiness on your Majesty's

"Most dutiful and most obedient
Servant and subject,
MARY DELANY."

The King himself issued orders that he should be informed when Mrs. Delany reached Windsor; and he repaired to the house to bid her welcome. The following is her own account of her reception.

"I arrived here about eight o'clock in the evening, and found his Majesty in the house ready to receive me. I threw myself at his feet, unable to utter a word, he raised and saluted me, and said he meant not to stay longer than to desire I would order everything

that could make the house comfortable and agreeable to me, and then retired. Truly, I found nothing wanting, as it is as pleasant and commodious as I could wish it to be, with a very pretty garden, which joins to that of the Queen's Lodge. The next morning her Majesty sent one of her ladies to know how I had rested, and how I was in health, and whether her coming would not be troublesome? You may be sure I accepted the honour, and she came about two o'clock. I was lame, and could not go down, as I ought to have done, to the door; but her Majesty came up stairs, and I received her on my knees. Our meeting was mutually affecting; she well knew the value of what I had lost, and it was some time after we were seated (for she always makes me sit down) before we could either gain speech. It is impossible for me to do justice to her great condescension and tenderness, which were almost equal to what I had lost. She repeated, in the strongest terms, her wish, and the King's, that I should be as easy and as happy as they could possibly make me; that they waived all ceremony, and desired to come to me like *friends*. The Queen delivered me a paper from the King, which contained the first quarter of 300*l.* per annum, which his Majesty allows me out of his privy purse. Their Majesties have drank tea with me five times, and the princesses three. They generally stay two hours or longer. In short, I have seen or heard from them every day. * * * Their visits are paid in the most quiet private manner, like those of the most consoling and interested friends."

Miss Burney describes her venerable friend, Mrs. Delany, to have been at this time "in the full solace of as much contentment as her recent severe personal loss

could well admit. * * * She was honoured by all who approached her; she was loved by all with whom she associated. Her very dependence was made independent by the delicacy with which it left her completely mistress of her actions and her abode. Her sovereigns unbent from their state to bestow upon her graciousness and favour."

Mrs. Delany thus describes a portion of her own life at Windsor.

"The Queen has had the goodness to command me to come to the Lodge whenever it is quite easy to me to do it, without sending particularly for me, lest it should embarrass me to refuse that honour; so that most evenings, at half-an-hour past seven, I go to Miss Burney's apartment, and when the royal family return from the terrace, the King, or one of the Princesses (generally the youngest, Princess Amelia, just four years old) come into the room, take me by the hand, and lead me into the drawing-room, where there is a chair ready for me by the Queen's left-hand; the three eldest Princesses sit round the table, and the ladies in waiting, Lady Charlotte Finch, and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave. A vacant chair is left for the King, whenever he pleases to sit down in it. Every one is employed with pencil, needle, or knitting. Between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant; and for an hour before the conclusion of the whole the King plays at backgammon with one of his equerries."

But the life of this venerable octogenarian, already protracted far beyond the ordinary span of existence, was now drawing to a close. And yet, as her friend Miss Burney writes, "It was not the death of age that carried her hence: no shattering preparatory warning,

either corporeally debilitating or intellectually decaying, had raised that alarm which teaches the waning value, as well as duration of life, and makes grief in the survivors blush at its selfishness, and regret appear nearly a crime. Her eyes alone had failed, and these not totally. Not even was her general frame, though enfeebled, wholly deprived of its elastic powers. She was upright; her air and her carriage were full of dignity; all her motions were graceful; and her gestures, when she was animated, had a vivacity almost sportive. Her exquisitely susceptible soul, at every strong emotion, still mantled in her cheeks, and her spirits, to the last, retained their innocent gaiety; her conversation its balmy tone of sympathy; and her manners their soft and resistless attraction; while her piety was at once the most fervent, yet most humble."

Though grieved to part with her friends, as well as for the sorrow she knew her approaching dissolution would occasion them, yet had her pious spirit been long and cheerfully prepared for her departure to another and a better world.

For Miss Burney, she left by her faithful attendant Astley, the following affecting message:—"Tell her—when I am gone—for I know how she will miss me—tell her how much comfort she must always feel in reflecting how mightily my latter days have been soothed by her." And to that lady herself, who attended her death-bed, the latest name she pronounced was that of the King, to whom she sent her most grateful duty, with a petition that he would deign to accept her humble bequest of what she thought the least worthless among her paintings, and what he most approved.

"When faintly, but most impressively, she had arti-

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culated this message, she spoke a word of fondness to her sorrowing niece, and murmured a gentle, a tender "Good-night," to her afflicted friend; and then, with evident intent to compose her mind to pious meditation, she turned away her head; uttering, with closed eyes, but a cheerful smile upon her lips, "And now I'll go to sleep."

In a quarter of an hour that sleep became eternal. She expired on Tuesday, the 15th of April, 1788, at eleven o'clock at night, without the smallest struggle or groan, at her house in St. James's Place, in the 88th year of her age.

Mrs. Delany was interred in a vault belonging to St. James's Church, where a monument has been erected to her memory.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER was born at Deal, in Kent, on the 16th of December, 1717. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Carter, perpetual curate of the chapel in that town, rector of Woodchurch and Ham, both in the same county, and one of the six preachers in the cathedral church at Canterbury.

When about ten years old, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter had the misfortune to lose her mother, who died of a decline, partly, it was supposed, brought on by vexation, from the injury which her fortune had sustained from having been invested in the South Sea funds, and which, when that bubble burst, was almost entirely lost. Dr. Carter was also a considerable sufferer by this ruinous speculation, but he never willingly alluded to the subject.

Dr. Carter provided all his children with learned educations, but his daughter Elizabeth, in very early life, gave no promise of her subsequent attainments. Her abilities seem to have been solid rather than brilliant, and in quickness of conception she appears to have been surpassed by her brothers and sisters. Such, indeed,

was the slowness with which she learnt, that the patience of her father was frequently wearied out, and he repeatedly entreated her to desist from attempting to become a scholar. By application, however, she overcame all difficulties, and what was once gained was subsequently ever retained by her. But her unwearied assiduity evidently injured her health, and the severe headaches to which she was extremely subject were to be attributed probably in a great degree to her studious habits.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, a well-informed and, at the same time, a well-behaved woman was a rare thing indeed; consequently, the modest and useful virtues of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, combined with her learning, which would have been admired and respected even at this period, were then calculated to create a strong sensation, and early in life her value seems to have been properly appreciated by the great and the gay, as well as by the good and the learned.

Mrs. Carter's chief forte seems to have been the learned languages. With Latin she was well acquainted, and in Greek she had made such a proficiency, that Dr. Johnson, in speaking of some celebrated scholar, observed that "he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known, excepting Elizabeth Carter;" yet, it is singular, that, with the grammar of these languages she was almost wholly unacquainted; and, indeed, she was wont to say she had never learnt them. As a general science, she understood grammar, but not as taught in schools, and she considered the knowledge of the particular grammar should follow rather than precede the attainment of a language.

Mrs. Carter also effected considerable progress in

Hebrew, and made a practice of reading it every day when in health; indeed, it seems to have been a rule with her never to neglect or to forget anything which she had taken the trouble to acquire. With many of the modern languages she was also well acquainted. She spoke French well, from having in early life boarded for a year with M. Le Sueur, a French refugee minister at Canterbury. Italian, Spanish, and German, she taught herself without assistance. The last-mentioned language was acquired when she was about twenty, at the request of her father, as some of her friends were desirous of procuring her a place about court. Sir George Oxenden proposed the scheme, and offered his interest for the purpose, but whether he failed in the attempt, or whether she did not consider herself competent to the duties, certain it is she never had any office about the Queen or Princesses.

Later in life she learned Portuguese, and subsequently Arabic; but though she could read the last-mentioned difficult language, she never professed to understand it thoroughly.

The sciences were then not in vogue. In astronomy, however, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter made considerable progress, but she chiefly excelled in classical literature, history, and ancient geography. To modern geography she appears never to have turned her attention; and as her nephew and biographer, the Rev. Montague Pennington, observes, "she was literally better acquainted with the meanderings of the Peneus and the course of the Ilyssus, than she was with those of the Thames or Loire; and could give a better account of the wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas than of the voyages and discoveries of Cook or Bougainville."

Although she in some degree turned her attention to what may be termed modern accomplishments, Mrs. Carter does not seem ever to have made much progress in either music or drawing; she, however, was fond of the first, and played both on the spinnet and German flute, and that she took some pains to acquire the art is evident from there being a great deal of music in her own handwriting for both those instruments.

In a letter to Miss Talbot, speaking of painting, she says, "I have lately taken great pains to acquire some little notion of this delightful art, but with such wretched success, that I begin to lose my courage. I never had any kind of instruction but from two or three books, as utterly unintelligible to me as if they were written in the Calmuc language. In short, I have nothing to assist me but industry and strong inclination—for genius I have none."

In early youth she was extremely partial to dancing, and frequented the assemblies in her neighbourhood with great pleasure; indeed, at all times of her life she appears to have entered into every kind of innocent amusement with good-natured interest and sympathy, and, in fact, never refused joining even in the card-parties then so fashionable, though she would never play for high stakes.

When young, Mrs. Carter was rather handsome; her features were strong and fine, her complexion was fair and clear, and a benevolent expression is apparent in the portraits extant of her. Her figure was not good, and she does not appear to have paid much attention to her dress. She seems to have possessed a happy temperament of mind, which induced her to be easily pleased; acting on the principle that it is a great happiness to

accustom one's self to take extreme pleasure in objects easily acquired. She was extremely partial to flowers, of which it was her custom to have several in her rooms during the winter, and which she was wont to visit, with great delight, almost every hour in the day; and in summer she was equally frequent in her attendance on a small garden adjoining the house in which she resided.

Very early in life Mrs. Elizabeth Carter became well acquainted with her father's friend Mr. Cave, the original editor of the Gentleman's Magazine: and through his means she was introduced to many of the literati of the day. Among these was the celebrated Dr., then Mr. Johnson; and their friendship continued as long as he lived. Notwithstanding the occasional rudeness of his manner to others, to her he invariably behaved with civility and attention, and evidently felt for her both respect and esteem.

By Mr. Cave, some of Mrs. Carter's first attempts at poetry were inserted in his Magazine, and some may be found in the fourth volume of that miscellany, under the signature of "Eliza," as early as 1734, when she was but sixteen years of age.

With Pope she seems to have had but a very slight acquaintance, although her first public appearance as a prose writer was the translation from the French of the Critique of Crousaz on his "Essay on Man." This was finished in 1738, and published in the following year, but it has been long out of print, and is now extremely scarce, as is also the edition of a small collection of poems, composed before she was twenty years of age, which was printed by Cave, in 1738, with St. John's Gate in the title-page. In 1739, Cave published, in two volumes, another translation of her's from the Italian of

Algarotti, "Newtonianisimo per le Dame," under the title of "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained, for the use of the Ladies, in six Dialogues, on Light and Colours."

To these early performances, in after life, she never willingly referred, and indeed seemed rather to wish they should be forgotten; though, considering the extreme youth and the sex of the writer, they may be considered as very extraordinary; and works that elicited approbation from Drs. Johnson and Birch must have been more than tolerably well executed. The latter, a well known writer of history and biography, speaks of her as follows:

"This lady is a very extraordinary phenomenon in the republic of letters, and justly to be numbered with the Sulpitias of the ancients, and the Schurmans* and the Daciers of the moderns. For, to an uncommon vivacity and delicacy of genius, and an accuracy of judgment worthy the maturest years, she has added the knowledge of the ancient and modern languages at an age when an equal skill in any one of them would be a distinction in a person of the other sex."

Although these early performances of Mrs. Carter were, in after years, but little esteemed by herself, yet, at the time of their appearance, they contributed in no small degree to spread the fame of her talents and acquirements, not only in her native country, but also among some of the leading foreign savans of the day; and from the dates of several letters extant, it appears she corresponded occasionally with many of the literati and the patrons of learning. She was, as has been already mentioned, intimately acquainted with Dr. Johnson and

* Anna Marie Schurman; she understood twelve languages and wrote four fluently.

Cave, and was, soon after, introduced to the clever but unfortunate Savage, who, in 1739, addressed her in strains of fulsome adulation, as if he considered a young lady only just arrived at years of discretion would swallow flattery, however gross. Early in life, Mrs. Carter appears to have adopted a resolution not to marry, and indeed she wished to prevail on her sister also to live single. Her father, however, whose fortune was at that time small and his family large, evidently wished her to form a matrimonial connexion, though he left her to act according to her own judgment and wishes. Afterwards, when she had nearly attained the mature age of thirty, she appeared not unwilling to accept of an offer of marriage which was every way unexceptionable, and her father was anxious that she should avail herself of it, but she was induced eventually to refuse the gentleman, in consequence of his having published some verses of the nature of which she disapproved. This Strephon, however, soon consoled himself with another Delia, though he ever expressed a strong sense of her handsome behaviour to him.

Still later in life, when at the zenith of her reputation, the world chose to imagine a union for her with Archbishop Secker, and also with Bishop Hayter, and the Earl of Bath, with whom she was intimate; but there seems to have been no other foundation for these reports, than that the parties at the time were disengaged, and therefore *might* have formed an attachment, which, however, they did not, being satisfied with a candid and sincere regard for each other.

An introduction, through the medium of a mutual acquaintance, Mr. Wright the astronomer, took place at the house of Mrs. Roche, near Canterbury, in the month

of February, 1741, between Mrs. Carter and the celebrated Miss Catherine Talbot, and a warm and sincere friendship was quickly formed, which was only terminated by the premature death of Miss Talbot in 1770. This intimacy was the means of introducing Mrs. Carter into a far more elevated circle than, from her own connexions, she had a right to expect, those of Miss Talbot being of the first rank and station in society.

A constant correspondence was kept up between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot, four volumes of which have been given to the world, including some to Mrs. Vesey, the wife of Agmondeshem Vesey, Esq., and a more interesting and instructive collection has seldom been published. Throughout the whole there prevails a most amiable and christian-like philosophy. Learning and cheerful good sense pervade the letters of Mrs. Carter, which were chiefly written from her father's retired and comparatively humble abode at Deal; whilst throughout those of the elegant and accomplished Miss Talbot, penned from the episcopal and archi-episcopal palaces of Cuddesden and Lambeth, a tender, half-playful, half-melancholy tone prevails, arising, no doubt, from her constant state of ill-health.

The little nothings of their day, described by their pens, amuse, interest, and ofttimes instruct, from the useful moral deduced therefrom. In 1746, Mrs. Carter thus describes, minutely, her general mode of spending her time at Deal.

"As you desire a full and true account of my whole life and conversation, it is necessary, in the first place, you should be made acquainted with the singular contrivance by which I am called in the morning. There is a bell placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened

a packthread and a piece of lead, which, when I am not "lulled by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane," is conveyed through a crevice of my window into a garden below, pertaining to the sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said packthread with as much heart and good will as if he were ringing my knell. By this most curious contrivance, I make a shift to get up, which I am too stupid to do without calling. Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance have most wickedly threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter undoing of me, for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer.

"And now I am up, you may belike inquire to what purpose. I set down to my several lessons as regular as a school-boy, and lay in a stock of learning to make a figure with at breakfast; but for this I am not ready. My general practice about six is to take up my stick and walk, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a companion, whom I call on in my way, and draw out half asleep, and consequently incapable of reflecting on the danger of such an undertaking; for to be sure she might just as well trust herself to the guidance of a jack-a-lantern. However, she has the extreme consolation of grumbling as much as she pleases without the least interruption, which she does with such a variety of comical phrases, that I generally laugh from the beginning to the end of my journey."

"When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures, we go to breakfast, and are, as you imagined, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. * * * We have a great variety of topics, in which everybody bears a part, till we get insensibly to

books; and whenever we get beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse and the tea-kettle by ourselves, which we should infallibly do, if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea. I fancy I have a privilege in talking a great deal over the tea-table, as I am tolerably silent the rest of the day.

"After breakfast every one follows their several employments. My first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in above twenty parts of my room, and when the task is finished, I sit down to a spinnet, which, in its best state, might have cost about twenty shillings, with as much importance as if I knew how to play. After deafening myself for about half an hour with all manner of noises, I proceed to some other amusement, that employs me about the same time; for longer I seldom apply to anything; and thus, between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running up and down stairs, to see where everybody is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business or entertainment.

"Of an afternoon I sometimes go out, not so often, however, as in civility I ought to do, for it is always some mortification to me not to drink tea at home. It is the fashion here for people to make such unreasonably long visits, that before they are half over I grow so restless and corky, that I am ready to fly out of the window. About eight o'clock I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening for these fourteen years. I always return precisely at ten, beyond which hour, I do not desire to see the face of any living wight; and thus I finish my day, and this tedious description of it, which you have so unfortunately drawn upon yourself."

Mrs. Carter was wont to say, "the varying her occupations prevented her from ever being tired of them;" and accordingly she hardly ever read or worked for more than half an hour at a time, and then she would visit, for a few minutes, any of her relations who were staying in her house, in their respective apartments, or go into her garden to water her flowers. Before this period she had, however, studied very steadily.

Her regular rule was, when in health, to read two chapters in the Bible before breakfast, a sermon, some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and after breakfast something in every language with which she was acquainted; thus never allowing herself to forget what she had once attained. These occupations were of course varied according to circumstances, and when she took exercise before breakfast, her course of reading was necessarily deferred till later in the day.

Her constitution must have been strong to have enabled her to take the very long walks to which she accustomed herself; but she suffered greatly from headaches, not improbably arising from her over-exertion of body and mind in early youth, and the not allowing herself sufficient repose to recruit her over-worked strength. At one time of her life she was wont to sit up very late, and as she soon became drowsy, and would sleep soundly in her chair, many were the expedients she adopted to keep herself awake, such as pouring cold water down her dress, tying a wet bandage round her head, &c. She was a great snuff-taker, though she endeavoured to break herself of the habit to please her father. She suffered so much, however, in the attempt, that he kindly withdrew his prohibition.

Mrs. Carter was not much more than thirty when she

undertook to finish the education of her youngest brother Henry, which had been commenced by her father. She completed her task so well, that he entered Bennet College, Cambridge, 1756, and passed through the University with reputation. He had afterwards the living of Little Wittenham, in Berkshire.

In order to devote herself more exclusively to this occupation, she, for some years previous to the completion of his education, resisted all temptations to leave Deal, and refused all invitations to spend part of the winter with her friends in town, as had been her general practice. Part of this retirement was devoted to the translation of Epictetus, her greatest work, by which her reputation was much increased, and her fame greatly spread among the literati of the day. This work was commenced in the summer of 1749, at the desire of Miss Talbot, enforced by the Bishop of Oxford, to whom the sheets were transmitted for emendations as soon as finished. It was originally not intended for publication, and was therefore not completed till 1756, when it was published with notes and an introduction by herself, by subscription, in 1758. Mrs. Carter, besides fame and reputation, obtained for this performance more than one thousand pounds. A poem, by her friend, Mrs. Chapone, was prefixed to it.

Mrs. Carter's celebrity had, very early in life, procured her the notice of many of the most distinguished persons in Kent. Among these was the Honourable Mrs. Roche, sister to John, first Viscount Dudley and Ward, who resided at St. Lawrence's, near Canterbury. With this lady, and with her sister, Miss Ward, Mrs. Carter maintained a correspondence for several years. When quite young, she passed a winter with Mrs. Roche in town, and was

introduced thus early to many persons equally distinguished in rank as in letters. She also spent much time with her father's brother, a silk merchant in the city. So that from the age of eighteen or nineteen, she generally passed great part of the winter in London; the summer was spent with her father at Deal, or with her friends in Canterbury.

Mrs. Carter was acquainted with the Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, the daughter of the Hon. H. Thynne, only son of Thomas, first Viscount Weymouth, to whom Thomson dedicated his Spring. This lady's correspondence with the Countess of Pomfret, granddaughter of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, has been published, and in it she mentions Mrs. Carter in terms of great approbation.

Among other esteemed friends and correspondents may be enumerated Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone; Miss Sutton, the daughter of Sir Robert Sutton, K.B., the ambassador; and the Countess of Sunderland, the widow of the third Earl of Sunderland, and daughter of Benjamin Tichburne, Esq.; Miss Jacob, afterward Mrs. Savage, the daughter of a learned and eminent surgeon at Canterbury, and sister to the celebrated antiquary of that name; the Hon. Mrs. Howe, sister of the late Earl and present Viscount Howe, &c.

At the Bishop of Oxford's, she met with many persons eminent for learning. Among others, William Duncombe, Esq. a gentleman well known among literary characters. In conjunction with his son, he translated Horace, and in the undertaking he was desirous of receiving the benefit of Miss Carter's judgment. With her

he corresponded many years, and proposed several schemes for her advantage, which, from his connexions and influence, he might have had it in his power to have promoted; but, from her love of independence, they were all declined by her. Mr. Duncombe married Miss Highmore, universally admired for her talents, worth, and literary attainments, and known as the correspondent and friend of Richardson, by whom Mrs. Carter's "Ode to Wisdom" was inserted in his Clarissa, before he was aware who was the author. On a remonstrance being made to him, he transmitted to her a very handsome letter of apology, together with a copy of the work.

Among her intimate friends was the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, with whom she corresponded very regularly; and three volumes of her letters to that lady, from 1755 to 1800, have been given to the world. In them there is more learning than in those addressed to Miss Talbot; more of the head, perhaps, and less of the heart; but notwithstanding, it is an interesting collection. She was also well acquainted with Mrs. Montagu's intimate friends, Lord Lyttleton and Pulteney Earl of Bath, the latter of whom often declared that he spent no time so happily, or with so much improvement, as in the society of these two ladies.

In 1761, when, after leaving her some time in bad health, she was induced to accompany Mrs. Montagu to Tunbridge Wells, these two noblemen, who where there at the same time with Mrs. Montagu, prevailed on her to publish a collection of her poems, which went through several editions. They made their first appearance in 1762, and were very generally admired. Those composed in 1735, on her birthday, were translated into

Latin by the Rev. Stephen Barrett, rector of Hothfield, in Kent, with whose wife, previously, Miss Mary Jacob of Canterbury, Mrs. Carter was well acquainted.

Though not a first-rate poetess, there is something extremely pleasing in Mrs. Carter's poetry, which, the more it is read, the better it will be appreciated. There is also a right-mindedness about it, which strongly recommends it to those who wish for something besides love-sick verses or melancholy sentimentality.

After the treaty of peace was signed in 1763, Miss Carter, with Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, and Lord Bath, made a little tour on the Continent together, for the benefit of Lord Bath's health. Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, accompanied them as chaplain and friend to Lord Bath, and during this expedition Mrs. Carter was always with Mrs. Montagu. The Montagus and Lord Bath had separate suites and establishments, but they travelled together, and when one house was not large enough to contain the whole party, they generally dined at Lord Bath's. They left England on the 4th June, 1763, and proceeded to Spa. After a short tour in Germany, they went into Holland, and from thence, through Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges, to Calais, and returned to Dover on the 19th September. Although in the present day, when every one has seen, and can talk of

"Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,"

this may be considered as a mere excursion, yet at that time it proved an event in the life of the daughter of a country clergyman; and Mrs. Carter's letters, containing an account of their adventures and misadventures, are interesting and imposing. It was her only visit to

the Continent, excepting a few day's trip to Paris in 1782, from motives of friendship to a relation of Lord Bath.

That nobleman died in the summer of 1764, and although a friendship had existed between them—so intimate, as to have given rise to a report that he wished to marry Mrs. Carter, yet, to the surprise of her friends, he left her nothing in his will. All his vast property went to his brother, General Pulteney, who died in 1767, leaving his fortune to his nearest relation, Mrs. Johnstone, whose husband, taking his wife's name, became afterwards Sir William Pulteney. Mrs. Carter had ever stood their friend with Lord Bath, and they evinced their gratitude by settling, in a most handsome and delicate manner, £100 per annum on her for life. This was increased to £150 by their daughter, afterwards Lady Bath, upon whose account it was that Mrs. Carter went to Paris in 1782, at the request of her father Sir William Pulteney, then a widower, who wished her to accompany his daughter, whom he was about to place in a convent there. Mrs. Carter was absent from England but sixteen days in all, which, considering she was at that time sixty-five years old, and by no means in good health, was a considerable undertaking for a person at that time of life.

Mrs. Carter had been accustomed to spend her winters with her numerous friends in London, till after the publication of her Epictetus, when her circumstances became so easy, that she was enabled to take lodgings every year in town, which she preferred, as being more independent than visiting in other persons' houses. In 1762, she engaged a small but neat apartment on the first floor of No. 20, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, in which, during the winter months, she lived many years.

On the death of her landlady, she removed for a year or two to Chapel Street, Mayfair; but afterwards she again engaged comfortable apartments at No. 21, Clarges Street, which she retained till her death. She had no other establishment than her maid-servant, nor indeed was it necessary, as she never dined at home, unless too ill to leave the house, and her friends' carriages and chairs were always at her service to convey her to and from her lodgings.

The same year, 1762, she purchased a house at Deal, her father hitherto having lived in a hired one, where they constantly resided together in the summer, till Dr. Carter's death in 1774, each having their separate library and apartment, and meeting seldom but at meals, though living together with much comfort and affection. Her brothers and sisters all marrying, had left their father's house, so that the care of it devolved upon his eldest daughter. She attended to it assiduously, as she did to her other duties; and to a friend who lamented the trouble it must give her, she answers with modesty, good sense, and feeling:

"It is proper I should be rather more confined at home, and I cannot be so much at the disposal of my friends as when my sister supplied my place at home. As to anything of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head were of much more consequence than I feel it to be. The true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which we may be assured is the very situation best calculated for our virtue and happiness."

In August, 1768, Mrs. Carter had the misfortune to

lose her old and much respected friend Archbishop Secker. She immediately left Deal for Lambeth, to console Mrs. and Miss Talbot for the loss of the said friend, with whom they had resided for upwards of forty-two years, and to assist them in removing from the palace to another habitation in Lower Grosvenor Street.

In the following year, Miss Talbot was herself given over. Her disorder, a cancer, had for three years been kept a profound secret from all her friends but the Archbishop and Mrs. Carter, that her mother might not have the grief of seeing her languishing under an incurable disease. She expired on the 9th January, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of her age, deeply regretted by all who knew her. Mrs. Talbot survived her daughter many years, living to the advanced age of ninety-two. She died of a paralytic attack in 1783, but almost to the last she kept up a constant correspondence with Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Talbot put her daughter's manuscript papers into Mrs. Carter's hands, who made selections from them. The first published were the well known "Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week," which had a wonderful and almost unexampled sale; and afterwards, some essays, poems, and detached pieces, which are not only excellent in a moral and religious light, but are also pleasing and elegant compositions.

In 1769, appeared Mrs. Montagu's celebrated "Essay on Shakspeare," which, being published without a name, was attributed to Mrs. Carter; but, though she had been consulted from the first, and had revised the manuscript, she strenuously denied all participation in the performance. It was her wish, which unfortunately was not put into execution, that her friend's splendid talents should have been employed on some greater

work; "that, whilst it was useful, and could be made entertaining to the world, would be applauded by angels, and registered in heaven."

In 1775, the death of Mr. Montagu, who left his splendid fortune to his widow, enabled Mrs. Montagu to add permanently to the comforts of her less affluent friend Mrs. Carter, upon whom she settled £100 per annum. Another friend, Mrs. Underdown, whose daughter married the brother of Mrs. Carter, also left her £40 per annum; so that, though not rich, she was latterly in perfectly easy circumstances.

Mrs. Montagu's establishment, which was conducted in a most magnificent style, enabled her to keep a great deal of company, and at her table, and at the celebrated *bas bleu* parties of herself and Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Carter was accustomed to meet persons high in rank, learning, and moral excellence.

At these parties, during the winter months, were constantly to be met most of those who were of note and eminence in London. Mrs. Montagu's were conducted with the most form and ceremony, whilst ease and cheerfulness characterized those of Mrs. Vesey.

Mrs. Vesey, from the ease and elegance of her manners, appears to have been the charm and life of her parties. This lady was the wife of Agmondesham Vesey, Esq.; of Lucan, near Dublin; and of Clarges Street, London. He was a gentleman of large fortune and ancient family, and was a member of the Irish parliament. Dying some years before Mrs. Vesey, she was left in somewhat straitened circumstances, and latterly fell into a state of melancholy imbecility, during which she was attended with devoted affection by her sister Mrs. Handcock. Mrs. Vesey obtained the soubriquet of "the Sylph"

among her acquaintance, from the elegance and spirituality of her ideas and expressions. But unfortunately for her peace of mind, her faith was far from being confirmed, and her friend Mrs. Carter was instrumental, in a great degree, in setting her right upon several points, in which her conviction was not decided. Several letters have been published of a highly interesting nature, chiefly confined to the points under discussion between the two friends.

Besides her trip to Paris in 1784 with Mr. and Miss Pulteney, Mrs. Carter took some occasional journeys into the North with her friend Miss Sharpe, who married first the Rev. Dr. Beauvoir, and subsequently, after the death of his first wife, Mrs. Carter's brother-in-law, Dr. Douglas. She also took considerable interest and an active part in a society formed in or about 1780, for the relief of the poor, principally reduced housekeepers in Westminster. It was set on foot and entirely managed by ladies; and most of Mrs. Carter's friends belonged to it.

In 1791, Mrs. Carter had the honour of being personally introduced to Queen Charlotte, by her Majesty's particular desire, at the house of her friend Lady Cremorne, at Chelsea. Her Majesty conversed with Mrs. Carter for about an hour, and among other topics, upon German literature. After this, she made repeated inquiries about her, and several times sent her German books, accompanied by very flattering messages. Subsequently Mrs. Carter was more than once honoured with visits at her own house by those members of the royal family who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Deal.

Mrs. Carter, in common with many other celebrated

characters, had a great dislike to being pointed out as an object of curiosity, and of being noticed or visited merely on account of her abilities and reputation. She never sought the acquaintance of any one herself on these grounds alone, and consequently was during her lifetime perhaps not so much known to the literary world as others less worthy of note. She was particularly partial to writers of her own sex; and indeed was inclined to think that justice was not done to them in general, and that their mental powers were not properly appreciated in society. From her decided bias in their favour, she always perused their works with a mind prepared to be pleased. Latterly, her violent headaches preventing her reading anything that required profound attention, she was glad to solace her hours of pain with the novels and romances of the day, provided their tendency was good. Those removed from real life she was most partial to, and was a great admirer of Mrs. Radcliffe's productions. She was also partial to the works of Miss Burney, and at a later period to those of Mrs. West.

It may be mentioned as one of the great beauties of Mrs. Carter's character, the readiness with which, as the bee extracts honey, she derived pleasure from every source. In society, she did not despise the conversation of the less cultivated, nor did she austerely condemn the amusements of the day. A humble and contented mind was her's, a cheerful and a pious disposition. In everything

"She looked through nature up to nature's God,"

admired his works, enjoyed the good things that Providence bestowed upon her, and possessed in an eminent degree

"Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refined."

Mrs. Carter's health latterly declined considerably, and she was obliged to give up her long walks. She retained her faculties to the last, but she could not then read or write for any length of time with comfort to herself.

On the 23rd of January, 1806, she left Deal for Clarges-street, and continued tolerably well for some days, but she was soon confined to her bed, and expired, without a groan, at three o'clock in the morning of the 19th of February, 1806.

She was interred in the burial-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, an appendage to St. George's Church, Hanover-square, where, on the stone which covers her remains, is the following inscription:—

"Under this stone are deposited the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, of Deal, in the county of Kent; a lady as much distinguished for piety and virtue as for deep learning and extensive knowledge. She was born at Deal, December 16, 1717, and died in Clarges-street, in this parish, sincerely lamented by her relations and numerous friends, February 19, 1806, in the eighty-ninth year of her age."

A mural monument was also erected to her memory in the chapel at Deal.

Mrs. Carter is an eminent example of what may be done by industry and application. Endowed by nature with no very brilliant talents, yet by perseverance she acquired a degree of learning which must be considered as surprising. The daughter of a respectable country clergyman, with a large family and limited income, by her unaffected piety, moral excellence, and literary attainments, she secured to herself the friendship and esteem of the great and the wealthy, the learned

and the good. In early youth her society was sought by many who were elevated above her in a worldly point of view, and instead of the cheerless, neglected old maid, we view her in declining life surrounded by

> "That which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Her friends were indeed numerous, and also wealthy and powerful, but not more distinguished for the gifts of fortune than for those of nature. Perhaps few ages and nations can present a more brilliant constellation of female excellence and talent united in the bonds of intimate friendship than we meet with in Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Vesey, and Miss Talbot.

The only original prose compositions of Mrs. Carter published in her lifetime were the 44th and 100th numbers of the "Rambler." Since her death, some miscellaneous productions have been printed in the second volume of her Memoirs, by her nephew and executor, the Rev. Montagu Pennington; also four volumes of Letters between herself, Miss Talbot, and Mrs. Vesey, and three addressed to Mrs. Montagu.

WORKS.

Poems. 1738.

Translations from Crousaz's Critique on the Essay on Man. 1739.

Translations from Algarotti's Newtonianismo per Le Dame, entitled, Sir I. Newton's Philosophy Explained, for the use of the Ladies. 1739.

Translations from Epictetus. 1758.

Collection of Poems. 1762.

44th and 100th numbers of the Rambler.

Correspondence between Miss Carter and Miss Talbot. 4 vols. 8vo. 1808.

Letters to Mrs. Montagu. 3 vols. 8vo. 1817.

Memoirs of Mrs. Carter, with Miscellaneous Productions, by Rev. Montagu Pennington. 1807.

CATHARINE TALBOT.

Miss Catharine Talbot was lineally descended from the noble family of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, and was niece to Lord Talbot, who was created Lord Chancellor in 1733. Mr. Edward Talbot, her father, was the original patron of Archbishop Secker. In 1715, he married the daughter of the Reverend George Martyn, prebendary of Lincoln; but dying of the small-pox, in December, 1719, at the early age of twenty-nine years, he left his widow in a situation very inadequate to his rank in life, and five months after his death was born, in May, 1720, his celebrated daughter Catharine.

On his deathbed, Mr. Talbot earnestly recommended to his father, the Bishop of Durham, his friends Secker, Butler, and Benson. At one time he was disposed to adopt the theories of Whiston, to whom he was introduced by Rundle, and they became members of his society for promoting Primitive Christianity; but they both, subsequently, renounced their errors, and afterwards took holy orders. Mr. Talbot was elected Fellow of Oriel in 1712, which he resigned upon his marriage. He was subsequently made Archdeacon of Berkshire.

Fortunately for his widow, Catharine, sister to Mr. Benson, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who had been

the companion of her early youth, and whose brother had been equally intimate with Mr. Talbot, was residing with Mrs. Talbot at the time of her husband's death, and she was her great support under this heavy affliction; and when her infant was born, who was unfortunately endowed with a very weak and delicate constitution, it was supposed that her life was preserved through that lady's fostering care and tenderness.

They continued to live together, on the closest terms of intimacy, bestowing all their attention upon the infant Catharine; but before she was five years old, their establishment was broken up by the marriage of Miss Benson with Mr. Secker, who was at that time rector of the valuable living of Houghton-le Spring, and who had become acquainted with her in his visits of gratitude and condolence to the widow of his friend, Mrs. Talbot; and now it was that the future archbishop evinced his gratitude to Mr. Talbot, by joining with his wife in the request that his widow and orphan should from that time become a part of his family. The offer was accepted, and they never afterwards separated, continuing with him even after Mrs. Secker's death, and managing for him his domestic concerns, until his own demise, which took place in 1768.

Mrs. Talbot, her mother, though an amiable and an excellent person, does not appear to have been a woman of strong parts, and the circumstance of her own education having been neglected, in some degree disqualified her from entirely superintending that of her daughter. But this deficiency was more than compensated in the attention paid by Dr. Secker to his young charge; and having no children himself, he treated her with paternal care, taking as much pride and pleasure in her dawning

genius, as if she had actually been his daughter. By constantly associating with him, she reaped all the advantages of his extensive learning, accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, and his critical acquaintance with the sciences and languages connected with that important study.

Miss Talbot early acquired a complete knowledge of the French and Italian languages; she had also a superficial acquaintance with Latin, and later in life she taught herself German, with the view, at first, of being merely able to read Gessner's Death of Abel in the original. She studied also geography and astronomy with much care and attention, in the latter being instructed by Mr. Wright, an astronomer of some note at that period, and an ingenious though visionary man.

This gentleman was well acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Carter, who was three years older than Miss Talbot; and entertaining a high opinion of both his young friends, he naturally wished they should become acquainted with each other. An introduction at last took place on the steps of St. James's Church, in February, 1741, though they were first in each other's society in Canterbury, when they were of the respective ages of twenty and three-and-twenty. Their acquaintance ripened into a tender and lasting friendship, unclouded by estrangement or disagreement, and only broken by the untimely death of Miss Talbot in 1770.

As her biographer says—"The esteem, as well as the affection, were mutual; it was in the truest sense a religious friendship, and they strictly realized the beautiful idea of the psalmist, which has afforded the motto to the collection of their letters: 'They took counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.'"

To their first meeting they both often refer with pleasure, and Miss Carter enthusiastically says—

> " Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,
> E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e 'l hora, e 'l punto,

and St. James's Church and Mr. Wright, and the particles yes and no, and every other circumstance, and every other person that contributed to make me happy in the sight and conversation of Miss Talbot."

The modesty of Miss Talbot's disposition induced her to make frequent complaints of her own idleness and waste of time; but whilst still young, the seeds of that terrible disorder were sown which eventually carried her to the grave, and which produced a listlessness and languor, even when she had no apparent complaint, by which she was cruelly oppressed. It was supposed by her medical attendants that her constitution had a consumptive tendency, and at one time she was ordered to Bristol in consequence, whither Miss Carter accompanied her, but the waters were of no avail, and from that time she became a confirmed invalid.

Miss Talbot seems early in life to have accustomed herself to write essays and detached pieces, both in prose and verse, in a sort of common-place book, which was familiarly known to the two friends as " The Green Book." But though Mrs. Carter was constantly entreating her to arrange, revise, and publish her papers, and even obtained a promise from her that she would endeavour so to do, the project was never accomplished.

" What shall I answer to your inquiries," says she, " about the Green Book? I have remembered my promise faithfully, but am just as far from performing it as I was last year. I have read it carefully, but can find

no order, no connexion in it. It wants an introduction—so it is returned to the *considering drawer* with many of its ancestors. The other papers, yours and all, lie in the same hopeless condition. But if I gain great strength, spirits, courage, and diligence in this happy retreat from every care and every interruption, you may possibly hear a better account of me and them."

This is written from Richkings, or, as it was afterwards termed, Percy Lodge, near Colnbrook, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, with whose celebrated lady Miss Talbot was intimate, passed much time, and kept up a constant correspondence.

In reply, Miss Carter complains of "the vexatious neglect of my favourite point, the Green Book; but it is really intolerable of you not to let the world be somewhat the better for you."

But though, probably, Miss Talbot sincerely intended to fulfil her promise when she made it, yet languor and ill health formed an insuperable bar to the undertaking. Even when better, the exercise she was recommended to take, together with the numerous engagements arising from her situation in life, and the domestic employments in the care of a large establishment, engrossed her time too much to allow her leisure to arrange her papers for publication. Her constant personal attention to the neighbouring poor, both in town and in the country, likewise found her full occupation for every spare half hour. She examined, instructed, and rewarded their children; she gave her advice to all who wished it, and on those in want, pecuniary assistance was bountifully bestowed. She was probably, very often, the almoner of Dr. Secker's extensive charities, who, when Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, constantly bestowed upwards of two thousand pounds a year on the poor; and, previous to his attaining to that dignity, there is no doubt that he had been equally liberal in proportion to his means.

But though Miss Carter failed in inducing Miss Talbot to print her productions, she was herself prevailed upon, by the suggestions and advice of her friend, to attempt the translation of Epictetus, the pages of which were constantly transmitted to Bishop Secker for his inspection, and returned with his corrections and criticisms. It was published in 1758 by subscription, and produced not less than one thousand pounds to the translator.

Miss Talbot's fears respecting the prejudicial tendency of Stoic doctrines, induced Miss Carter to enrich her work with an introduction and notes, in which she contrasted the idea of the Stoics, which supposes the human soul to be literally a part of the Deity, and that after death it will lose all personal identity, and return to its original elements, with the consolatory assurances of revelation, that the spirits of the just shall survive in regions of everlasting felicity, when they shall rest from their labours, and be recompensed for their good actions.

In her correspondence, Miss Talbot says, "Every now and then I am shocked at the pride and harshness of the Stoic doctrines; 'if afflictions make me suffer, I renounce them.' I, the self-sufficient I, proud and confident in the dignity of a soul that is—what?—to mingle with its elements? No! poor Epictetus! If laudable affections give me pain, I humbly submit to it, as the due part of frail and fallen nature. If the giving a due check and restraint to those affections is a difficulty,

I thankfully and cheerfully undertake it; (satisfied that the goodness of God wills us to be as happy as we can, and to make the best of this mortal state;) ambitious to exert myself as becomes a being restored to the hopes of a blessed immortality, and confiding in superior help to succeed in its poor endeavours.

"Is it possible that Epictetus should have read St. Paul, or known anything of Christianity, and not become a Christian? He ought to have been above prejudice, and a real votary of truth. And could he not see that the narrow heathen system contradicted every notion and feeling of his heart?"

Though Miss Talbot did not publish any of her own writings herself, she willingly lent her advice and assistance to several of the writers of the day, with whom she was intimate; and Richardson, when he was composing Sir Charles Grandison, originally called "The Good Man," as an antidote to the injury that might have been done to morals, in the having rendered too agreeable in his "Clarissa," the fascinating rake, Lovelace, submitted his manuscript to her inspection, and it was revised and corrected by her before it was printed. She likewise, in conjunction with Miss Carter, furnished various hints and plans of characters and stories for "The Adventurer," in the success of which periodical paper, as well as in that of "The Rambler," she took a deep interest, and was particularly desirous that the moral parts and narratives should be such as should improve as well as delight the age.

By constantly residing with Dr. Secker, at his episcopal and archiepiscopal palaces, both in town and the country, Miss Talbot of course became acquainted with most of the eminent characters of the day; with the great, as well

as with the good and the learned. Besides the Countess of Hertford, she was intimate with all the female branches of the Yorke family, especially with the Marchioness De Grey and with Lady Anson.

During the illness of her father's friend, Bishop Butler,—with whom she often stayed, both at his rectory at Houghton, and also at Hampstead, where he had the house formerly the residence of Sir Harry Vane, and where Bishop Secker passed much of his time,—Miss Talbot thus writes:—

"The dangerous indisposition of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent Bishop of Durham, gives to every day the most painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. How rich have I been in friends—and such friends as fall to the lot of few! Let me thankfully say how rich am I! But the longer we live, the more our hearts are attached to that first set of friends amongst whom life began, and whose manners, sentiments, and kindness, are more in agreement with our own ideas. He was my father's friend. I could almost say my remembrance of him goes back some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrances, I have ever known in him the kind affectionate friend, the faithful adviser, which he would condescend to when I was quite a child, and the most delightful companion; from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, a vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar, to be met with in nobody else; and all this, in a man whose sanctity of manners and sublimity of genius gave him one of the first ranks among men; long before he was raised to that, which

must, if what I painfully fear should happen, aggravate such a loss; as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind, in such a station, must have produced.

"You will not wonder I am affected—that I am very low, because I see my lord affected. I see mamma low. We all live in suspense, and there is not a room in the house that does not peculiarly remind us of him who was so lately its possessor, and who has so often, and so cheerfully and hospitably received us in it.

"But this is idle—a wrong regret. Whatever Providence orders is best. And good Archbishop Tillotson has been telling me this morning, that the felicity of friendship is not one of this transitory kind; he has been soothing me with the thought, that every parting here shall be but for a few years, and overpaid by a meeting never to part more. Were it not for this, what would every article of such treasures be, but as gilded darts, that must one day or the other give the most cruel wounds! But God be thanked, to a christian spirit, no view of life or of death can be gloomy; no pain or suffering can be an evil; and all the proud boasts of stoicism become literally true, and yet not inconsistent with the deepest humility."

The death of Mrs. Secker, in 1748, which took place when Miss Talbot was about twenty-eight years of age, was a very heavy affliction to her;—for this lady had been literally a revered parent to her, and she was indebted to her for the preservation of her life in her earliest infancy, as well as for uninterrupted kindness and affection afterwards. She felt the loss deeply; and on the death of Mrs. Secker's brother, Bishop Benson, four years subsequently, she thus alludes to her former

loss, in speaking to Miss Carter of this event, which took place a few weeks after that of Bishop Butler. "Once before, your company was a great relief to me in a melancholy time. I had then just lost the dearest and best of friends, the excellent sister of this last departed saint: you knew her not, and I could not talk of her with you; of him we might talk by the hour; for who that ever saw him, as you have done, could ever be weary of the pleasing subject? Pleasing it is to know, by one's own happy experience, that there are such beings in human nature, such amiable and benevolent spirits, so fitted for a higher state of existence."

But, besides their regular correspondence, the two friends, Miss Talbot and Miss Carter, had more frequent personal intercourse, at one time, at the house of the Honourable Mrs. Rooke, daughter to John, Lord Ward, and widow of George Rooke, Esq., a mutual acquaintance, who resided at the old mansion of St. Laurence, near Canterbury, where they both visited; and afterwards Miss Carter paid repeated visits to Miss Talbot in town and elsewhere. Miss Carter was always ready, in particular, in trying and afflicting seasons. She accompanied Miss Talbot to Bristol, in 1760, when the latter went there for her health; and in July, 1768, when the distressing event of the death of their tried friend and guardian, Archbishop Secker, took place, Miss Carter immediately went to her and her mother at Lambeth, and remained with them till they removed from thence, being, as Miss Talbot says, "a balm and cordial" to their spirits.*

* On Saturday, 30th of July, 1768, the Archbishop was seized, whilst at dinner, with sudden sickness, but recovered before night. On the following evening, whilst his physicians were attending, and his servants

The death of the Archbishop was accompanied by various trying circumstances, independent of the sorrow Mrs. and Miss Talbot must have felt at the loss of a sincere and affectionate friend, with whom they had re-

raising him on his couch, he suddenly called out that his thigh-bone was broken. He lay in great agonies for some time, but when, on examination, it was discovered to be actually the case, he was perfectly resigned, and never asked a question about the event. A fever ensued, he became lethargic on the following Tuesday, and in the afternoon of the following day he expired with great calmness, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. On examination, the broken bone was found to have been carious for four inches in length.

His soul was generous beyond description. He lived hospitably, and gave liberally, without the least regard for money, though ever endeavouring, whilst removing misery, to encourage piety and good morals. He was liberal and candid in his feelings towards dissenters, with whom he endeavoured to cultivate a good understanding, whilst, at the same time, he cherished and befriended men of worth and eminence in the church. Above all, he distinguished with particular favour the conscientious and diligent parish priest, as he considered that the main stay of piety and morals consisted in the labours of the parochial clergy. He was well known as the patron of the Protestant cause all over Europe, allowing pensions to several distinguished foreigners, and being an annual benefactor to some of their universities.

His countenance was open and ingenuous, varying with his feelings and spirits, with a pleasing smile, that diffused over his features a most benevolent complacency. His intellectual abilities were of a high class; he composed with ease and readiness, and, early in life, his letters were full of imagination, vivacity, and elegance, though latterly, when he found the graces of rhetoric incompatible with the plainness of language necessary in pastoral instruction, he adopted a more simple and comprehensible style.

His learning was extensive and profound. In Hebrew literature in particular, his skill was well known and acknowledged, and few works of eminence in that branch of learning were published, without being previously submitted to his examination. His leisure hours were chiefly employed in studying the original text of the sacred writings, comparing it with ancient versions, and collecting remarks by authors, modern and ancient, Jewish and Christian, on the Scriptures; and numerous learned and curious papers, written by himself, were bequeathed to the manu-

sided for forty-three years, without the slightest disagreement, or diminution of kindness. During this period they had shared with him all the comforts and luxuries of his exalted situation in life, in his episcopal and archiepiscopal residences at Cuddesden and Lambeth, where they had familiarly associated with the first and the greatest of the land. Now, Mrs. Talbot, at an advanced age, and her daughter no longer young, and in a very precarious state of health, had to relinquish the affluence of Lambeth Palace for the uncertain dependence upon the bounty of a relation, or the occupation of a house to themselves, on the very smallest scale. Yet in their affliction the balm of religious consolation was theirs, and in patient submission to the will of God they found relief and reward. The language of Miss Talbot, upon this trying occasion, was as follows:—

"In so great a calamity, it will somewhat comfort you to hear that my mother and I are well; composed and resigned. Circumstances of the greatest distress have been mixed with our heavy affliction, and I more than ever see cause for thankfulness to an over-ruling Providence. God be thanked, our minds are supported in comfort, and our healths wonderfully preserved."

For some time the will of the archbishop was not forthcoming; indeed, it was not discovered until three months after his death, when it was found he had left Mrs. and Miss Talbot, for their joint and separate lives, thirteen thousand pounds in the three per cent. annui-

script library at Lambeth. Among these are an interleaved English Bible, in four volumes folio, with occasional remarks; Michaeli's Hebrew Bible, with comparisons of ancient versions, emendations, &c.; two volumes of folio Notes on Daniel, with Remarks on Modern Publications; and several volumes of miscellanies.

ties, which, by adding about four hundred a year to their own small fortune, enabled Mrs. Talbot to take a comfortable and convenient house in Grosvenor-street.

Upon their first leaving Lambeth Palace, they had a safe asylum offered to them by Mr. Edward Talbot's younger brother, Major-general Sherington Talbot, of Chart Park, near Dorking, who received them into his house, and treated them with every mark of kindness and attention, until the December in which they took possession of their own house in Grosvenor-street.

Here they resided till the end of the following June, when Miss Talbot's increasing complaints obliged them to leave London for a purer air, when their kind and constant friend, the Marchioness De Grey, lent them her house at Richmond, "together with everything she could think of to contribute to their comfort or amusement," and at the same time introduced them to all her intimate acquaintances in the neighbourhood.

The fatal complaint, a cancer, which now for three years had been preying upon the enfeebled frame of Miss Talbot, had been hitherto kept a profound secret from all her friends, except the Archbishop, Miss Carter, her own maid, and her medical attendants. From her mother it had been kept concealed from motives of kindness, until a few weeks before her death. It was fortunately unattended with pain, or with any very distressing circumstances.

A lady who was with her when her death was hourly expected, gives the following account of her behaviour: "Her resignation and patience through all her sufferings you are well acquainted with; it exceeds all description. Cheerfulness does not express her countenance or manner, (I mean on Sunday last;) there was a joy I

never shall forget, and founded, I am certain, on the very few hours she hoped to remain here; and she told me she had that feeling within her that spoke her happiness near. I am thankful I have known her, and have sometimes hopes I may be the better all my life for some conversation passed in this last illness."

In November, Miss Talbot was, with great difficulty, removed from her delightful retreat at Richmond to her mother's house in Grosvenor-street, where, though she at first thought herself better for a few days, yet she was never afterwards able to leave her room. Her death took place on the 9th day of January, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of her age. Of this event, Miss Carter, who was with her at the time, gives the following account to Mrs. Vesey:—

"Two or three days before her death she was seized with a sudden hoarseness and cough, which seemed the effect of a cold, and from which bleeding relieved her; but there remained an oppression from phlegm which was extremely troublesome to her. On the 9th (of January) this symptom increased, and she appeared heavy and sleepy, which was attributed to an opiate the night before. I stayed with her till she went to bed, with an intention of going afterwards into her room, but was told she was asleep. I went away about nine, and in less than an hour afterwards she waked; and after the struggle of scarcely a minute, it pleased God to remove her spotless soul from its mortal sufferings to that heaven for which her whole life had been an uninterrupted preparation. Never, surely, was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an ele-

gance and politeness of manner, of a peculiar and more engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew. Little, alas! infinitely too little, have I yet profited by the blessing of such an example. God grant that her memory, which I hope will ever survive in my heart, may produce a happier effect.

"Adieu, my dear friend; God bless you, and conduct us both to that happy assembly, where 'the spirits of the just' shall dread no future separation! And may we both remember that awful truth, that we can hope to 'die the death of the righteous' only by resembling them in their lives."

Mrs. Talbot, the aged mother of Miss Talbot, who was at the time of her daughter's death upwards of eighty years old, bore the loss with exemplary and pious resignation. She survived her for many years. She continued her correspondence with Miss Carter till within a few weeks of her death, which took place in the ninety-third year of her age; and to her she consigned the papers and miscellaneous works of her deceased child.

The publication of her "Reflections on the Days of the Week" was undertaken at Miss Carter's expense and risk; and in the December of the year in which Miss Talbot's death took place, Miss Carter writes to Mrs. Talbot, "I do not believe that I shall be a loser, and I have a better opinion both of the sense and the virtue of the world, than to think it in the least degree probable but that such a work will meet with the approbation it so justly deserves." The event proved her to be right, for she afterwards says, "I imagine by this time a good part of a third edition is sold off. What a comfort it is to think on the diffusive good which that

dear angel has communicated to the world, of which she is now enjoying the reward! What a blessed change to herself from the suffering state of the last sad year!"

Many thousands of copies of this pleasing little work have been sold separately, and of a collection of her miscellaneous performances, probably many of those alluded to in "The Green Book," numerous editions have been printed; and for the excellence of the matter, the elegance of diction, and brilliancy of thought, they will not easily be surpassed. Composition was attended with but little trouble to Miss Talbot, her thoughts flowing as fast as her pen could write, and these are set off by the vividness of fancy and glowing imagination of a poetic genius. Indeed, in many of her writings, the images, illustrations, and similes, are poetry in themselves, and, as it has been observed, require nothing but rhyme to make them such in appearance.

In addition to a cultivated understanding and well-informed mind, Miss Talbot was a proficient in many of the lighter accomplishments of her sex, and this at a period when they were of rare occurrence even among the highest classes. In drawing and painting in water colours she made considerable progress, some of her performances proving that her execution would not have disgraced a professional artist. She particularly excelled in painting flowers from nature, and in landscapes. On music she did not bestow so much time, though extremely fond of church music, and when Dr. Secker was Dean of St. Paul's, she bestowed much care and attention upon the choir of that cathedral, and for the service thereof she requested Mrs. Carter to alter the anthem of "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," the whole of which, with the exception of the first stanza, she herself composed.

Very early in life Miss Talbot became celebrated for piety, virtue, talents, and accomplishments, and from the elevated sphere in which she was moving, her noble birth and high connexions, and her residence with so eminent a prelate as Dr. Secker, she was held in high and general estimation; she was also admired for personal charms, and she possessed, in addition, graceful and polished manners, and a pleasing and winning address.

So excellent are the compositions of Miss Talbot which have come down to us, that it is to be greatly regretted that she did not devote more time to writing. Her "Fairy Tale," or rather her "Allegory upon Education," is one of the most successful of the kind, calculated alike to interest children and to please those of mature age. Her letters, also, are written with ease and elegance, evincing the goodness both of her heart and of her head.

WORKS.

Reflections on the Seven Days of the Week. 1770.

Essays and Miscellaneous Works.

Correspondence between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot. 1808.

MRS. MONTAGU.

Mrs. Montagu was born at York on the 2nd of October, 1720. Her father, Matthew Robinson, Esq., of Edgeley, in Yorkshire, was the grandson of Sir Leonard Robinson, the youngest son of Thomas Robinson, Esq., of Berkely, in Yorkshire, who was killed in the civil wars.

At the early age of eighteen, Mr. Robinson married Elizabeth, the daughter, and, subsequently, by the death of her brother, the heiress, of Robert Drake, Esq.

Elizabeth, the elder of Mr. Robinson's two daughters by the above-named lady, was early distinguished for beauty and wit, and great attention was paid to her education by Dr. Middleton, the author of the Life of Cicero, who was the second husband of her maternal grandmother.

The first seven years of Mrs. Montagu's life were spent at West Layton Hall, which Mr. Robinson derived by inheritance from the heiress of the ancient family of Layton, and at Edgeley, in Wensley Dale,

where her father resided during the summer months. The winter was generally passed at York. In one of her letters she refers to the vivid recollection she retained of the funeral of a dean, which she had viewed from a window there, when but four years old. The impression appears to have remained like a picture upon her mind.

At this period of her life, Mr. Robinson was induced to leave Yorkshire for Coveney, in Cambridgeshire, on its becoming the property of his wife, upon the demise of her brother. It was at this time that Miss Robinson became the object of Dr. Middleton's affectionate attention; and it was here that she formed an intimacy, which lasted through life, with Lady Margaret Cavendish, the daughter and heiress of Edward,

some disparity in their age, Lady Margaret being a few years older than Miss Robinson, [illegible] acquaintance, which had been commenced during different visits at Wimpole, paid there by the latter with her father and mother, gradually ripened into friendship, and a regular correspondence was kept up by letters, a long series of which have been published, and which give an entertaining account of the pursuits and opinions of Mrs. Montagu in her early youth. Conspicuous throughout these letters are that love of gaiety, and that fondness for society, which Mrs. Montagu retained through life.

Her father, who was a person of great intellectual attainments, and who was endowed with much taste and great talents for conversation, appears to have participated in the dislike felt by his lively daughter for the retirement of a country life, to which, however, from prudential

motives, he was induced to submit; and from him she inherited the sarcastic wit, which, in her letters, is perhaps too often exercised in satirical descriptions of her country neighbours. There is, however, no malice discoverable in her lively remarks, and her flippancy was, probably, indulged in to amuse her noble friend and correspondent,—who, in 1734, married William, second Duke of Portland.

Miss Robinson's frequent and prolonged visits, both at Bulstrode and Whitehall, appear to have been productive of the greatest pleasure to both parties; and there she had an opportunity of meeting the first society, in which, indeed, from her own connexions, she was well entitled to move.

When Miss Robinson was thirteen years old, her father removed from Cambridgeshire to Mount Morris, near Hythe, in Kent, and here she principally resided, till her marriage in 1742. Of the dulness of this county she makes frequent complaints, although the Robinsons evidently visited all the leading families in the neighbourhood.

More than a century has elapsed since Miss Robinson first went into Kent; yet, so little antiquated is the style of her letters, that they might pass for the composition of a clever and lively girl of the present day. We may gather from them, that our progenitors were not at all wiser than their descendants, and our great grandfathers and mothers were as much occupied with balls and assemblies, elections and races, in the eighteenth as in the nineteenth century. For instance, in 1734, Miss Robinson writes—"Should I give you an account of our bustle about the election, it would not entertain you extremely. I think I may tell you, our new members

have given a ball, and I am very glad they met with success, since they have made so good a use of it. I have in winter gone eight miles to dance to the music of a blind fiddler, and returned at two o'clock in the morning, mightily pleased that I had been as well entertained. I am so fond of dancing, that I cannot help fancying I was at some time bit with a tarantula, and never got well cured of it. I shall this year lose my annual dancings at Canterbury races, for my papa has made a resolution (I assure you without my advice) not to go to them.

"Lady Thanet has set an assembly on foot about eight miles from hence, where we all meet at full moon, and dance till twelve o'clock, and then take an agreeable journey home. Our assembly, in full glory, has ten coaches at it. In town the ladies talk of their stars, but here,

> "'If weak women go astray,
> The moon is more in fault than they.'

Will-o'-wisp never led the bewildered traveller over hedge and ditch, as a moon does us country gentlefolks. A squeaking fiddle is the occasion, and a moonlight night an opportunity, to go ten miles in bad roads at a time."

In the article of roads, indeed, we are considerably improved. Thanks to Mr. M'Adam, an overturn is an event as rare in the present day as it appears then to have been of repeated occurrence. And, perhaps, these adventures, and misadventures, and hair-breadth escapes, gave piquancy to the sameness of a country neighbourhood, and of rural pursuits. They formed a topic of conversation, something to think of and to dilate

upon, in the interval occurring between the assembly of the one full moon and that of the following.

But though Miss Robinson's vivacity and love of the ridiculous, might have induced her to describe her country neighbours in somewhat ludicrous terms, it is not to be supposed that they were really as dull and as stupid as she then imagined. Probably every lively girl is equally apt to consider her own neighbourhood in the same light; and, in the present day, we too are, perhaps, equally fond of evincing, by satirical remarks, our sense of our superiority to the circle in which we are doomed to move.

Miss Robinson's good qualities procured her numerous friends, and amongst her earliest correspondents appears Mrs. 'Donnellan, with whom she became acquainted at Bath, in 1740, during a visit she was making there for her health.

Dash, as she is familiarly termed in the correspondence, was Miss Catherine Dashwood, the "Delia" of Hammond the poet; and she seems to have often formed one of the Bulstrode coterie.

Mrs. Anstey, the sister of the author of the Bath Guide, was likewise among Miss Robinson's early correspondents; so also was Dr. Freind, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, the son of Dr. Freind, the head master of Westminster School, who was connected with her by his marriage with Miss Grace Robinson, the sister of the Primate of Ireland.

Nine years of Miss Robinson's life were passed in Kent, at Mount Morris, varied by trips to Tunbridge Wells, an occasional excursion to Bath, and repeated visits to Bulstrode and Whitehall. When absent from home, her sister, for whom she entertained the warmest

affection, was one of her constant correspondents, and, when writing to her, perhaps her style is more easy than when she was labouring to produce effect in her letters to the Duchess, or when moralising in those to Dr. Freind.

Miss S. Robinson subsequently became the wife of George Lewis Scott, Esq., sub-preceptor in Latin to George III.; but a separation took place early in life, and Mrs. Scott then resided with her friend Lady Barbara Montagu, the sister of Lord Halifax, and became the authoress of several works—"The History of Gustavus Ericson, King of Sweden;" "The History of d'Aubigné;" "The History of Mecklenburgh;" "Millennium Hall;" and "Sir George Ellison," &c. She is said to have equalled her sister in epistolary excellence, but her letters were burnt by her own desire.

Mrs. Montagu was equally fortunate in her brothers, who were literary men and distinguished scholars. Emulation thus produced corresponding zeal in the sisters, and a degree of scholarship unusual in females of that day was the consequence,—as appears from the frequent classical allusions in the letters of Mrs. Montagu. In their domestic circle, too, it is said there was often a struggle for mastery in wit, and superiority in argument; and their mother, from her gentle sedateness, was termed "The Speaker," as being the mediator and moderator of their disputes.*

This lady died in 1746, and in a letter to Mrs. Freind, Mrs. Montagu gives a touching account of her amiable and tender parent.

* Of Mrs. Montagu's seven brothers, allusions to whom are frequently made in her letters, the eldest, Matthew, who frequently represented the city of Canterbury in Parliament, succeeded, in 1794, at the advanced age of

In the summer of 1742, Miss Robinson became the wife of Edward Montagu, Esq., grandson to the first Earl of Sandwich, and member for the borough of Huntingdon. He was consequently cousin to Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, who married Lady Mary Pierrepoint.

Mr. Montagu was considerably older than Miss Robinson; it, therefore, cannot be imagined to have been what is termed a match of affection. Indeed, from her own account, love seems to have been a passion never felt by this vivacious lady. Mr. Montagu was a man of large fortune, of a certain station in the world, having an excellent character; and though, on her part, it probably was a marriage of prudence, yet it seems to have been

eighty-two, to the title of Rokeby, on the death of the first Lord Rokeby, Archbishop of Armagh. He resided chiefly at Mount Morris, or, as it is now called, Monk Horton, in Kent, where, from his eccentricity, he obtained the name of "Mad Mat Robinson." The second brother, Thomas, who in wit and ability greatly resembled his sister, and who was the author of a celebrated treatise on Gavelkind, died before his elder brother,—who was succeeded in the title, in 1800, by his nephew, the son of his third brother, Morris, (who died in 1777.) He, dying in 1829 without issue, was succeeded by his brother Matthew, the heir and executor of his aunt, who, in 1776, had taken the surname and arms of Montagu. He was born in 1762, married July 1785, Elizabeth, the daughter and heir of Francis Charlton, Esq., and by her, who died in March 1817, he had the present Peer, who became the fifth Baron Rokeby at his father's death in 1831. Rokeby, from whence the family take their title, became their property by purchase, in 1610, from Sir Thomas Rokeby, whose family had resided there ever since the Conquest. It now belongs to Mr. Morritt, the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Montagu's fourth brother, Robert, who was in the navy, died in China. The fifth brother, John, was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The sixth, Charles, was Recorder of Canterbury, which city he represented in Parliament in 1780 and 1784. William, the seventh and youngest, was in the church. His daughter married Sir Egerton Brydges.

productive of considerable happiness to both parties, and she everywhere expresses the greatest respect, esteem, and attachment for her husband, and gratitude for his undeviating kindness and attention to her.

Those who may be disposed to quarrel with Miss Robinson for the want of romance in her disposition, which induced her to give her hand, in the first instance unaccompanied by her heart, must remember she was somewhat peculiarly situated. Though accustomed to move in the first circles, yet her father's family was too large for her to expect much fortune, and yet she had acquired a taste for the pleasures and gaieties of this life, and had evidently either formed, or had had the idea impressed upon her, that it was necessary to marry for an establishment. By her marriage, she secured to herself luxuries which had almost become necessaries to her, and the happiness both of Mr. Montagu and of herself appears to have been increased by their union. The society of an amiable and sensible man, for whom she entertained sentiments of respect and esteem, had evidently a most beneficial effect upon her, and the girlish levity of her early years gradually sobered down into a tranquil and cheerful mood of mind.

The birth of a son in the year following her marriage appears to have opened a source of tender emotions, which might not have been expected to have been found in a person of her sprightly disposition. But this beloved object was, shortly after, taken from her, and this, her first sorrow, she felt most acutely.

After her marriage, Mrs. Montagu's time was chiefly divided between Mr. Montagu's houses at Allerthorpe, in Yorkshire, at Sandleford, near Newbury, in Berkshire, and in Dover-street, in London. But though

evidently adapting her tastes and pursuits as much as possible to those of her kind husband, yet in her letters, a distaste for retirement, and a love of society, are still apparent, though perhaps in not so great a degree as heretofore. Her health, which was very indifferent, induced her to pay frequent visits to Tunbridge Wells, and this, together with Mr. Montagu's parliamentary and other public duties, produced frequent separations. By the death of a relation of the name of Rogers, Mr. Montagu became possessed of large property in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, whither duty rather than inclination subsequently frequently led them.

Mrs. Montagu was now on intimate terms, not only with many persons of the highest rank and fashion, but also with several of the principal literati of the day. Among these may be enumerated, Lord Lyttelton, the Earl of Bath, Gilbert West, Dr. Moncey, Mr. Stillingfleet, Lord Chatham and his sister, Dr. Young, Hume, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Miss Talbot, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Vesey. With many of these Mrs. Montagu regularly corresponded, and the letters which passed between herself and Mrs. Carter evince that in learning Mrs. Montagu far exceeded the generality of her sex.

In conjunction with her friend, Lord Lyttelton, she wrote "Dialogues of the Dead," the three last of which were her composition, and the whole of which were most favourably received by the public. Her frequent ill-health, however, together with her other numerous engagements, probably prevented her at the time from commencing any other literary undertaking.

In 1763, Mrs. Montagu, accompanied by her husband, Lord Bath, and Miss Carter, made a tour to Spa, and to

some parts of Germany; and about this time she also travelled in France, where she was greatly shocked with the depressed and miserable condition of the peasantry. She subsequently paid another visit to that country, in company with her nephew and heir, Mr. Montagu, and his tutor, Mr. Blondell; her godson Montagu Pennington, the nephew of Mrs. Carter; and Miss Gregory, the daughter of Dr. Gregory, afterwards the wife of Dr. Alison, whose early years were almost entirely spent with Mrs. Montagu.

In 1770, accompanied by Mrs. Chapone and Dr. Gregory, she made a tour in Scotland, when she received great and marked attention from the literati of Edinburgh; and on their return home, they visited Hagley, the celebrated seat of Lord Lyttelton. Some years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu removed from Dover-street to a very elegant house in Hill-street, where she fitted up a room in the Chinese style, to which frequent allusions are made by her correspondents. It was not till after she became a widow that she removed, in 1781, into the magnificent mansion she built for herself in Portman-square. This is now the property of her great nephew, the present Lord Rokeby.

It was in the house at Hill-street, however, that the celebrated meetings of the Bas-bleu Society originally took place, which perhaps were the first and only attempts at a literary conversazione for both sexes in England.

The "Gens de Lettres," or "Blue Stockings," as they were commonly denominated, formed a very numerous, powerful, compact phalanx in the midst of London. Mrs. Montagu was, according to Sir Nicholas Wraxall, the Madame du Deffand, of the English capital, and her house constituted the central point of union

for all those persons who already were known, or who emulated to become known, by their talents and productions.

These assemblies continued in their brilliancy for about fifteen years, from 1770 to 1785, and were held, not only at Mrs. Montagu's magnificent house, where the full dress and parade of the day were required, but also in a more simple style at the house of Mrs. Vesey, who was more desirous of assembling celebrated literary characters beneath her roof, than of becoming one herself.

These parties, according to Madame D'Arblay, were originally instituted at Bath, and owed their name to an apology made by Mr. Stillingfleet, in declining to accept an invitation to a literary meeting at Mrs. Vesey's, from not being, he said, in the habit of displaying a proper equipment for an evening assembly. "Pho," cried she, with her well known, yet always original simplicity, while she looked inquisitively at him and his accoutrements, "don't mind dress! come in your blue stockings!" With which words, humorously repeating them as he entered the apartment of the chosen coterie, Mr. Stillingfleet claimed permission to appear, and these words, ever after, were fixed in playful stigma upon Mrs. Vesey's associations.

Though still headed by Mrs. Vesey, the original coterie was transferred from Bath to London, and there hers were perhaps surpassed in brilliancy and grandeur by the rival parties at Mrs. Montagu's. Mrs. Vesey, however, had so great a horror of what was styled "a circle," from the stiffness and awe which it produced, that she was wont to push all the small sofas, as well as chairs, pell mell about the apartments, and her greatest delight was to place the seats back to back, so that

individuals could, or could not, converse as they pleased, whilst she herself flitted from party to party, armed with an ear-trumpet, being exceedingly deaf, catching an occasional sentence here, or a word there, endeavouring to hear and to understand everything that was passing around.

The company there collected was so generally of a superior cast, that talents and conversation soon found their level, and the difference of reception at Mrs. Vesey's and Mrs. Montagu's houses must have afforded an amusing contrast, and both must have preserved an air of originality, without any apparent attempt at imitation or rivalry on either side. Of Mrs. Montagu's parties, Madame D'Arblay observes:

"While to Mrs. Vesey, the Bas Bleu Society owed its origin and its epithet, the meetings that took place at Mrs. Montagu's were soon more popularly known by that denomination, for though they could not be more fashionable, they were far more splendid.

"Mrs. Montagu had built a superb new house, which was magnificently fitted up, and appeared to be rather appropriate for princes, nobles, and courtiers, than for poets, philosophers, and blue-stocking votaries. And here, in fact, rank and talents were so frequently brought together, that what the satirist uttered scoffingly, the author pronounced proudly, in setting aside the original claimant, to dub Mrs. Montagu Queen of the Blues.

"But, while the same *bas bleu* appellation was given to these two houses of rendezvous, neither that, nor even the same associates, could render them similar. Their grandeur or their simplicity, their magnitude or their diminutiveness, were by no means the principal cause of this difference; it was far more attributable to the lady

presidents than to their abodes; for though they instilled not their characters into their visitors, their characters bore so large a share in their visitors' reception and accommodation, as to influence materially the turn of the discourse, and the humour of the parties at their houses.

"At Mrs. Montagu's, the semi-circle that faced the fire retained, during the whole evening, its unbroken form, with a precision that made it seem described by a Brobdignagian compass. The lady of the castle commonly placed herself at the upper end of the room, near the commencement of the curve, so as to be courteously visible to all her guests; having the person of the highest rank or consequence, properly, on one side, and the person the most eminent for talents, sagaciously, on the other, or as near to her chair and her converse as her favouring eye, and a complacent bow of the head, could invite him to that distinction.

"Her conversational powers were of a truly superior order; strong, just, clear, and often eloquent. Her process in argument, notwithstanding an earnest solicitude for pre-eminence, was uniformly polite and candid. But her reputation for wit seemed always in her thoughts, marring their natural flow and untutored expression. No sudden start of talent urged forth any precarious opinion; no vivacious new idea varied her logical course of ratiocination. Her smile, though most generally benignant, was rarely gay; and her liveliest sallies had a something of anxiety rather than of hilarity, till their success was ascertained by applause.

"Her form was stately, and her manners were dignified; her face retained strong remains of beauty throughout life; and though its native cast was evidently

that of severity, its expression was softened off in discourse by an almost constant desire to please.

"Taken for all in all, Mrs. Montagu was rare in her attainments, splendid in her conduct, open to the calls of charity, forward to provide for those of indigent genius, and unchangeably just and firm in the application of her interest, her principles, and her fortune, to the encouragement of loyalty and the support of virtue."

Among this brilliant constellation of talent and wit which then illumined the mansions of these two ladies, shone a star of the first magnitude, the mighty Dr. Johnson, and indeed his death, according to Sir Nicholas Wraxall, was one cause for the subsequent decline of these assemblies. More probably, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey themselves, at this time, began to suffer from the infirmities of age and ill-health.

Accompanying Dr. Johnson, generally might be seen Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi, who was by some thought to have possessed as much information and more brilliancy of intellect than even Mrs. Montagu herself, but she was in the habit of talking much more, as well as more unguardedly, on every subject. There also sparkled Garrick, whose presence always diffused a gaiety through the room.

Among others, may be enumerated Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, author of "Reliques of English Poetry;" Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph; Sir Nicholas Wraxall, the historian; Dr. Burney; Lord Erskine, who was just then commencing his subsequent brilliant career; Mr., afterwards Sir W. Pepys; Sir Joshua Reynolds; Dr. Beattie, and his biographer, Sir William Forbes; the Earl of Lyttelton, the poet and the historian; the clever and eccentric Lord Monboddo; Horace Walpole; Ed-

mund Burke; Langton, the friend of Johnson; Soame Jenyns; and Owen Cambridge, who were generally termed "the Old Wits," and who, with a long retinue of talent and learning, constantly frequented these assemblies.

Among the ladies must be mentioned the learned and the excellent Mrs. Elizabeth Carter; Hannah More, then more known as a poetess and a wit, than for the piety and morality since so warmly advocated by her; Miss Burney, afterwards Madame d'Arblay; Miss Shipley, subsequently the lady of the celebrated Sir William Jones; Mrs. Boscawen, the wife of Admiral Boscawen, (who received the thanks of the House of Commons for his eminent services in North America,) —daughter of William Evelyn Glanville, of St. Clare, in Kent, and mother of the then Lord Falmouth; Mrs. Chapone, then well known as the author of "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind;" Mrs. Barbauld, celebrated alike for her poems and poetical essays.

Though these assemblies were chiefly literary, and every species of play was excluded, yet rank and beauty were also to be found in the coterie; among whom were frequently seen the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Montagu's earliest friend and correspondent, herself a woman of distinguished taste in various branches of art; and the lovely and fascinating Duchess of Devonshire, then in the first bloom of youth.

These assemblies have been celebrated by Miss Hannah More, in a poem termed "The Bas Bleu;" and when the number of celebrated characters who then or who have since figured in the annals of fame, is taken into consideration, it can scarcely be deemed that justice

has been done to them by Sir Nicholas Wraxall, who decidedly gives the palm to the French assemblies of Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse; more particularly, when the religious and moral excellence of the parties are compared, for those who constituted the Bas-bleu society were, generally speaking, as conspicuous for their worth as for their talents. Not so many of the French wits and philosophers, who have distinguished themselves as the bane rather than as the benefactors of the human race, and many of whose works are already deservedly consigned to oblivion.

Mrs. Montagu had at this time taken an elevated place among the writers of the day, by her "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare," which was produced in 1779, in consequence of Voltaire's attacks, not very long after her return from France in 1776,—where, as well as in 1763, she had astonished the literati of that metropolis, not only by her wit, but by her splendid style of living, and by her apparently immense fortune. Indeed, those who were not among her panegyrists appear to consider that some part of the admiration she excited, not only in England but in France, arose as much from the magnificence of her establishment, as from the beauty of her person and the brilliancy of her talents.

In 1775, the death of Mr. Montagu left Mrs. Montagu a widow with an immense property; and among the earliest acts of her munificence was the settling 100*l.* per annum on her less affluent friend Mrs. Carter, with whom she was on terms of affectionate intimacy. Herself and her style of living at this period are described by another of her friends, who was only then beginning her subsequent career of brilliancy and utility. Hannah

More, at the age of thirty, thus writes of Mrs. Montagu, who was then about fifty-five years of age:—

"Mrs. Montagu received me with the most encouraging kindness; she is not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw; she lives in the highest style of magnificence; her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste; but what baubles are these when speaking of a Montagu! Her form (for she has no *body*) is delicate even to fragility; her countenance the most animated in the world; the sprightly vivacity of fifteen with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. But I fear she is hastening to decay very fast; her spirits are so active, that they must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them."

Fortunately, in this, Hannah More did not evince herself a true prophetess, for Mrs. Montagu's life was prolonged for nearly thirty years after the date of her prophecy.

In 1781, she built her magnificent house in Portman Square, and also continued her building and planting at her country residence, Sandleford. Here Mrs. Hannah More was a frequent visitor, and has given some spirited sketches of their mode of living, in her correspondence. Subsequently, Hannah More writes as follows:—

"1784, Sandleford.

"I write from the delightful abode of our delightful friend. There is an irregular beauty and greatness in the new buildings, and in the cathedral aisles which open to the great gothic window, which is exceedingly agreeable to the imagination. It is solemn without being sad, and gothic without being gloomy. Last night, by a bright moonlight, I enjoyed this singular scenery most feelingly.

It shone in all its glory, but I was at a loss with what beings to people it; it was too awful for fairies, and not dismal enough for ghosts. There is a great propriety in its belonging to the champion of Shakspeare, for, like him, it is not only beautiful without the rules, but almost in defiance of them.

"The fortnight spent with our friend Mrs. Montagu, I need not say to you, was passed profitably and pleasantly, as one may say of her, what Johnson said of some one else, 'that she never opens her mouth but to say *something*.' The great apartment, that was the chapel, is quite in order; and the romantic scenery presented to the eye by the gothic aisle which fronts the great window, is very delightful.

"My visit was an exceedingly pleasant one; we passed our time in the full enjoyment of the best blessings this world has to bestow, friendship, tranquillity, and literature. You agree with me, that what makes our accomplished friend so delightful in society, is, that, in her company *les jeux et les ris* constantly act as pages and maids of honour to Apollo and the Nine, who always owe one half their attractions to their lively train, and who, though very respectable without them, can never be entirely captivating."

Even at seventy-years of age Mrs. Montagu seems to have retained her youthful love of society and gaiety, for in 1790, Hannah More thus writes:—

"April 25.

"Yesterday I dined with the Montagus, and passed the evening in Portman Square. She is fitting up her great room in a superb style, with pillars of verde antique, and has added an acre to what was before a very large town garden. Still the same inexhaustible spirit,—

the same taste for business and magnificence. Three or four great dinners in a week, with the Luxemburghs, Montmorencies, and Czartoriskis."

In 1792, she again writes: "We had a very gay thing for quiet country people. You must know, Mrs. Montagu had, last week, the honour of entertaining the Queen and six Princesses at breakfast in Portman Square; and yesterday, she had a great breakfast for subjects, to which we went. (She was staying with the Bishop of London.) Almost all the fine people were there, to the number of two or three hundred. Breakfast was ready at one. The Duke of Gloucester and Mrs. Montagu sat at the head of the table, the foreign Princesses next. There was a great profusion of ices, fruits, and all sorts of refreshments, and the gay *coup d'œil*—the sight of so many distinguished persons—was pleasant enough, but we were glad to get back to Mongewell."

But Mrs. Montagu's attentions were not confined to those moving in the higher circles; for one of her numerous acts of kindness and benevolence was, the interesting herself in behalf of an unfortunate class, to whom but too little attention was at that time paid by others. On the 1st of May, she used to give an entertainment to all the little chimney sweepers in the metropolis, who, in the same mansion where she received royalty and nobility, were entertained with beef and plum pudding; a dance succeeded, and when the whole was over, each individual, on his departure, received a shilling for a present.

Mrs. Montagu seems also to have taken equal interest in the unfortunate slaves in the West Indies, and Miss Hannah More, and "the Red Cross Knight," as Mrs.

Montagu playfully termed Mr. Wilberforce, for his exertions in abolition of the slave trade, whilst abused and libelled by some, had the reward, at least, of the approbation and zealous good wishes of a Montagu. Of her, Mr. Wilberforce says in his Journal, 1789, "Mrs. Montagu, senior, has many fine, and great, and amiable qualities. Young Montagu is all gratitude, and respect, and affection to her, and of most pure and upright intentions." Mr. Wilberforce appears to have been intimate with the nephew, and was a frequent guest at Mrs. Montagu's house at this period.

In 1799, Mrs. Carter writes as follows:—

"Of Mrs. Montagu I am able to give you a more comfortable account. She is in perfectly good health and spirits, though she has totally changed her mode of living, from conviction that she excited herself too much last year, (she was then not far from eighty,) and that it brought on the long illness from which she suffered so much. She never goes out except to take the air of a morning, has no company to dinner, (I do not call myself company,) lets in nobody of an evening, which she passes in having her servant read to her, as her eyes will not suffer her to read to herself. I flatter myself that this pause of exertion will restore her to us, and will help to prolong her life, and that a taste for the comfort of living quietly will, for the future, prevent her from mixing so much with the turmoils of the world as to injure her health."

Although Mrs. Montagu latterly lost the use of her sight, she retained her mental faculties to the last. She died on the 25th of August, 1802, in her eighty-second year, having survived her husband twenty-seven years. She was buried in Westminster Abbey; the body of her

infant son, of whom she had been deprived nearly sixty years, being, by her own desire, removed out of Yorkshire, and placed in her own tomb.

Few women have run a more brilliant career than Mrs. Montagu, and excepting in the loss of her only son, and in the death of friends, which must ever be the lot of those whose existence is protracted to any lengthened period, she appears to have experienced little in the shape of calamity. She was warmly attached to her own family, and was the friend of the wisest and best, the wittiest and most learned of the age. Poets, politicians, historians, critics, orators, all were anxious to obtain her society, and she secured the esteem and attachment of all. She speaks of herself and Mr. Montagu as "moderate Whigs," but persons of all politics appear to have mixed in her assemblies.

In her youth, she was admired for the peculiar animation and expression of her dark blue eyes, and high arched eyebrows, and for the contrast her brilliant complexion formed with her dark brown hair. She was of the middle stature, but stooped a little, which gave an air of modesty to a countenance whose features were rather strongly marked. From her perpetual activity of body and mind, she obtained amongst her friends the playful soubriquet of "la petite fidget."

Sir Nicholas Wraxall describes Mrs. Montagu as "qualified to preside in her circle, whatever subject was started; but her manner was more dictatorial and sententious than conciliatory or diffident. There was nothing feminine about her; and though her opinions were generally just, yet the organ which conveyed them was not soft or harmonious. Destitute of taste in disposing the ornaments of her dress, she nevertheless

studied or affected those aids more than would seem to have become a woman professing a philosophic mind, intent on higher pursuits than the toilet. Even when approaching to fourscore, this female weakness still accompanied her, nor could she relinquish her diamond necklace and bows, which formed of evenings the perpetual ornament of her emaciated person. I used to think that these glittering appendages of opulence sometimes helped to dazzle the disputant whom her arguments might not always convince, or her literary reputation intimidate.

"Notwithstanding the defects and weaknesses that I have enumerated, she possessed a masculine understanding, enlightened, cultivated, and expanded by the acquaintance of men as well as of books."

Mrs. Montague was celebrated for her epistolary excellence, and two volumes of her letters, from 1731 to 1744, when she was only twenty-three years of age, were published by Matthew Montagu, Esq., M. P., her nephew and executor, in 1809. A second part, containing her correspondence from that period to the year 1761, appeared in 1813.

WORKS.

Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare, 1779.

Four Volumes of Letters, 1809 and 1813.

Dialogues of the Dead, in parts, 1760.

MRS. SHERIDAN.

With the name of Sheridan is now associated all that we can conceive of genius, wit, and beauty. But though the celebrity of Mrs. Frances Sheridan has been eclipsed by the surpassing brilliancy of her posterity, yet all must allow she showed herself worthy of being their progenitor.

Frances Sheridan was born in the year 1724. Her family was of English extraction, and her father, Dr. Philip Chamberlaine, the son of Sir Oliver Chamberlaine, had considerable preferment in the Irish church, having been Prebend of Rathmichael, in the diocese of Dublin, Archdeacon of Glendalough, and Rector of St. Nicholas without, in Dublin. He married a lady named Whyte, who, dying soon after the birth of her daughter Frances, left her to struggle with all the disadvantages attendant on the want of maternal care.

In this instance, the loss must have been peculiarly heavy, as Dr. Chamberlaine, though an admired preacher, and strict in the performance of his clerical duties, was, at the same time, a humourist, and so eccentric that he

with difficulty allowed his daughter to be taught to read. To write, he considered wholly unnecessary for a female. Fortunately for herself, and we may add for the world, her brothers did not participate in these prejudices; for, by her eldest, Walter, she was privately instructed in writing and Latin; and by Richard, her second, in botany,—which latter acquisition she turned to the benefit of her father's parishioners, by prescribing for them to the best of her ability. She evinced, however, as much ardour for their spiritual welfare, as she showed consideration for their temporal wants, which was exemplified in the interest she took in an unfortunate idiot, who was considered as incapable of instruction. Miss Fanny, as the Rector's youngest daughter was styled, herself undertook the task of his tuition, and neither daunted by the trouble, nor discouraged by the good-humoured raillery of her family, she succeeded in teaching him to read and to say the Creed and the Lord's prayer, besides considerably ameliorating the moral state of the unfortunate outcast.

Notwithstanding the difficulties thrown in the way of her education, at the early age of fifteen, Miss Chamberlaine composed a romance in two volumes, entitled "Eugenia and Adelaide." This was originally written on the coarse and discoloured paper allowed by Dr. Chamberlaine for his household accounts, and was, after her decease, published without her name. It is said to have evinced marks of imagination and inventive talent, and at a subsequent period it was adapted for the stage as a comic drama, by Mrs. Sheridan's eldest daughter, Mrs. Lefanu, and was acted at Dublin with considerable success.

Miss Chamberlaine's next attempt at literary compo-

sition took a somewhat whimsical form for a girl, in the writing of two sermons, both of which were said to have displayed more than ordinary ability.

Some years previous to his decease, her father having sunk into a state of mental imbecility, Frances Chamberlaine became more mistress of her time than heretofore, and occasionally accompanied her brothers to the theatre, which amusement, Dr. Chamberlaine having objections equally strong with his prejudices against female literature, she had hitherto had no opportunities of enjoying. Their visits to the theatre were destined to produce an important effect on her destiny, for on the stage she first saw Mr. Sheridan, who subsequently became her husband.

Truly may it be said in the words of the proverb, "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose." She who, by the prejudices of her father, was forced to learn to write by stealth, and was prevented visiting the interior of a theatre, eventually became an authoress of celebrity, and the wife of an actor.

Mr. Sheridan was the second son of Dr. Sheridan, a divine and poet who was born in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, in 1684. He kept a respectable school, first in Dublin, afterwards at Cavan, which he disposed of for money; as he did also a living procured for him by Dean Swift, with whom he was extremely intimate. He was an improvident man, and died poor in 1738.

The husband of Mrs. Sheridan was born at Quilca in 1721, and was educated at Westminster school, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin.

He was, at the period of his marriage, about five or six-and-twenty, and was just commencing, with considerable eclat, his career as manager of the Dublin

theatre; and having had the advantages of a classical education, and being of an old Irish family, he had, at first, every prospect of success; but in January, 1746, these were much overcast by what was termed "Kelly's Riot." It is probable that the ill-usage he received upon this occasion, together with the spirit and gallantry he displayed, might have been one principal cause of enlisting in his favour the sympathies of Miss Chamberlaine.

Mr. Kelly, a Galway gentleman, having insulted, and considerably alarmed an actress of the name of Bellamy, in the theatre, Mr. Sheridan interposed in her behalf; when so coarse and violent was the conduct of Mr. Kelly, that the manager was at length induced to chastise the offender. The inflammable temperament of Irishmen only requires a spark to set it on fire, and a combination was formed among Galway men to avenge Mr. Kelly. With that object they designed to attack Mr. Sheridan at the theatre, but having been warned of his danger, he prudently abstained from appearing that night on the stage, when, incensed at missing their prey, their fury broke forth into the most inexcusable outrages.

The college, of which Mr. Sheridan had formerly been a member, together with the higher order of citizens, immediately espoused his cause, and a violent ferment arose, not only in Dublin, but throughout the kingdom. The celebrated Edmund Burke, who was at this time a student at the university, was one of his warmest partizans and defenders.

A paper war was then commenced, opened by a letter in favour of Mr. Sheridan, which appeared in the Dublin Journal, Jan. 25, 1746. This was followed by an anonymous copy of verses, from the pen of Miss Chamber-

laine, which ultimately led to an introduction to Mr. Sheridan.

But in vain did Miss Chamberlaine wield her poetical pen in behalf of her hero; and a clever pamphlet of her's in prose was attended with equally bad success. Party spirit still ran high—nay, to such an unpardonable pitch did it rise, that Mr. Sheridan, together with his friend Dr. Lucas, who had generously interposed in his behalf, were, by these blood-thirsty ruffians, deliberately doomed to destruction, and a horse always kept in readiness to enable the murderer to depart at a minute's warning.

Notwithstanding every attempt made to defend him, the support of many persons of consequence, and the presence of several ladies of distinction, a violent riot took place in the theatre one night when Mr. Sheridan was acting, which terminated in its being shut up by order of the Master of the Revels, and both parties appealed to the laws of their country.

Mr. Sheridan was first tried for assaulting Mr. Kelly, when the provocation he had received appeared to the jury such ample justification of his conduct, that he was immediately acquitted. Mr. Kelly was then tried for the mischief done at the theatre, and was sentenced to a fine of £500, and three months' imprisonment. The fine was remitted at the generous request of Mr. Sheridan, and he himself became solicitor and bail for the enlargement of the man who had sought his life and injured his property.

Mr. Sheridan was rewarded for his manliness and firmness on this occasion by the increased popularity of the theatre under his care; and all persons of rank and influence supported him with their countenance and patronage.

After the termination of this affair, Mr. Sheridan was introduced to his fair champion, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Sheen. Both parties were so much pleased with each other at this first interview, that a lively attachment immediately took place, and they were united in the year 1747, when the lady had just completed her twenty-second year.

For some years after her marriage, Mrs. Sheridan's life was happy and prosperous in the extreme. Indeed, the only drawback to her felicity was the loss of her eldest son Thomas, who was born in 1747, and died at the early age of three years. She alternately resided in Dublin, and at Quilca, in Cavan, the paternal property of the Sheridans, and where Swift had often visited them. This appears to have been an elegant cottage orné; and one room, the roof of which was carved, was painted by Lewes, as a slight return for the many kindnesses he had received from its owner. After Quilca had been left by the family, and had passed into the hands of a farmer, this room was preserved, and shown to the numerous visitants who were attracted to the spot by admiration for departed genius and domestic worth.

Mrs. Sheridan's time was now fully occupied with the cares of a rising family, and with the numerous friends and relations whom the hospitality of her husband delighted to assemble at Quilca. Whilst at Dublin, she was intimate with a chosen few, among whom may be enumerated Mrs. Cunningham, a lady of considerable literary attainments, and Mrs. Montgomery, mother of three celebrated beauties, the Honourable Mrs. Beresford, Mrs. Gardiner, and the Marchioness of Townshend.

Mrs. Sheridan's second son, Charles Francis, was

born June, 1750; her third, the celebrated Richard Brinsley, September, 1751. Her fourth child was a daughter, Alicia, born January, 1753, who subsequently became Mrs. Lefanu. Her son, Sackville, died an infant, and her youngest daughter, Anne Elizabeth, was born some years afterwards in London.

Clouds at length began to gather in the horizon, and the threatening storm burst on this interesting family with such violence as, for a time, to overwhelm them with its fury. This might, perhaps, in some degree, be attributed to want of caution on the part of Mr. Sheridan, who, after the Kelly riot of 1746, had instituted a theatrical meeting, which went by the name of the Beef-steak Club. This comprehended many noblemen and gentlemen, who were all supporters of government; and those excluded from it showed their resentment by making it a party question, and by opposing the manager as the supposed partizan of those in power. Their discontent at length exploded on the revival of the tragedy of Mahomet, and the following lines were received with tumultuous applause by the audience.

"If, ye powers divine,
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, crush, crush these vipers,
Who, singled out by the community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe."

Mr. Sheridan, somewhat unadvisedly, censured Mr. Digges, the actor who recited the lines, for having marked out this passage as a party stroke; Mr. Digges, therefore, when the play was again performed, March 2, 1754, as he had a private grudge against Mr. Sheridan, informed the audience, on their being encored, he had

been forbidden by the manager to repeat them. Mr. Sheridan was, in consequence loudly called for, but not obeying the summons, their fury rose to such a pitch, that they destroyed the interior of the theatre, and even attempted to set it on fire.

Mrs. Sheridan was at this time near her confinement, and the ill-judged precipitation with which the account of this riot was communicated to her, together with the danger to which her husband was exposed, was productive of most disastrous consequences to herself. The child soon after died in convulsions, thought to have been occasioned by the terrible agitation of its mother. It was christened Sackville, after the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Lieutenant, who was its godfather, and who treated Mr. Sheridan with great kindness; indeed, it was the attention paid him at the Castle that had been one cause of the party against him. The Duke was so sensible of this, that he offered Mr. Sheridan a pension of three hundred pounds a year, as some recompense for what he had suffered in the cause of government. This kind offer, however, was declined.

In consequence of this unfortunate affair, Mr. Sheridan let his theatre for a couple of years, and retired to England with his family, till the storm should have blown over. In September, 1756, he again returned to Dublin, when, such is the uncertainty of popular favour or disfavour, he was received with rapturous applause, on his reappearing upon the stage, and a gleam of the sunshine of prosperity again illuminated their horizon.

This was, however, but of temporary duration; for a new theatre erected by Spranger Barry, in Dublin, became the resort of all the rank and fashion that had hitherto so warmly supported Mr. Sheridan. Possessing a fine figure and an interesting countenance, together

with insinuating manners, Mr. Barry soon became the rage, and the ladies of ton, under whose patronage he was wont to place himself, when they bespoke a play, were active in exerting themselves to fill the house, and even insisted on their tradesmen attending, upon pain of losing their custom.

To this reverse of fortune may be attributed Mrs. Sheridan's first appearance as a writer, for, in her adversity, she had recourse, for the support of her family, to those abilities which had hitherto been merely exerted in private life, to adorn her domestic fire-side.

Abandoning all idea of again attempting the Dublin theatre, Mr. Sheridan, in 1758, with his family, settled in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, and in 1760 he took an engagement at Drury Lane.

The brilliant talents of Mrs. Sheridan soon caused her to be surrounded by several literary characters of the first eminence. Among these may be enumerated Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young, and Samuel Richardson. The admiration expressed by Richardson for her manuscript novel, Eugenia and Adelaide, was such as to induce her to commence her principal work, the Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph, in allusion to which, Dr. Johnson paid her the well-known compliment, "I know not, madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much."

Although, in this work, Mrs. Sheridan adopted the epistolatory form of Richardson's productions, yet she avoided in a great degree his prolixity, remarking that "in his novels the bookseller got the better of the author."

Sidney Biddulph, perhaps, presents a more faithful picture of the manners of middle life, in the early part of the eighteenth century, than the works of Richardson; and this may be easily accounted for, as Mrs. Sheridan

probably drew from her own actual observation of the circles in which she moved, whilst Richardson, in attempting to pourtray scenes in higher life than his own, could only write from imagination.

In the composition of Sidney Biddulph, Mrs. Sheridan appears to have relied entirely upon her own abilities, for even her husband was not consulted, nor, indeed, was any portion of it communicated to him, until the whole was completed. It is recorded of her, that it was her custom to write with a small box near her, in which she deposited her manuscript when Mr. Sheridan entered the apartment.

Sidney Biddulph was published by Dodsley, March, 1761, and became an immediate favourite with the public. It went through several editions, and was also translated into French by the Abbé Prèvost, under the title of "Memoires d'une Jeune Dame," and met with an equally favourable reception. Part of it was brought out upon the stage with considerable success.

This work added greatly to the reputation of Mrs. Sheridan, and her society seems to have been sought universally. Miss Pennington, the daughter of the Lady Pennington who wrote "Letters to her Daughter," was so attached to her, that she followed her to town, telling her "she was come to take up her abode with her, for she found it impossible to live without her." Mrs. Sheridan returned her affection with equal warmth, and their friendship was only terminated by the death of the former at Bath, whither Mrs. Sheridan attended her, and was with her in her last moments.

At Bath, Mrs. Sheridan became acquainted with Mrs. Scott, the sister of the famous Mrs. Montagu, who is mentioned in her correspondence by the appellative "Pea," given her from the great similarity between them.

Sarah Fielding, the sister of the celebrated novelist, Henry Fielding, herself a writer, was another acquaintance of Mrs. Sheridan. She was then residing between Bath and Bath Easton, and spent much of her time with Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, the "Alworthy" of "Tom Jones."

The Honourable Mrs. Cholmondely, the original Lady Anne Wilmot of Mrs. Brooke's "Julia Mandeville," and the "Bell Fermor" of her "Emily Montague," famed for her wit and beauty, was warmly attached to Mrs. Sheridan, and this she amusingly evinced by the eccentric exertions in behalf of a comedy entitled "The Discovery," written by her friend, and first acted February 5, 1763, in which the principal character was performed by Garrick. Just when the fate of the play might be considered to be decided, and Mrs. Sheridan was awaiting the event with all the perturbation with which only an author can sympathize, Mrs. Cholmondely burst into her room at the head of a joyous party, to congratulate her on the complete success of the piece. She was, in the fashion of the day, clad in a linen gown and chip hat, and came from the middle gallery, where she had stationed herself, in order to head a party of friends, and point out to them what passages to admire: and her beautiful white hands were quite sore with applauding.

Mrs. Sheridan was not so fortunate with another production, entitled "The Dupe," and this was in some degree attributed to a party cabal, supposed to have been headed by Mrs. Clive, in revenge for Mr. Sheridan, who now acted on the English stage, declining to take Chamont to her Monimia, in Otways tragedy of "The Orphan."

About this time, Mrs. Sheridan was introduced to the famous Mrs. Macauley, and their first interview was humorously described by Mrs. Sheridan's eldest daughter, Alicia, then a girl of nine or ten years old.

It was with reference to the education of this daughter that Mrs. Sheridan received from Dr. Johnson, who was in the habit of frequenting her house, and of taking much notice of her children, one of his peremptory and decided set downs. On his observing the little Alicia's love for literature, and her attentively reading his "Rambler," Mrs. Sheridan assured Dr. Johnson it was only works of that most unexceptionable nature, which she suffered to meet the eyes of her little girl. "In general, I am very careful," continued she, "to keep from her all such books as are not calculated, by their moral tendency, expressly for the perusal of youth."

"Then you are a fool, madam!" vociferated the Doctor. "Turn your daughter loose into your library; if she is well inclined, she will only choose nutritious food; if otherwise, all your precaution will avail nothing to prevent her following the natural bent of her inclinations."

Mrs. Sheridan generally accompanied her husband in his visits to Bath, Bristol, Edinburgh, &c., where he delivered lectures upon oratory, which were well received.

At Bath, Mrs. Sheridan first became acquainted with the Linley family, so famed for their musical talents,* and with whom afterwards her son became connected.

At Bristol, a singular incident occurred in a copy of verses being addressed to the husband of Mrs. Sheridan,

* A gentleman complimenting the elder Mr. Linley upon the talents of his daughter, asked his son Tom, "Are you, too, musical, my little man?" "O yes, sir," replied the boy with naïvété, "we are all geniuses."

by a young lady of fifteen, the subsequently celebrated Hannah More.

In 1764, having ascertained that housekeeping in France was more reasonable than in England, the Sheridans embarked for that country, to live there upon the pension of £200 per annum, granted by the King. They took all their family with them but Richard Brinsley, who was left at Harrow, under the care of his old friend Dr. Sumner, the head master of that school.

Accidental circumstances induced them to settle at Blois, where they lived very quietly, and by strict economy endeavoured to repair the dilapidated state of their finances.

The mild climate of France having, in some degree, re-established Mrs. Sheridan's declining health, she began again to resume her literary pursuits, and two more volumes were added to Sidney Biddulph, which were not published till 1767, after her decease. These may be almost considered a distinct work, being rather the history of Sidney's daughters than of their mother, Mrs. Arnold herself.

Mrs. Sheridan's last, and by no means her least popular work, was the oriental tale of Nourjahad, the plan of which was suggested to her during a restless night, in a kind of vision between waking and sleeping, after she had been reflecting on the inequality in the conditions of men. The tale of Nourjahad is an illustration of the idea that true happiness depends upon the regulation of the passions, rather than upon outward prosperity. The hero is represented as a being who, supposing himself supernaturally endowed with boundless wealth and immortality, converts these fancied goods into decided

evils. The delusion is carried on by machinery, conducted by the Sultan himself, who, at the end, explains his motive of action. This highly poetical work, which was intended to have been the first of a series of moral fictions, was subsequently dramatized by Miss Sophia Lee, the author of "Canterbury Tales."

Mr. Sheridan was just on the eve of a journey to Ireland, when he was arrested by the illness of his wife, who was seized with fainting fits and alarming debility; her strength rapidly declined, though the powers of her mind were unimpaired nearly to the last; and at the end of a fortnight she expired, to the inexpressible grief of her husband and family.

The bigotry and religious prejudices of that day would not permit the remains of a Protestant to be interred in a Roman Catholic burial-ground, and it was only through the friendly interposition of Colonel Montigny and Colonel De Maupas, that permission was obtained from a Protestant family, for her to be deposited in their own private cemetery, seven miles from Blois.

To prevent any opposition from an ignorant populace, the funeral took place at night, by torch-light, when, escorted by a party of Colonel De Maupas' dragoons, and attended by her husband and eldest son, the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Sheridan was committed to the grave.

Although not handsome, Mrs. Sheridan is described as having had an intelligent countenance, fine dark eyes and hair, with a particularly fair complexion. From an accident in childhood, she was slightly lame, and could not walk any distance without assistance; latterly she made use of an ivory-headed cane. Her hand and arm were particularly beautiful.

In her dress Mrs. Sheridan was somewhat plain, though

she did not affect that negligence which was adopted by some of the literary ladies of that day, who were accused of studiously neglecting the Graces, to pay homage to the Muses.

Mrs. Sheridan was as much beloved in her own family as she was admired by her cotemporaries; and she was even more famed for her colloquial powers than for her literary talents. Her temper was good, though warm, of which infirmity she was herself aware. From her works, it is evident she had a strong sense of religion, and in her principal performance, "Sidney Biddulph," she portrays it as the only consolation her heroine receives during her misfortunes.

WORKS.

Eugenia and Adelaide.
Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph, 1761.
The Discovery; a comedy.
The Dupe; a comedy.
Nourjahad.

MRS. CHAPONE.

The Mulsos, of Twywell, were an old and respectable family, who had been established in the county of Northampton ever since the reign of Edward the First. They at one time possessed landed property to the amount of eight thousand a-year; but this had dwindled away considerably, and only a small part remained to their descendants.

Mr. Mulso, himself an only son, and who appears to have been in the law, married, in 1719, the posthumous daughter of Colonel Thomas, of the Guards, usually known as "the handsome Thomas," and they had a numerous family, five of whom attained maturity. Their eldest son, Thomas, was bred to the bar; their second, John, was a clergyman, and was a prebendary of Winchester and Salisbury, besides holding two valuable livings in Hampshire. The third, Charles, who was in the navy, died at the early age of twenty-one, in the Mediterranean; and Edward, the youngest, had an office in the Excise.

Hester, the only daughter who survived the period of childhood, was born on the 27th of October, 1727,

and at a very early age evinced such uncommon talent, that her mother, who was herself endowed with wit as well as beauty, is said to have early begun to feel jealous of one, who, though no rival in personal charms, promised to be a formidable competitor for that admiration which she considered to be exclusively due to herself. In consequence of her continued suffering from ill-health, little attention was paid by her to her daughter's education, who was in a great degree self-taught.

From the period of her brother's death, which took place whilst Hester was still very young, the care of her father's house devolved upon Miss Mulso, who, at the same time, by exertions and application, attained that mental superiority for which she was afterwards so celebrated. She was acquainted with the French and Italian languages, and in Latin made no inconsiderable proficiency. For music she had a natural talent, and though totally uninstructed in that pleasing accomplishment, her taste was so exquisite, her ear so accurate, and her voice at once so sweet and powerful, that her performance never failed to give extraordinary pleasure.

At a very early period Miss Mulso appears to have been a great reader of romances, and of the old heavy French ones of Scudery in particular; for, in 1750, at the age of twenty-three, she says, in a letter to Miss Carter, "I have (and yet I am still alive) drudged through Le Grand Cyrus, in twelve huge volumes, Cleopatra, in eight or ten, Polyxander, Ibrahim, Clelia, and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten. But this was in the days when I did not choose my own books, for there was no part of my life in which I loved romances." Nevertheless, they

made sufficient impression on her mind to induce her, when only nine years old, to compose one, called "Amoret and Melissa," which is said to have displayed great fertility of invention, and extraordinary marks of genius.

For some years, Miss Mulso's life flowed on in uneventful monotony, her winters being always spent in London, in a circle of highly valued friends, and her summers at the house of her brother John, the vicar of Sunbury, but more frequently at that of her eldest aunt, Mrs. Donne, then a widow, and resident at Canterbury. She also often visited the episcopal palace of her uncle the bishop of Winchester.

Miss Mulso's talents soon became known, and her abilities appreciated by some of the literati of the day. Of Richardson she early became a worshipper, and her portrait is introduced in the picture prefixed to Mrs. Barbauld's edition of his correspondence, as one of those to whom their idol is pouring forth its oracles, and unfolding to their enchanted ears the prolix but interesting adventures of his Clarissa Harlowe and Harriet Byron.

Miss Mulso was, however, not so infatuated as implicitly to submit to Richardson's maxims upon all subjects, and she entered into a spirited controversy with him upon the subject of filial obedience, which is published in her works. He, according to her, appears to consider that a woman is to have no choice in matrimony but the will of her parents; whilst Miss Mulso stoutly maintains her right to a negative, and brings several good arguments to support her cause, intermingled with some laughable observations, very much in the style of his own Anna Howe, and Charlotte Grandison. In one part, she says, "Suppose a woman was single till forty; I fancy by that

time, the HAWKS, VULTURES, and KITES, will give her but little trouble, and that she might be pretty secure from the danger of being DEVOURED." She seems to have had penetration enough to discern that women, in modern days, are not exposed to such imminent peril of being run away with, as may be supposed from the pages of Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison. Another sort of trial meets them; the poet says,

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its sweetness in the desert air,"

and many a lively and amiable girl is doomed, by circumstances, to pass the prime of her life in obscurity, and, neglected and forgotten, to bloom, wither, and pass away into oblivion. Moralists, in addressing the sex by courtesy termed fair, generally appear to consider their readers as universally young, beautiful, and captivating. Now, as few are so in a very eminent degree, and at all events only for a few fleeting years of their existence, surely romance writers might remember that their pages may occasionally be perused by those who have no personal attractions, and who possibly may have passed what is called their best days. And even possessing both youth and beauty, it may be the lot of a woman to pass her life in utter retirement, where the gaze of admiration is never fixed upon her countenance, nor the tale of flattery addressed to her ear; and whilst she hears of her compeers, who boast, perhaps, but few of her advantages, meeting with advantageous offers, and opportunities of settling in the world, she finds herself condemned to a cheerless and hopeless celibacy. Discontent, envy, and jealousy, are passions likely to be excited under such circumstances, and to teach young

females to guard against those feelings, and to be happy in obscurity and neglect, might possibly do more good than the instructing them to be prepared for admiration they may never receive, and attention with which it is every improbable they may ever meet.

It evinces great independence of mind on the part of Miss Mulso, thus early in life, for she was then but twenty-three, to venture to differ from, and steadily though modestly to support her opinions, against one who, like Richardson, was considered in the circle in which he moved as a sort of oracle, and whose works were held in such high estimation, that they were even recommended from the pulpit.

That she dared to think for herself, is evident from her criticisms upon other popular writers of that day, for she complains of Fielding, that "he contrives to gloss over gross and monstrous faults in such a manner, that even his virtuous readers call them frailties." She says, "I cannot help believing that he has a very low opinion of human nature, and that his writings tend to enforce it on his readers. * * What end can it serve to persuade men that they are Yahoos, but to make them act agreeably to that character, and despair of attaining a better?" She observes, she "could almost quarrel with her very great favourite, the Rambler, for his too general censure on mankind, and for speaking of envy and malice as universal passions;" and she even ventured personally to argue with the mighty sage himself on the subject. She is describing a visit paid by Dr. Johnson to Mr. Richardson, in July 1753, and she says:

"Mr. Johnson was very communicative and entertaining, and did me the honour to address most of his discourse to me. I had the assurance to dispute with him

on the subject of human malignity, and wondered to hear a man, who by his actions shows so much benevolence, maintain that the human heart is naturally malevolent, &c. &c. To which he answered, that if he had betrayed such sentiments in the Rambler, it was not with design, for that he believed the doctrine of malevolence, though a true one, is not an useful one, and ought not to be published to the world."

In her correspondence with Richardson, on the subject of matrimony, Miss Mulso probably felt no small degree of personal interest, for it was at his house that she was first introduced to Mr. Chapone, a young lawyer in the Temple, between whom and herself a mutual attachment was soon formed. Prudential considerations induced her father, to whom she communicated her feelings, even previous to Mr. Chapone's having made a regular declaration, to request her not to enter into any engagement without his permission. With this injunction she implicitly complied; but on perceiving that their regard was mutual, although from pecuniary difficulties there was no prospect of a speedy union, he permitted them to form an engagement, and allowed them frequently to indulge in the society of each other.

Miss Mulso was enthusiastically attached to her intended husband, and their difference of feeling upon the tender passions formed a topic of lively raillery between herself and the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with whom she first became acquainted in 1749, at Canterbury, at the house of her aunt, Mrs. Donne, and with whom she formed a friendship that lasted for fifty years, and which was only dissolved by the death of the parties. Miss Carter was about ten years older than Miss Mulso, and from her numerous avocations of a literary nature, ap-

pears never to have had leisure to form any attachment of a much more tender nature than what she felt for her own family and friends. Miss Mulso used frequently laughingly to abuse the "square-cornered heart" that precluded her from participating in her sentiments on the subject.

The two friends, by occasional personal visits, and by a constant correspondence, kept up a regular intercourse. In the published letters of Miss Mulso, a warm heart, sound judgment, and original way of thinking are evinced. She ever advocates the cause of the social affections and of benevolent feelings, in opposition to the stoical precepts of Epictetus, to Miss Carter's translation of which was prefixed an ode by Miss Mulso, on the somewhat misanthropical views of human nature entertained by Johnson and others. She says, "The divine laws are calculated for a real, not an imaginary state of being. They forbid the indulgence of our natural passions and sensations, under circumstances in which they would become injurious to our fellow-creatures or ourselves, but they do not forbid the sensations themselves." "Am I to believe that I am surrounded with beings, who, if I am good and amiable, will hate and persecute me from envy; if frail and faulty, will rejoice in an opportunity to triumph over my weakness, and to display their own superiority; who love not, but from self-interest, yet have too much pride to be capable of gratitude, and are irritated to malevolence by the burden of benefits? Such is the human character, if we may believe Mr. Johnson and others, who, having suffered from the world, exaggerate its faults with the bitterness of enemies, and impute to the worst causes the effects by which themselves have been hurt. * * I am per-

suaded that benevolence and social love (however stifled and depressed, or even sometimes totally extinguished by other passions) are originally implanted in the human breast as universally as the principle of self-love, which some maintain to be the only innate affection, and the only motive of our actions. Set the very good against the very bad, and allow me to persist in thinking, that the majority are between both. Either too insignificant to be styled virtuous or wicked, or else such a strange mixture of good and bad qualities, that it is difficult to say which scale is uppermost,—are the two characters which I fancy would be found the most general, and under which three parts of mankind should be classed."

She was equally opposed to an illiberal way of thinking, and to the ungenerous expression of censure against those who differ in opinions from ourselves; for she would have us charitably make allowances for all. She says, "Those who argue in behalf of Christianity ought carefully to preserve the spirit of it in their manner of expressing themselves. I have so much honour for the christian clergy, that I had much rather hear them railed at, than hear them rail, and I must say that I am most grievously offended with the generality of them for their method of treating all who differ from them in opinion."

In August, 1759, Miss Mulso paid her uncle the bishop a visit, at his episcopal palace at Salisbury. She thus describes her feelings with regard to society and high life: "I shall now tell you something of myself, who live here uncorrupted by grandeur; who can see venison parties without eating them, and great dinners smoke every day without envying those whose noses are always thus besmoked; who come home from an assem-

bly at eleven, without envying those who dance till five; and who could be content to return to my little habitation, without envying those who live in a palace; who could prefer *a little attorney* even to my Lord Fevershame, had he offered to me instead of the fair young lady he has so happily won." * * *

"We are a numerous family, in a noble and cheerful house, and my two young friends enliven those hours when we can escape other company. But these, alas, are few! Our grand grievance is the frequency of formal company, and formal dinners, which last are, I think, amongst the worst of those many deplorable disadvantages which attend on a large fortune."

Miss Mulso's moderate desires and humble wishes were now, however, to be gratified in the way most satisfactory to her feelings; for, in 1760, her father consented to her union with Mr. Chapone, and also that of his eldest son with Miss Prescott, between whom a long engagement had existed. It was arranged that the two marriages were to take place on the same day, and that he himself should reside with his son, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Chapone were to go into lodgings till they could meet with a house that would suit them. She communicates the approaching happy event in an animated letter to her friend Miss Carter. She speaks of the manner in which her thoughts and time have been occupied since she left Canterbury, and continues, "The happiness of my own life, and that of my dearest brother, has been deeply interested in the transaction of these few weeks. Thank God, all is now settled in the way we wished. Give me your congratulations, my dear friend, but as much for my brother and friend as for myself; for in truth I could not have enjoyed my own

happiness in an union with the man of my choice, had I been forced to leave them in the same uncomfortable state of tedious and almost hopeless expectation, in which they had suffered so long.

"I shall rejoice to hear that you are coming soon to town, and shall hope for many a comfortable *tête-a-tête* with you in my lodgings in Carey Street, for there I must reside till Mr. Chapone can get a house that suits him, which is no easy matter, as he is so confined in point of situation. In the mean time he will carry on his business at his chambers as before. I have therefore chosen the spot nearest to them, though farther than I wish from all the rest of my friends.

"Do not think I have forgotten you, even in this time of *flutteration:* indeed I have not; but my time has been so taken up, that I have hardly touched a pen since I came to town. I hope you join with me in the most perfect dissent from an opinion of your favourite Johnson, 'that a married woman can have no friendship but with her husband.' I flatter myself my heart will be improved in every virtuous affection by an union with a worthy man, and that all my friends will find it more worthy of their attachment, and better qualified for the best uses of friendship, than it ever was before."

Miss Mulso's union with Mr. Chapone, which took place in 1760, when she was about thirty-three years old, appears to have been productive of all the happiness she had anticipated.

She writes to Mrs. Carter, in 1761: "I dare say you had a real pleasure on reading in the newspapers of the completion of two engagements, the length of which you had so often lamented. And I know you will be really glad to hear, that with every other circumstance of happi-

ness my heart could wish, in the beginning of an union which promises to be the best blessing of my life, I have had the additional comfort of better health since my marriage, than I have known for a long time before it. Certainly, 'a merry heart does good like medicine.' Mine rejoices almost as much for my dear brother as for myself. God be praised, we are at present a very happy family, and my dear good father, who has made us so, seems to enjoy a large share of satisfaction and pleasure in what he has done: his cheerfulness enabled me to bear our parting with less pain than I expected.

"I have more hours to myself than I wish for, for business usually allows me very little of my husband's company except at meals. This I should be inclined to lament as an evil, if I did not consider that the joy and complacency with which we meet, may probably by this means last longer than if we could be always together. If you *can* love a man, I expect you will love him, if ever you know him thoroughly. In the mean time, I will be contented if you love his worse half."

Again, in July of the same year, she writes; "My time has been taken up in removing into and settling myself in my own house. But I certainly ought to have informed you sooner, that I am at last tolerably settled, and more to my mind than I expected; for the house, though very small, has its *agrémens*, and I do not find any ill quality in it. We have furnished it neatly, and the cleanliness of a house just fitted up is not ill recommended to me by the dirt I had lived in before, in those *puddling* lodgings."

But, alas! the felicity of Mrs. Chapone was destined to be but short lived; a terrible blow now awaited her, for, in the following September, when they had not been

married ten months, Mr. Chapone was seized with so violent a fever, that from the first his life was despaired of.

Miss Burrows, afterwards the wife of Sir Cullen Smith, one of a family from whom, both in prosperity and adversity, Mrs. Chapone ever received the most tender marks of friendship, hastened, upon this occasion, to her afflicted friend, and staid with her during the whole of the trying scene. She thus writes to Miss Carter:—

September 22, 1761.

"Mr. Chapone died on Saturday night, about ten o'clock. She had not been into his room since Monday last, for as her presence was judged injurious to him, she submitted to the advice of her friends not to continue her attendance upon him; she therefore was not made acquainted with his death till Sunday morning. She received the news with her accustomed meekness, and has, by the whole of her behaviour during his illness, and since his death, shown an example of patience and resignation that is quite astonishing. You would hardly believe were I to describe to you her calmness and composure, as you are so well acquainted with the strength of her passion for him. Could I tell you half the noble things she says and does, it must convince you of the sincerity of her religion, and infinitely increase your affection for her.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mulso are exceedingly friendly to her, and have kindly invited me to their house in Rathbone Place, together with my dear afflicted friend. I told her I was going to write to you, and she desired me to give her kindest love to you. Indeed all her friends, and their kindness to her, are remembered by her, particu-

larly at this time, with so much gratitude and affection, that it quite surprises me, and is a pleasing mark of her gratitude to Heaven for all those blessings she still possesses."

But though the mind was prepared, by previous discipline, to bow with Christian resignation to the will of the Almighty, yet the body was not equal to the conflict, and in the succeeding month, Mrs. Chapone became so alarmingly ill, that but faint hopes were entertained of her recovery. In November, however, a favourable change took place, and in December, she was enabled to address Miss Carter in a manner which evinces the pious gratitude with which she bore her loss.

"I have been very near Death, and at the time he threatened most, it was the earnest wish of my heart to meet and embrace him. But I bless God I am restored not only to life, but to a sense of the great mercy indulged me in the grant of a longer term of trial. It must be my own fault if the life which is given me be not of the highest value to me, though very unlikely to be a happy one. It is, however, attended with such blessings even now, as ought to reconcile me to it. I mean particularly, many kind and excellent friends, who strive as much as possible to alleviate my irreparable loss, and to supply me with every comfort I am capable of feeling. * * I have many cheerful hours. I endeavour as much as possible to welcome every pleasing sensation, and to make the most of those hours in which my thoughts can be led from subjects of affliction. I reckon up the blessings I have left, and among these the friendship of my dear Mrs. Carter is not forgotten."

How superior is this Christian philosophy to the stoicism which would forbid one to feel, or to the morbid

sensibility that would prevent the mourner from listening to the voice of consolation.

How deeply Mrs. Chapone was attached to her husband is apparent from the affecting tenderness with which, whenever she could summon resolution to do so, she ever spoke of him; and his miniature she seldom allowed herself the pleasure of contemplating, as it roused sensations of grief and regret, in which she thought it wrong to indulge.

Mrs. Chapone's sorrow for the loss of her husband, which,

"Like Aaron's serpent, swallowed all the rest,"

was destined to be accompanied by pecuniary embarrassments, which, at any other period, might have proved a serious trial. She says, "My dear Mr. Chapone's affairs were left in great confusion and perplexity by his sudden death, which happened just at the time of year in which he should have settled his accounts and made out his bills. As these are very considerable, his estate must suffer a great loss from this circumstance. At present, things are in a very melancholy state, and my own prospects are such as would have appeared very dreadful to me at any other time. But the deprivation of the source of all my worldly happiness has, I think, made me less sensible to other calamities."

She could now no longer afford to keep an establishment of her own, but on a very narrow income she retired into lodgings, where she, however, maintained a respectable appearance, and varied her time by frequent and repeated visits to her friends, particularly to her kind uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham Castle, and Winchester House, Chelsea; also, to her three cousins,

his daughters, who were married, the eldest to Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester; the second to Dr. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Exeter; the youngest to Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle; and who all resided in the county of Hants.

It was about 1762, that Mrs. Chapone became acquainted with Mrs. Montagu, through the medium of their mutual friend Miss Carter, from whom she received great kindness and attention, and with whom she made a tour into Scotland, in 1770; when, among other literary characters whom Mrs. Montagu's celebrity attracted around her, Mrs. Chapone mentions Dr. Gregory, who accompanied them in their journey, and Dr. Robertson the historian. On their road home, they paid a visit to Hagley, the beautiful seat of Mrs. Montagu's intimate friend, Lord Lyttelton, where, among other *agrémens*, she mentions his reading a good deal of the new volume of his history of Henry the Second, in the composition of which he was then employed.

Mrs. Chapone was particularly attached to the family of her second brother, William, consisting of four children; and in a visit she paid to his parsonage at Thornhill, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, she contracted that partiality for his eldest daughter which gave rise to her celebrated "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," which established her reputation as a literary character. They were dedicated to Mrs. Montagu, who, it seems, from the expression of "some strokes of her elegant pen having corrected them," not only advised their publication, but assisted with her criticism. They first appeared in 1773, and Mrs. Chapone says, on July 20, of the same year, "My publication has indeed succeeded far beyond my expectation. The bookseller is

preparing a second edition with all haste, the whole of the first being gone out of his hands, which, considering that he printed off fifteen hundred at first, is indeed a great sale. I contribute this success principally to Mrs. Montagu's name and patronage, and secondly to the world's being so fond of being educated, that every book on that subject is well received. My friends all fret and scold at me for having sold my copy, and grudge poor Waller his profits. But for my own part I do not repent what I have done, as I am persuaded the book would not have prospered so well in any hands as in his. Though I love money reasonably well, yet I fear I have still more vanity than avarice, and am therefore very happy in the approbation the letters meet with, though my profits are not the heavier."

From this it would appear that fame was the only remuneration Mrs. Chapone received for this highly meritorious work, which, after the lapse of more than sixty years, still remains a standard work upon female education, and which, perhaps, as a whole, has never yet been surpassed.*

The publication of this work brought Mrs. Chapone into immediate notice. Her acquaintance was courted, and, as it was understood that her circumstances were not affluent, applications were made to her to assist in the education of several families, but she refused to accede to any proposals of this nature.

In 1775, appeared a little volume of miscellanies from Mrs. Chapone's pen, dedicated to Mrs. Carter, consisting

* Miss Mulso, the darling niece to whom the letters were addressed, about 1798, became the wife of the Reverend Beujamin Jeffereys, and died in childbirth March 1800, to the unspeakable grief of her then aged aunt, who, indeed, lived to survive all her own immediate family, with most of their descendants.

of Essays, the story of Fidelia, which had previously appeared in the Adventurer, in 1751, together with poems composed on various occasions. The best of these had been prefixed to Mrs. Carter's translation of Epictetus, in the form of an irregular ode, addressed to her on that occasion. This performance did not meet with equal success with her preceding one, but in it may be found many elegant and ingenious observations.

In 1776, she had the honour of being personally complimented by King George III. and Queen Charlotte upon her work. She is describing a royal visit paid to her uncle, the king's preceptor in youth, at Farnham Castle. She says, "Yes, my dearest, simple as I sit here, I have been in company with the King and Queen—have enjoyed the sweet aspect of princes—been complimented over and over by royal lips upon my book—been exhorted to write more—my niece inquired about—my place of abode—my address in London asked—and, in short, as great honours done me as shall be desired, look you, on a summer's day. Nothing could exceed the good-humour, the ease, the kindness, I may say the *friendliness*, of the royal guests. The Queen has the most engaging manners you can conceive, and a countenance so overflowing with graciousness and benignity, that it is impossible to see her without loving her. Her readiness in starting conversation, and the address with which she introduced a thousand obliging and polite things, were really in a degree that astonished me. The King remembered me as Miss Mulso, but did not before know that my name was Chapone; and the Queen (before I appeared) expressed her surprise to find that the author of the letters she admired was the Bishop's niece. She said, she had asked several people, but never could

learn who Mrs. Chapone was. On the arrival of their majesties at the episcopal palace, the people who lined the streets were a good deal disappointed at the Queen's appearance, whom they expected to see ride along with her crown upon her head, and were not a little surprised to see her with a black hat and a plain blue coat."

Again, in 1774, she writes: "Mr. Buller went to Windsor on Saturday, saw the King, who inquired about the Bishop, and hearing that he would be eighty-two the next Monday, 'Then,' says he, 'I will go and wish him joy.' 'And I,' said the Queen, 'will go too.' Mr. B. then dropped a hint of the additional pleasure it would give the Bishop if he could see the princes. '*That*,' said the King, 'requires contrivance, but if I can manage it we will *all* go.' Accordingly, on the day appointed, at eleven o'clock, the royal party arrived *en masse* at Farnham Castle. The royal guests had breakfast in one room, and in another, Mrs. Chapone assisted in doing the honours to their attendants.

"After the breakfast was over, the royal guests came to visit us in the dressing-room. The King sent the princes* in to pay their compliments to Mrs. Chapone. Himself, he said, was an old acquaintance. Whilst the princes were speaking, Mr. Arnold (the sub preceptor,) said, 'These gentlemen are well acquainted with a certain ode, prefixed to Mrs. Carter's Epictetus, if you know anything of it.' Afterwards the King came and spoke to us, and the Queen led the Princess Royal to me, saying, 'This is a young lady, who, I hope, has profited much by your instructions. She has read them more

* The Prince of Wales, Prince Frederic, (Duke of York,) and Prince William, his late majesty.

than once, and will read them oftener.' And the Princess assented to the praise that followed, with a very modest air. She has a sweet countenance, and a very modest air. I was pleased with all the princes, but particularly with Prince William, who is but thirteen, and little of his age, but so sensible and engaging, that he won the Bishop's heart, to whom he particularly attached himself, and would stay with him, whilst the others ran about the house. His conversation was surprisingly manly and clever for his age, yet with the little Bullers he was quite the boy, and said to John Buller, by way of encouraging him 'Come, we are both boys, you know.'"

In May, 1781, Mrs. Chapone lost her kind and venerable uncle, who died at the age of eighty-six. Her aunt, Mrs. Thomas, had preceded him in 1778, but she continued to receive every mark of attention from their three daughters, Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Buller, and Lady Ogle.

The death of the Bishop was followed, in 1782, by that of Mrs. Chapone's youngest brother, Edward, who was well known to the musical world, and was for many years president of the Anacreontic Society. He possessed great powers of entertainment and versatility of conversation.

After the death of Mrs. Smith, and of her brothers and sister, Mr. and Miss Burrows, Mrs. Chapone spent her summers almost always in Hampshire, at the houses of her second brother, John, and of her three cousins, the Bishop's daughters. But in September, 1791, this brother was also taken from her, having survived his wife, (Miss Young, of Devonshire,) but one year; and in 1799, her eldest and sole-surviving brother died.

Thus bereft of all the friends of her early life, at the advanced age of seventy-two, Mrs. Chapone's mind and body at length both yielded to the attacks of age and sorrow. Her memory became materially impaired, and she sank into an alarming state of debility. As she never could bear the thought of having a companion who was to be paid for her attentions to her, her youngest niece (the sister of Mrs. Jeffreys) assumed the office, and took charge of her venerable relation. It was thought advisable for them to reside at Hadley, in Middlesex, in order to be near Mrs. Amy Burrows, also the sole surviving member of her own family, and thither they removed in the autumn of 1800.

Here she was soothed by the attention of many kind friends, and she had a few hours of enjoyment; but her infirmities increased so fast, that she was never able to go down stairs more than three or four times after she took possession of her house at Hadley.

On Christmas-day, in 1801, Mrs. Chapone fell into a doze from which nothing could arouse her, and at eight in the evening, without a sigh or a struggle, she breathed her last in the arms of her niece, still attended by her constant friend, Mrs. Amy Burrows.

Endowed with neither beauty, rank, nor fortune, yet, by her virtues and talents, Mrs. Chapone secured to herself the love and esteem of all those who were acquainted with her, and the respect and admiration of society in general. The solitary widow, living at one time in obscure and humble lodgings, was an object of interest even to royalty itself; and from her friends and connexions she constantly met with the disinterested affection and courteous attention due to her merits. By application and exertion in early life, she improved the abili-

ties bestowed upon her by Providence, and she had the satisfaction of gaining for herself, through their influence, a respectable station among the pious and moral writers of England, and of transmitting to posterity a standard work upon female education. Although more than sixty years have elapsed since this work was first published, its advice does not even yet wear an antiquated air, and is as well calculated to improve the rising generation, as it was to instruct the youth of their grandmothers.

WORKS.

Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, 1773.

Miscellanies, &c. (Fidelia in the Adventurer, 1751,) 1775.

Letters.

MRS. TRIMMER.

Mrs. Sarah Trimmer was born at Ipswich, on the 6th of January, 1741. She was the only daughter of Joshua and Sarah Kirby. The name of her maternal grandfather was Bull.

Mr. Kirby was a pious and well-informed man; he was the author of "Method of Perspective Made Easy," and of "The Perspective of Architecture," which latter work was published in 1761, under the patronage of George the Third, whom he had the honour of instructing in perspective, when Prince of Wales, and afterwards he gave lessons in the same art to her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

From her father, Miss Kirby early imbibed sentiments of religion and virtue, and she always considered it as one of the greatest blessings in life, that she could never remember the time when she did not look up with reverence and gratitude to the Great Author of her being, and pay Him the willing homage of praise and thanksgiving.

At a suitable age, Miss Kirby was sent some hours every day to a boarding-school at Ipswich, kept by a

Mrs. Justinier, a lady of elegant manners and refined sentiments, who, though she had once mixed in fashionable circles, had, by an imprudent marriage, been reduced to undertake the task of tuition, to secure for herself a respectable maintenance. Of this lady, Mrs. Trimmer ever spoke with regard, and, under her care, she acquired the usual female accomplishments of the day.

Her studies were chiefly directed to English and French, and to the pleasure and facility with which she translated from the latter language, did she, in after years, often attribute her having been induced to become an author. She wrote an extremely good hand, and particularly excelled in reading aloud: to the end of her life she retained this faculty, and the power of continuing it for a greater length of time than most persons are capable of doing.

Drawing was an employment to which she devoted herself, rather in compliance with the wishes of her father, than to gratify her own inclinations. At his desire, under the care of a female friend, she occasionally attended the Society for Promoting Arts, and once obtained the prize for the second best drawing. A few miniatures, copies from larger pictures, of her performance, are still extant, sufficiently good to show that she might have excelled in the art, had she persevered in the pursuit. She, however, in a few years derived great benefit from the acquirement, from its enabling her to amuse her children in their infancy, and partially to instruct them therein.

In 1755, at the age of fourteen, Miss Kirby left Ipswich, with her parents, to settle in town. At this period it was that Mr. Kirby gave instructions in perspective to

the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Third. Her only brother, somewhat younger than herself, and for whom she ever retained a tender affection, now became a scholar at Westminster School, and would often apply to his more talented sister to assist him in his themes, and some of the earliest exercises of her pen were in compositions in English, which he afterwards translated into Latin. He afterwards removed, in 1759, to Ipswich, to study drawing under Mr. Gainsborough, where she corresponded with him, and it was from one of her letters to her brother, that her father, who inspected her writing, was first induced to think she had a talent for composition.

Miss Kirby had the advantage, whilst in London, of spending her time in the society of persons who were of eminence in the literary world. Among these may be enumerated Dr. Johnson, Dr. Gregory Sharp, Hogarth, and Gainsborough. With Dr. Johnson she was a great favourite, and the circumstance which first attracted his attention to her, arose from a literary dispute at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, respecting a passage in Milton's "Paradise Lost." Mr. Kirby, who, with his daughter, was present, inquired of her whether she had not the book in her pocket, it being a favourite poem of hers. The book was produced, and opened at the disputed part. Dr. Johnson was so struck with the singularity of a girl of her age making this author her pocket-companion, and also with the modesty of her behaviour upon the occasion, that on the following day he invited her to his house, presented her with a copy of the Rambler, and ever after treated her with great consideration.

Having, by her removal from Ipswich, lost the companions of her childhood, and her present associates, from

being much her seniors, not readily replacing them, Miss Kirby naturally had recourse to her favourite avocation of reading for recreation. In her studies she was directed by her father, and from his conversation and instructions acquired much information, and her mind became gradually opened and enlarged. Amongst her favourite authors were Milton, Thomson, and Young. She could repeat great part of "Paradise Lost," the "Seasons," and Young's "Satires," and was wont to say, "the Satire upon Woman" had been extremely useful to her, by teaching her to avoid many failings. Such was her facility in learning poetry by heart, that the reading a page over once or twice was sufficient to impress it upon her mind; and though, as she advanced in age, she was accustomed to lament having forgotten what she had acquired when young, to the latest period of her life her memory was far more retentive than that of persons in general.

From her youth, Miss Kirby had acquired the habit of early rising, which she continued in after years, and which she found particularly useful when she became an author, as she thereby acquired some hours of quiet and retirement, which, in a numerous family, would have otherwise been impracticable. Whilst writing the "Annotations on the Scriptures," she used often to rise at four or five o'clock, even in the winter, and pursue her labour whilst others were in bed. The fire in her study was prepared over night, and she lighted it herself in the morning, not liking to disturb a servant, nor to be dependent upon one for her hour of rising.

Whilst young, she had a favourite closet in which she carried on her studies, reading aloud, even when alone, especially poetry; and whilst at Kew, to which her father

removed in 1759, on being appointed clerk of the works at the palace, there was a rivalry between herself and a friend, who resided on the opposite side of the river, respecting early rising. She who was up first, would hang a handkerchief from her window, to be seen by her friend, as a trophy of victory. These early hours were chiefly spent in committing poetry to memory, and in reading, though, as she used to lament subsequently, in a somewhat desultory manner.

It was at Kew that Miss Kirby first became acquainted with Mr. Trimmer, whose name she was afterwards to render celebrated wherever Christianity is established, and the English language spoken. He was a man of an agreeable person, pleasing manners, and exemplary character, about two years older than herself. She became his wife, when about twenty-one years of age, with the cordial approbation of the friends of both parties. In the course of their union she had twelve children, six sons and six daughters, of whom nine, four of the former and five of the latter, survived their mother. The other three died in her lifetime, casting a cloud over the otherwise perfect domestic felicity with which she was blessed.

All Mrs. Trimmer's children were nursed by herself, and her daughters were wholly educated under the paternal roof,—her sons chiefly so, their classical studies excepted, for which some left home, and others received instructions from a neighbouring clergyman.

From the time of her marriage till she became an author, Mrs. Trimmer lived a quiet and retired life, wholly occupied with domestic duties, nursing and edution. Happily, her husband was equally partial to his home, and, both by precept and example, seconded her

lessons to her children. From him she had no inconsiderable assistance, for, though engaged in business during the daytime, in the evening he would assemble them together, and one of the party, in winter, would read aloud from the works of his favourite authors.

Mrs. Trimmer was likewise accustomed to take a very active part in domestic concerns, and devoted much time to needlework. During her father's lifetime, she every afternoon, when weather would permit, used to walk to visit him, accompanied by some of her elder children.

But though her time was thus fully and honourably occupied, she might in some degree be said to be preparing herself for her subsequent works on education, as, at this period, her thoughts were so wholly occupied thereby, that she scarcely ever read a book on any other topic, and indeed she was wont to say, she believed she almost wearied her friends by making it the constant topic of conversation.

Mrs. Trimmer's conversation was, however, particularly pleasing and instructive, without affectation or pretension to superiority. Indeed, humility and benevolence were among her leading characteristics, and shone equally in her countenance and her manners. She was ever careful not to speak of the failings of her fellow-mortals, and always charitably endeavoured to put a favourable construction on their words and actions. It was a favourite rule with her, that "a Christian should carefully avoid saying anything to the prejudice of another, unless when necessary for the honour of God, or the good of man." To this rule she so steadily adhered, that she would take herself to task severely for the slightest deviation from it. Her time, indeed, was too fully

occupied, when young, with the education of her children, and in after years with literary pursuits, for her to feel curious about the affairs and concerns of others, or to take pleasure in discussions relating to them.

Mrs. Trimmer took great delight in contemplating the beauties of nature; it was her custom, whenever the weather would permit, to take a short walk in her garden, at an early hour. She had been early taught by her father to observe the works of creation, and to her, the view of the vegetable and animal world, the clear expanse of heaven, or the smooth surface of the water, were positive delight and rapture.

Soon after the publication of Mrs. Barbauld's "Easy Lessons for Children," about the year 1780, Mrs. Trimmer, then about thirty-nine years of age, was solicited by her friends to write something of the same kind, and she, in consequence, began her "Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature," which, being much approved of, she was at last induced to publish: it was, in fact, merely putting on paper the instructions she was in the daily habit of giving her children.

To the first edition of this work, a slight sketch of Scripture history was appended; and this part being much approved, Mrs. Trimmer conceived the idea of expanding it; judging it, however, a copious subject, and one on which she could well expatiate, she altered her plan, shortened what she had intended to enlarge, and determined to make it a separate work.

This, which was entitled, "Sacred History, selected from the Scriptures, with Annotations and Reflections, adapted to the comprehension of Young Persons," was a performance of considerable labour and study. It probably owed its origin to the circumstance of her being

the mother of a large family, as in instructing them, she first became aware of the want of an easy explanation of the Scriptures, and was induced, in consequence, to attempt to supply the deficiency. This work gave great satisfaction, and confirmed the expectations which her "Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature" had raised. The first volume was published in 1782; three more appeared in the following, and the two last in the succeeding year. In the second edition, several alterations were made; still more in the third; since which no change of any consequence has taken place.

Perhaps of all Mrs. Trimmer's works, this has proved of the most extensive utility, being suited both to the rich and the poor—alike addressed to the comprehension of the young and the instruction of the old.

In 1785, the perusal of Dr. Johnson's Prayers and Meditations seems to have inspired Mrs. Trimmer with the idea of beginning a journal for the purpose of self-examination, from whence various extracts have been made and published. She says, Sept. 21, 1785, "If a man of his extraordinary understanding had reason to lament his not keeping a journal, how much more need have I of such an excuse, to keep me in the path of everlasting happiness? Delays are dangerous—good resolutions ought to be put immediately into execution; I will not, therefore, defer to another day what, I trust, with the blessing of God, will conduce to my improvement in the practice of Christianity."

She derived great benefit from this practice, and her journal is interesting, as containing a memorial of the various events of her life, with her pious observations and reflections thereon.

On the 23rd September, of the same year, she records that she passed the afternoon and evening in finishing her

"Fabulous Histories," a popular little work, which, under the guise of a tale of a nest of robins, is calculated to inculcate lessons of domestic virtue. It is most pleasingly told, and perhaps there are few of the present generation who have not, whilst in their nurseries, taken an interest in the weal and woes of Robin, Dicky, Flapsey, and Pecksey.

In the year 1786, appeared the first edition of "The Economy of Charity." So numerous were the applications made to Mrs. Trimmer respecting the promotion and management of Sunday-schools, that she thought a volume of general information upon the subject might prove acceptable to the public, and at the same time induce charitable persons to undertake the establishment of them, and of other beneficial charities.

To Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, are we, in the first instance, indebted for the institution of Sunday-schools, before which, with the exception of a few parochial charity-schools, and some endowed and supported by charitable individuals, there were scarcely any establishments for the education of the poor. In the present day, so numerous are the Sunday and weekly schools, and so much has been done by the Lancaster and Bell system of instruction, that few of the poor need remain wholly untaught.

Mrs. Trimmer's work proved very useful at the time of its first publication, when there were comparatively but few charity schools in existence; it went successively through three editions, and then remained some time out of print. After having been frequently solicited on the subject, she was induced to publish a revised and enlarged edition, in the year 1801, suited to the state of the charitable institutions of that period.

"The Servant's Friend" succeeded the "Economy of

Charity," and was followed by "The Two Farmers." This last was printed in September, 1786.

The original intention of these two little works, which, with many others of hers, are amongst those published by "the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," was to inculcate on the lower orders of people sentiments of humanity respecting the treatment of animals under a familiar form, suited to their ideas and station in life. She, however, took a wider range, and instruction of various kinds was introduced.

On the 19th of November, 1786, Mrs. Trimmer had the honour of attending her Majesty Queen Charlotte, by her desire, to consult with her respecting the establishment of Sunday-schools at Windsor. Mrs. Trimmer records that she had "inexpressible pleasure in her sensible, humane, and truly christian conversation."

On the preceding 24th of April, Mrs. Trimmer had the misfortune to lose her daughter Annabella, a most promising child of five years, of the terrible disorder dropsy of the brain. To so affectionate a mother the trial was a severe one, but she seems to have borne it with truly christian resignation. In a letter to a friend, dated Brentford, Aug. 6, 1785, she says, "My health and spirits have suffered greatly, but, thank God, the former is perfectly restored, and the latter much mended. As soon as I was equal to the exertion, I had recourse to my pen, a never failing remedy with me against sorrow. Very fortunately for me, Sunday-schools were set on foot amongst us, a few months after the death of my dear child, the chief management of which falls upon us, and requires a great deal of attention. They have employed my time and thoughts very much, and proved a most seasonable

relief for diverting my mind from a subject I should otherwise have dwelt upon. Our schools at present consist of thirty-seven boys and one hundred and twenty-two girls, and are very promising. We have very good teachers, and all my family, and three ladies, who are our particular friends, attend every Sunday to assist in instructing the children. We promise ourselves great satisfaction from the employment. It is very delightful to see with what readiness the children attend, how willing they are to receive instruction, and how greatly some improve."

In a postscript to this letter, she gives the following account of the origin of the "Servant's Friend:" "The little work entitled the 'Servant's Friend,' was written partly in consequence of a hint given by the Monthly Review, which was lavish in its praise of my 'Fabulous Histories,' last March, and partly in compliance with a request from a charitable lady in Kent, conveyed to me by Mrs. Carter, who translated Epictetus. I intended to give instructions to the lower ranks of children respecting their treatment of animals, but got the book to the present size before I could introduce them. That remains to be done in the sequel, which is in great forwardness."

The charitable lady was Mrs. Denward, of Hardres Court, in Kent, the widow of a clergyman, who, through the medium of a common friend, had induced the celebrated Mrs. Carter to transmit some hints for Mrs. Trimmer's consideration, which she afterwards embodied in "The Two Farmers," and which she wished to have dedicated to the lady whose suggestions produced the work, but this was declined from motives of delicacy. A correspondence took place between these two excellent women,

and Mrs. Denward frequently sent farther hints and suggestions to Mrs. Trimmer; one in particular, Nov. 8, 1786, about a spinning-wheel, of which she had read an account in the paper, invented by Mr. Bernard Barton, of Carlisle, and which she thought might be introduced with advantage among the poorer classes. Mrs. Trimmer approved of and adopted the idea, and it was the origin of a school of industry in Brentford, where Mrs. Trimmer resided, which, under a somewhat different form, has flourished many years, and has proved a lasting benefit to the town. Numerous schools were formed upon the model of this, as ladies were induced, by the description of it in "The Economy of Charity," to found similar establishments.

Mrs. Trimmer continued her correspondence with Mrs. Denward for some time, till the eyesight of the latter entirely failed her. This lady died in 1806, at the advanced age of ninety-six; and unfortunately, her executor destroyed Mrs. Trimmer's letters, in which, had they been preserved, doubtlessly many interesting particulars of the rise and progress of the Sunday-schools and schools of industry would have been narrated; also, anecdotes relating to the various publications of Mrs. Trimmer, who was, perhaps, more indebted to Mrs. Denward than to any other individual for encouragement in her productions for the poor.

Mrs. Trimmer was so much occupied during the year 1787, and the two following years, in the establishment of Sunday-schools and schools of industry, that she had but little time for writing, excepting upon this subject. Numerous were the applications made to her, and delighted was she to assist in the furtherance of so good a cause. She gives the following account of the origin of

the "Economy of Charity," which greatly contributed to the spread of these useful institutions. "Some time in the last autumn, I received a message from the Queen, desiring me to attend her at a certain hour, and I accordingly waited upon her Majesty, who received me with the most condescending kindness, and told me she had heard of the success of the schools under my inspection, and being very anxious for their establishment at Windsor, desired to have information on the subject. I was honoured with a conference of two hours. It is impossible to do justice to the charming manner in which the Queen expressed the most benevolent sentiments, and the tenderest regard for the happiness of the poor. My 'Economy,' was written in consequence of this interview, and I was allowed to dedicate it to her Majesty."

The Family Magazine was a periodical, carried on about this time by Mrs. Trimmer, intended as a book of instruction and amusement for cottagers and servants, each number containing a sermon, descriptions of foreign countries, and "Instructive Tales," which latter, under this denomination, have since been collected into a small volume, and published separately. The scene is laid in a country village, of which Mr. Andrews is the squire, who, together with his amiable lady, is represented as taking great interest in their poor neighbours, and as being greatly desirous of contributing to their welfare and happiness. The stories are designed to convey instructive lessons to the lower orders, and to point out to their superiors the proper methods of eradicating faults incident to their humble stations in life.

The perusal of Madame De Genlis's "Adele et Theodore," which first made its appearance in England about the year 1787, suggested to Mrs. Trimmer the

idea of having prints engraved, representing events in history, both sacred and profane, to hang up in nurseries, with books of explanation. She accordingly selected subjects, and wrote descriptions of the prints. These, at first, were fastened on pasteboard, but afterwards, as more convenient, were bound up in a small volume. Various alterations have from time to time been made in these little works. At present, the prints are placed at the head of the chapter, and not collected in separate books as formerly. These little histories are pleasingly told, and the prints are well calculated to impress the leading facts of history, both ancient and modern, upon the infant mind. The picture is often remembered, when perhaps the fact, uninteresting to a child, might have been consigned to oblivion, but for this assistance to the memory.

For the idea of having historical prints *engraved*, though Mrs. Trimmer was certainly indebted to Madame de Genlis, yet she previously had been in the habit of illustrating her anecdotes and stories to her children, by drawings such as fell in her way, or she would entertain them with subjects similar to those to which the pictures themselves referred. On the sabbath, it was a source of great amusement with them, to spend hours in inspecting the engravings to Stackhouse's Commentary on the Bible, and in searching in the Scriptures for the texts referred to at the bottom of the engraving.

About this period, a lady, the wife of a member of parliament, totally a stranger to Mrs. Trimmer, excepting through her works and general character, made a proposal to her, to undertake the care of a family of young children, who had just lost their mother, the widowed father being anxious to secure to his offspring

the best education in his power. The offer was declined; but its having been made, evinces the estimation in which this excellent lady was held.

Mrs. Trimmer was, indeed, frequently applied to by families in need of governesses; but though this entailed upon her considerable trouble, it opened to her an extensive field of doing good, both to the young ladies for whom she often obtained comfortable situations, and also to the families with whom they became intimates. She also took pains to procure assistance for clergymen, who, from unavoidable circumstances, were involved in misfortune, and as pious and charitable persons often applied to her for the means of distributing their alms, she frequently had opportunities of being extremely useful.

Mrs. Trimmer's exertions in behalf of the poor were not confined merely to their spiritual wants, but were extended also to their temporal necessities. In sorrow, she comforted them; in sickness, she visited them; and occasionally pleaded their wants with those, who had more means within their power of alleviating distresses of this nature than herself.

During the greater part of the year 1790, Mrs. Trimmer was too much indisposed to continue her literary exertions; which was a source of great vexation to her, as she had several works in hand which she hoped would prove of utility to the rising generation. At different times, however, appeared the "Attempt to Familiarize the Catechism of the Church of England," the "Explanation of the Office of Baptism," and the "Comment on the Book of Common Prayer;" which last work is in the style of the "Annotations on Sacred History," chiefly consisting of comments on the epistles and gospels, being designed to follow the "Sacred History," a volume of the same size.

Having long observed and lamented that the instruction to charity children was given in a superficial manner, and little was understood that was learnt by heart, Mrs. Trimmer endeavoured to rectify the evil which had become more obvious to her since she had regularly attended the Sunday schools in her neighbourhood. She had already written "A little Spelling-book for Children," "Easy Lessons," &c., but she now applied herself more exclusively to the instruction of the poorer classes. For this purpose were written the "Charity School Spelling-book," in two parts, the "Teacher's Assistant," the "Abridgment of Scripture History," and "The Scripture Catechism;" all of which works, together with her "Servant's Friend" and "Two Farmers," have been adopted by the "Society for promoting Christian Knowledge," and are consequently in universal circulation. Though composed expressly for the poor, they have been found useful, and have been frequently employed, by persons engaged in the tuition of children in the higher ranks of life; particularly the "Scripture Catechism."

Another of Mrs. Trimmer's works is entitled a "Help to the Unlearned," which contains a short explanation of every chapter in the Bible, in the order in which they stand in the sacred volume. This is somewhat above the comprehension of the lowest orders of the people, but it is well suited to intelligent servants, and has been read and approved of even by persons in a superior rank of life.

The "Guardian of Education" was a periodical work, requiring intense labour and application. This was undertaken by Mrs. Trimmer in consequence of her having observed the mischief which had crept into various publications designed for youth. Her first idea was merely to write a critique on some of the most objectionable of

these publications; but the suggestion of the utility of examining books of education, as well as those for the use of children, induced her to enlarge her plan. It was at first published monthly, then quarterly; but the fatigue attendant upon it at length brought on so serious an illness, that Mrs. Trimmer was obliged to bring it to a conclusion.

In each number was an essay on Christian Education, which were, after the death of the writer, published collectively in one volume.

In one of Mrs. Trimmer's letters, she tells her correspondent, "There is a little work sold by Marshall, in Aldermanbury church-yard, called 'Dramatic Pieces,' calculated to exemplify the mode of conduct which will render young ladies amiable and happy, when their school education is completed. Give me leave to recommend this to your perusal. I have an idea that it will please you. These dramatic pieces were written by an unfortunate lady of whom you may perhaps have heard—Mrs, ———. They passed through my hands to the press."

This was written in 1788. They are entitled "Dramas for the Benefit of Young Ladies; containing, 'The Good Mother-in-law,' 'Good Daughter-in-law,' &c."

It was about the same period that Mrs. Trimmer received a visit from Mrs. Hannah More, who was then first beginning to run her race of usefulness. She had recently published "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great;" so that it might truly be said, that at this time the one was instructing the poor, the other improving the rich. The communications upon their common ground of Christian benevolence, appear to have been not unfrequent; and it is more than likely that Miss

Hannah More took many hints from what she saw practised at Brentford, for the formation and instruction of her schools in Somersetshire.

In the Spring of 1791, Mrs. Trimmer attended the death-bed of her husband's father, whose life was extended to the great age of eighty-eight. She says of him, that he was as affectionate and as dear to her, as if he had been her own father.

In the following autumn, her feelings were acutely tried, by the dangerous illness and death of one of her sons, a promising youth of sixteen, which took place at Margate, during the time when her sister-in-law was supposed to be dying, and Mr. Trimmer himself was attacked with a most dangerous disorder.

In the following year, a still more heavy loss awaited her, for, on the 15th of May, Mr. Trimmer was suddenly taken from his unfortunate wife and family. Mrs. Trimmer says, "The stroke was as sudden as it was fatal. I was in a comfortable sleep, when I was awakened by his making a noise in his throat as if he was choking. I raised him as quick as possible, and perceived he was in a fit; not being able to support him by myself, I called one of my sons, who came to me instantly, but his dear father was insensible of our attentions, and discovered no other signs of life than fetching his breath a few times, at distant intervals, but in a quarter of an hour he breathed his last. Thus did it please the Almighty to dissolve a union which had for upwards of twenty-nine years been a source of great happiness to me, and thus were my dear children deprived of the most tender and affectionate of parents."

Mr. Trimmer was a most excellent man, and "his life was a continued series of benevolent and upright

conduct." The evening preceding his death, he was engaged, before he retired to rest, in writing letters to compose certain differences between some parties who were at variance; thus to the last, being occupied in Christian duties. The loss of such a friend and companion could not but be severely felt; but Mrs. Trimmer lived in humble acquiescence to the will of the Almighty, and instead of sinking under the blow, she redoubled her efforts to do good; and in her continued exertions to be useful to the world, she found the best solace for her affliction.

It was not long after this melancholy event had taken place that a most distressing case was brought to Mrs. Trimmer's notice, of an unfortunate lady, who, in the most reduced circumstances, was on the brink of starvation, in an obscure lodging-house at Brentford. She had only been prevented putting an end to her existence by a poor woman who lodged in the same room, and by whom her miserable state was related to Mrs. Trimmer.

Her only son, a captain in the army, being in the West Indies, her necessities were relieved by Mrs. Trimmer, who removed her into a more comfortable abode, and she then wrote to him, acquainting him with the distressing state of destitution in which she had found his aged parent. This affair gave her much trouble, but she had the happiness of at length prevailing on the son to pay attention to her remonstrances, and to secure an annuity for the unfortunate woman, who was, however, released from her suffering in the year 1794.

Another case, in which her benevolence induced her to become a mediatrix, was for an unhappy young woman, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, who had been brought up with the greatest care and delicacy,

probably, however, receiving rather a fashionable than a religious education, as, at an early age, she run away with a servant in her father's family. She was, in consequence, entirely thrown off by her parents, and was reduced to the utmost distress, working as a hay-maker in the fields. In this case, however, her exertions were less successful.

In 1803, the venerable Bishop of London evinced the interest he took in Mrs. Trimmer and her family, by bestowing upon one of her sons the living of Beston. The regard he had to her comfort by placing him near his mother, redoubled the obligation in Mrs. Trimmer's estimation.

In 1806, Mrs. Trimmer published a pamphlet under the title of "A Comparative View of the New Plan of Education," &c. &c. This work, tending to show the evils of too generalizing a system for the poor, was the beginning of a discussion which has since much occupied the public, and which contributed materially to the rise of the important institution of the National Society.

The last of Mrs. Trimmer's literary undertakings was a volume of Sermons, abridged from the works of our most eminent divines, intended for the use of families. It is entitled "Family Sermons."

The labours of this excellent woman were now drawing to a close. On the 15th of December, 1810, Mrs. Trimmer, having nearly attained the allotted age of man, threescore years and ten, was gently summoned to another and a better world, with scarcely an hour's indisposition, and with no symptoms of illness that could alarm the family. As she was sitting in her study, in the chair she was accustomed to write, she bowed her head upon her bosom, and meekly yielded her spirit into

the hands of her Creator. Her children, who were in the habit of seeing her occasionally taking repose in this manner, for some time could scarcely persuade themselves that she was not asleep, and it was not for a considerable period that the conviction reached them that it was the sleep of death.

In person Mrs. Trimmer was pleasing and agreeable; her countenance bore the marks of a superior understanding, and was highly indicative of the benevolence and peace that reigned within.

WORKS.

Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature, 1780

Sacred History, selected from the Scriptures, with Annotations and Reflections, 1782.

Fabulous Histories, 1785.

Economy of Charity, 1786.

The Servant's Friend.

The Two Farmers, 1786.

The Family Magazine, with Instructive Tales.

Sacred and Profane Histories.

Attempt to familiarize the Catechism of the Church of England.

Explanation of the Office of Baptism.

Comments on the Book of Common Prayer.

Sacred History.

Annotations on Sacred History.

Spelling Book for Children.

Easy Lessons.

The Charity School Spelling Book.

The Teacher's Assistant.

Abridgment of Scripture History.

The Scripture Catechism.

Help to the Unlearned.

The Guardian of Education.

Comparative View of the New Plans of Education, 1806.

Family Sermons.

MRS. BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on June 20th, 1743. She was the only daughter and eldest child of the Rev. John Aiken, and of Jane his wife, the daughter of a dissenting minister, the Rev. John Jennings, who for some years kept an academy at Kibworth, and who was known, not only for his piety and learning, but also as having been the preceptor of the celebrated and excellent Dr. Doddridge, and who subsequently succeeded him in the care of the school.

Mr. Aiken was the son of a Scotchman, who settled in London as a shopkeeper. He was himself also intended for trade, and even entered a merchant's counting-house as French clerk; but his health incapacitating him from living in the metropolis, he was placed under Dr. Doddridge's care, when, the bent of his mind for learning soon strongly manifesting itself, he obtained his father's consent to devote himself to the Christian ministry. He finished his course with Dr. Doddridge, and

subsequently completed an extensive plan of study at the university of Aberdeen. He then became the assistant of his old master, Dr. Doddridge, and was soon afterwards elected as the pastor of a respectable congregation at Leicester; but his lungs not being strong enough for preaching, he was forced to abandon that line of life, and soon after he opened a school of his own at Kibworth, which his learning and abilities soon raised into repute.

It was here that his celebrated daughter Anna Letitia was born.

Miss Aiken early evinced an uncommon aptitude for study, as even in infancy she was described by her mother as "a little girl who was as eager to learn as her instructors could be to teach her, and who, at two years old, could read sentences and little stories in her *wise book*, roundly, without spelling, and in half a year more could read as well as most women.'

The first fifteen years of her life were passed at the retired village of Kibworth, in almost utter seclusion, partly arising, probably, from the nature of her father's employment, and also, perhaps, from the severity and precision of manners which, a century ago, prevailed among the Protestant dissenters, the descendants of the Puritans or non-conformists.

Her education was entirely domestic, and during her childhood she had no suitable companion of her own sex and age with whom to associate. From the apprehensions that were entertained, lest, in this dearth of society, her manners might too much assimilate with those of the rougher sex by whom she was surrounded, maternal care was excited to instil into her a double portion of bashfulness and womanly timidity, which, in-

deed she could never in after years entirely shake off, and which she imputed to the strictness and seclusion with which she had been brought up. Fortunately, however, Mrs. Aiken, her mother, was a lady of polished manners and cultivated mind; she had also had the advantage of religious and enlightened parents, and of having associated much with Dr. Doddridge, who, for some years, had been domesticated under her paternal roof.

Mr. Aiken appears to have participated, in some degree, in the prejudices of those who would debar females from all acquaintance with classical literature, and for some time he withstood his daughter's wish to be instructed in the learned languages. She at length overcame his scruples, and Miss Aiken, with his assistance, became enabled to read the Latin, and even attained some acquaintance with the Greek language.

In 1758, when she had just attained the age of fifteen, her father received an invitation to undertake the office of classical tutor to the then flourishing dissenting academy at Warrington, in Lancashire. This was a fortunate removal for Miss Aiken, as, by this means, she became acquainted with a number of learned and scientific persons, who were connected, in a similar manner, with the Warrington academy. Among these may be enumerated, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Reinhold, Mr. Foster, the naturalist, and Dr. Enfield.

Miss Aiken was at this time possessed of considerable beauty, traces of which she retained to the last period of her life. Her person was slender, her features regular, her complexion exquisitely fair, with a fine bloom, and her dark blue eyes beamed with intelligence. Her talents were, doubtlessly, appreciated by the congenial

minds with whom she now associated, and she naturally took a warm interest in the success of an institution, where the most brilliant, and, probably, the happiest part of her existence was passed. She has transmitted its praise to posterity in her animated poem, "The Invitation."

This was published in a volume of poems which first made their appearance in 1773, and which were so much admired, as to pass through four editions within the first twelvemonth. It was by the persuasion, and with the assistance of her brother, that these poems were selected, revised, and arranged; and, as she continued for some time nervously averse to their being printed, he perused the papers, and set the press to work on his own authority. The result fully justified his expectations, and the poetry of Miss Aiken became celebrated in all quarters.

This brother, afterwards Dr. Aiken, having chosen the medical profession, in preference to the study of divinity, for which he was originally intended, had been, at an early age, articled to a surgeon in Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, of the name of Garthstore, from whence he went to the University of Edinburgh; and, in 1770, when anxious to settle in life, he had begun to practise at Chester, but not finding a sufficient opening there, he repaired to Warrington, an event which must have proved mutually agreeable and beneficial to himself and his sister.

Mr. Aiken had already appeared in print; in 1772, he had published a volume entitled "Essays on Song Writing, with a Collection of such English Songs as are most eminent for Poetical Merit." This was favourably

received, and is interesting from the circumstance of its suggesting to his sister her little poem on "The Origin of Song Writing."

The well-deserved success of their respective publications induced Mr. Aiken to urge his sister to join him in forming a small volume of their various prose pieces, which were published in the same year, 1773, under the title of "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aiken." These have been frequently reprinted, and have been much admired. That, by Miss Aiken, "Against Inconsistency in our Expectations," cannot be too much studied and imprinted on our minds, and many a heartache might be spared if we were to attend to the advice it contains.

In 1774 an important change took place in the circumstances of Miss Aiken, as in that year, at the age of thirty-one, she became the wife of the Reverend Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister, who was the descendant of one of the French refugee Protestant families who fled from the tyranny of Louis XIV. His grandfather had, when a boy, been conveyed on board ship, inclosed in a cask. Settling in England, his son became a clergyman of the established church, and on the marriage of the Princess Mary, daughter of George II., in 1741, to the Elector of Hesse Cassel, he was appointed one of her chaplains, and attended her to Cassel. Here his son Rochemont was born, who was originally intended also for the church, but being sent to complete his studies at the dissenting academy of Warrington, he naturally imbibed the principles inculcated there, and though, perhaps, the Calvinism of the French Huguenots might well assimilate with those of the Puritans of our

civil wars, yet, at this time, the doctrines taught at Warrington offered an insuperable obstacle to any of its pupils joining the Church of England.

Thus, being prevented by conscientious scruples from advancing himself in the only profession in which he had any chance of success, Mr. Barbauld's prospects were for some time full of uncertainty, and insuperable obstacles at first appeared to prevent his union with Miss Aiken. It was at this period suggested by Mrs. Montagu, and other distinguished characters, that, under their auspices, she should undertake an establishment, which, from its plan, might almost be termed a college for young ladies. This was, however, declined by Miss Aiken, not only from a becoming diffidence of her own competency for this important undertaking, but also from her doubts of the expediency of such publicity of education for a female. Her observations on the subject are marked by the good sense and sound judgment which are evident in most of her writings. In speaking of the proposed plan, she says—

"It appears to me better calculated to form such characters as the 'Precieuses,' or the 'Femmes Scavantes' of Molière, than good wives or agreeable companions. Young gentlemen, who are to display their knowledge to the world, should have every motive of emulation. * * * * But young ladies, who ought only to have such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour, should gain these accomplishments in a more quiet and unobserved manner,—subject to a regulation like that of the ancient Spartans. The thefts of knowledge in our sex are only connived at

while carefully concealed, and if displayed, punished with disgrace. The best way for women to acquire knowledge is from conversation with a father, a brother, or a friend, in the way of family intercourse and easy conversation, and by such a course of reading as they may recommend."

This idea, which seems to have arisen from a wish for a more enlarged system of female education than then prevailed, appears to have dropped; and Mr. Barbauld, soon after accepting the charge of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, in Suffolk, opened a boarding-school for boys in that neighbourhood.

The celebrity attached to the name of Miss Aiken, and her active participation in the labours of instruction, soon brought their establishment into great repute, and many are the literary characters who imbibed their first ideas of learning and eloquence under the superintendence of Mrs. Barbauld.

One of the pupils of Mr. Barbauld, William Taylor, Esq. of Norwich,* in a biographical notice of his friend and brother scholar, Dr. Sayers, M.D., of the same city, says, "Among the instructions bestowed at Palgrave, Dr. Sayers has repeatedly observed to me, that he most valued the lessons of English composition superintended by Mrs. Barbauld. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the boys were called in separate classes to her apartments: she read a fable, a short story, or a moral essay, and then sent them back into the school-room, to write it out on the slates in their own words. Each exercise was separately overlooked by her; the faults of

* Mr. Taylor is known by his English Synonyms, his Iphigenia in Tauris, and Leonora, from the German. Dr. Sayers was the author of Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology.

grammar were obliterated, the vulgarisms were chastised, the idle epithets were cancelled, and a distinct reason was always assigned for every correction; so that the arts of auditing and of criticism were in some degree learnt together. Many a lad from the great schools, who excels in Latin and Greek, cannot write properly a vernacular letter, for want of some such discipline."

Mrs. Barbauld must have had a great love as well as talent for the education of infancy, for not many years after her marriage, on finding she had no children, she made an application to her brother, Dr. Aiken, for one of his, whom she might adopt and bring up as her own.

Mr. Aiken, who had been for some years married to his cousin Martha, the youngest daughter of his maternal uncle, Mr. Arthur Jennings, had now an increasing family, and in the year 1777, yielding to the entreaties of his sister, his youngest son Charles was consigned to her care, whilst yet an infant under two years of age.

Mrs. Barbauld appears to have been delighted with her young charge, who was destined to become an important personage in half the nurseries of the kingdom, as he was the hero of, and it was for his use that his aunt wrote, her "Lessons for Children," a work which, though sixty years have elapsed since it was first penned, has not been excelled in its peculiar adaptation to an infant's mind.

Mrs. Barbauld, in the introduction to this work, says—"To lay the first stone of a noble building, and to plant the first idea in a human mind, can be no dishonour to any hand;" and, probably, there is many a mind, in

which her little elementary work laid the foundation for many an after train of noble thought.

In her correspondence with her brother, Mrs Barbauld often speaks with eminent exultation of the flourishing state of their establishment, among whom were to be found several members of noble families; indeed, so great was its reputation, that she was solicited by parents to take their children from the earliest age under her own peculiar care. Among these may be mentioned the present Lord Chief Justice Denman—who was committed to her charge before he was four years old—and Sir William Gell. It was for the benefit of these, her infant scholars, that she was induced to compose her "Hymns in Prose;" the peculiar design of which publication was "to impress devotional feelings as early as possible on the infant mind;"—for, she says, "a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no

[redacted]osom has Mrs. Barbauld, "by deep, [redacted]manent association, laid a foundation for [redacted]ion" in after life. In her highly poetical [redacted] inferior to that of Holy Writ, when the winter is over and gone, the buds come out on the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout," what heart can be so insensible as not to join in the grand chorus of nature, and "on every hill, and in every green field, to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise."

With each revolving year, the simple lessons of infancy are recalled to our minds, when we watch the

beautiful succession of nature, and think, "How doth every plant know its season to put forth? They are marshalled in order; each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank."

"The snowdrop and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh they say, here we are! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months.

Who can observe all this, and not exclaim with her, "Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves.

"Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind.

"They all speak of him who made them; they all tell us he is very good."

She does indeed instruct us how to

> "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

In 1775, Mrs. Barbauld published Pieces, compiled from the Psalms of Thoughts on the Devotional Taste, and on Establishments," which did not meet with the success as her preceding works; but her reputation as an authoress was now well established, and her society courted in various quarters.

Mrs. Barbauld had the advantage of mingling in circles very different from each other. Her own connexions were among the leading Dissenters and persons of the then opposition politics, whilst Mr. Barbauld's were courtiers and members of the Established Church. At the house of Mrs. Montagu, who was an early and con-

stant admirer of hers, she associated with individuals high in rank and literary fame; whilst under the humble roof of her friend and publisher, Mr. Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, on terms of greater equality, she tasted "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

During the intervals of leisure afforded by the vacations, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld generally visited their friends in the country, or paid visits to the metropolis; but notwithstanding these little breaks in the monotonous business of tuition, at the end of eleven years, their health and spirits being somewhat impaired by their exertions, they resolved upon relinquishing their establishment at Palgrave, and in the autumn of 1785 they indulged themselves in a continental tour.

They continued their route as far as Geneva, and when they returned to England, in the following year, they settled at Hampstead, Mr. Barbauld having been elected the minister of a dissenting congregation there, [redacted] years he took a few pupils, whilst Mrs. [redacted] daily instructions to a young lady, whose [redacted] her residence there, to secure to her [redacted] benefit of her tuition.

[redacted] winter [redacted] miscellaneous papers, both in prose and verse, [redacted] the trees, [redacted] from the events of the day, were all that for some [redacted] time proceeded from Mrs. Barbauld's pen. Her poetical "Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce" appeared in 1791; her "Remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's Inquiry into the Expediency and Propriety of Public or Social Worship," and her "Sins of Government Sins of the Nation," in the year 1793; but a far more popular work, to which she largely contributed, was Dr. Aiken's very amusing "Evenings at Home," the first volume of which appeared in 1792, and which still remains a favourite work for

young people. Many of the more fanciful and ingenious papers were of her composition: The Transmigrations of Indur, The Fairy Tale, Order and Disorder, The Seasons, &c.

In 1795 and 1797, she composed two critical essays, to be prefixed to ornamental editions of Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination and the Odes of Collins; and in 1804, she offered to the public a selection from her favourite works, the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, and Freeholder, with a preliminary essay, in which the mutual influence exerted by books and manners on each is remarked, and the gradual change from the active circulation of a book till it retires to the shelves of the library as a classic. An account of each particular work is added, with a slight sketch of the state of society at the period of its appearance, the objects they had in view, and the effects they produced.

In the same year Mrs. Barbauld undertook the selection and arrangement of the letters of Richardson to his correspondents, which had remained in the hands of his last surviving daughter, and at her death, were purchased of her grandchildren; to which she prefixed a life of Richardson, and a review of his works. Her own part of the performance would, probably, be generally considered as the most interesting; but still, to those partial to this style of reading, the letters themselves are amusing, and full of particulars of the literary coterie of which Richardson was the Magnus Apollo, and where he, "like Cato, gave his little senate laws."

In the year 1802, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld left Hampstead to settle at Stoke Newington, where Mr. Barbauld had received an invitation to become the pastor of the dissenting congregation at Newington Green, which had

formerly been Dr. Price's. The chief, perhaps the sole reason for this removal, was, that they might be in the immediate neighbourhood of Dr. Aiken, who had resided in that village ever since 1798. The dissolution of the academy at Warrington in 1783, and the dispersion, in consequence, of the little knot of literary society in that neighbourhood, had induced Dr. Aiken to take his doctor's degree at Leyden, in 1784, and to attempt a higher line of practice, where there would be a more extensive field for his exertions.

At the close of the year 1784, Dr. Aiken repaired to Yarmouth, accompanied by his family and mother, who had resided with him since the death of her husband in 1780. He was succeeded in his tutorship by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, between whose family and that of Dr. Aiken an intimate friendship was formed, which was cemented, in 1806, by the union of Mrs. Barbauld's adopted Charles, with the eldest daughter of Mr. Wakefield. Mrs. Aiken stopping on the road to pay her daughter, Mrs. Barbauld, a visit, was seized with illness, at Palgrave, which speedily terminated in her death.

Dr. Aiken had an excellent opening at Yarmouth, and a fair share of practice, but latterly politics divided the society there, and his, not coinciding with those of the leading party in Yarmouth, his situation became unpleasant, and he finally resolved on moving to London in 1792, where he resided, till obliged by the state of his health, in 1798, to leave the metropolis for Newington.

Many literary works had, at various times, proceeded from Mr. Aikin's pen, besides the "Evenings at Home," the greater part of which was originally written for the instruction of his own family. In 1796, he undertook the editorship of the Monthly Magazine, and in con-

junction with Dr. English, he began his "General Biography," which occupied his attention for nineteen years, and which extended to ten volumes quarto.

It had long been the mutual wish of Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld to pass the evening of their days in the society of each other; and this wish, which had been affectingly expressed in a poetical epistle, addressed, in 1785, by the brother to his sister, whilst she was at Geneva, was now to be gratified:

> "How many years have whirled their rapid course,
> Since we, sole streamlets from one honoured source,
> In fond affection as in blood allied,
> Have wandered devious from each other's side,
> Allowed to catch alone some transient view,
> Scarce long enough to think the vision true!
> O then, while yet some zest of life remains,
> While transport yet can swell the beating veins,
> While sweet remembrance keeps her wonted seat,
> And fancy still retains some genial heat;
> When evening bids each busy task be o'er—
> Once let us meet again, to part no more!"

It is pleasant to see the brother and sister, though separated by even tenderer ties from the constant society of each other, still retaining through life the same warm affection, arising, not merely from the fraternal connexion, but still more from a similarity of taste and genius, unalloyed by envy or jealousy, and at the close of their lives, when each had acquired an honourable station amidst the literary characters of their country, again renewing the social intercourse of their youthful days.

The happiness of Mrs. Barbauld, was, however, of no very long duration, for on the 11th November, 1808, her husband was taken from her. "His latter days were oppressed by a morbid affection of the spirits, in a great

degree hereditary, which came gradually upon him, and closed the scene of his earthly usefulness; yet in the midst of the irritation it occasioned, the kindness of his nature broke forth, and some of his last acts were acts of benevolence."

His death was probably a happy release from sufferings of a melancholy nature, but after an union of thirty-four years, the separation was a painful trial to his widow.

It was not till 1810 that Mrs. Barbauld again resumed her literary pursuits, when a collection of British Novelists, edited by her, issued from the press, to which were prefixed, an Introductory Essay, together with Biographical and Critical Notices.

In the following year, she compiled, for the use of young ladies, a volume of verse and prose, entitled "The Female Speaker," and soon afterwards, an original composition appeared in verse—"Eighteen Hundred and Eleven." In this, which contains some beautiful passages, Mrs. Barbauld has, perhaps, rather adopted the gloomy views of those who anticipated the downfal of England's glory, from the doubtful struggle in which she was then engaged; and, in consequence, notwithstanding her sex and age, her blameless character and literary reputation, she was attacked by some, who were so illiberal as not to be able to make allowances for the circumstances under which the work was composed.

The venerable septuagenarian appears to have felt somewhat keenly this unkind treatment, and henceforth she confined every literary attempt to her own immediate circle, and retired from the world to her own connexion and friends, by whom she was honoured and beloved. She lived many years in undisturbed peace, though it was her lot to suffer the penalty of advanced

life, in the seeing the friends of her youth gradually drop into the grave, one after the other. Her brother, Dr. Aiken, died in December, 1822; after a long decline; and just after she had consented to take up her abode under the roof of the child adopted by her in her prime of life, whose infancy she had tended, and who now wished to repay in her failing years the attention she had lavished on his early ones, she herself was attacked by illness at the house of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aiken, where she was on a visit, and on the morning of March the 9th, 1825, she expired without a struggle, in the eighty-second year of her age.

The works of Mrs. Barbauld for children entitle her to the gratitude of all those who have the care of education, and many of her other miscellaneous performances evince not only sound judgment and good sense, but also brilliancy of imagination and a considerable degree of wit. Her allegory of "The Hill of Science," will bear a comparison with the beutif ul ones of Addison.

Mrs. Barbauld's works are very slightly tinged with the peculiar tenets of the sect to which she belonged. Indeed, she appears ever to have been in principle equally opposed to superstition and fanaticism, to sectarianism and persecution. In spirit, it would rather seem as if she were of the moderate party of the Church of England, which boasts so many amiable and learned divines, who, holding fast the profession of their own faith, can make charitable and liberal allowances for those who differ from them either in opinion or in discipline.

Since Mrs. Barbauld's demise, a small volume of miscellaneous pieces, chiefly intended for young females, has been published, among which may be found several excellent and original observations.

Mrs. Barbauld was exemplary in every relation of life; as a wife, a sister, and a friend, she was beloved, admired, and esteemed; and she must ever be considered as an ornament both to her sex and to her native land.

WORKS.

Poems, 1773.

Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aiken, 1773.

Devotional Pieces, &c. 1775.

Lessons for Children.

Hymns in Prose.

Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce, 1791.

Remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's Enquiry into the Expediency and Propriety of Public Worship, 1793.

Sins of Government, 1793.

Contributions to the Evenings at Home, 1792.

Essays Prefixed to Editions of Akenside and Collins, 1795—1797.

Selections from the Spectator, Tattler, Guardian, and Freeholder, 1804.

Correspondence of Richardson, with Life, &c. 1804.

British Novelists, with Essays and Biographical Notices, 1810.

The Female Speaker, 1811.

Eighteen Hundred and Eleven—a Poem, 1812.

Miscellanies for Young Females, &c.

MISS SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD was born on the 12th December, 1744, at Eyam, in Derbyshire, of which place her father, Mr. Seward, was rector, and where the first six or seven years of her life were spent. The family then removed to Lichfield, in 1754, where, with but very few interruptions, the rest of her life was passed.

She was the eldest of two daughters, the sole survivors of a numerous family. Her father had some pretensions as a poet, and was besides a good classical scholar, and several of his productions were printed in Dodsley's Collection. In 1750, he published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, which Sir Walter Scott describes as evincing a considerable degree of information and sound criticism.

The name of Miss Seward's mother was Hunter; she was the daughter of Mr. Hunter, the head master of the school at Lichfield, the preceptor of Johnson, Garrick, and of other eminent literary characters. But for intellectual employments, Mrs. Seward seems to have had little inclination, and in fact she rather discouraged the early

indications of talent in her daughter; so much so, indeed, that poetry was almost altogether prohibited, and ornamental needlework substituted in its place.

Mr. Seward, as Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, was, together with his family, of course entitled to move in the first circles there, and his daughters, as reputed heiresses, met with much homage and attention.

Miss Seward, in early youth, must, in addition to her mental accomplishments, have possessed considerable personal attractions; for, in 1807, when arrived at her grand climacteric, Sir Walter Scott thus describes her: "When young, she must have been exquisitely beautiful; for in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade of her hair, and possessed great expression. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker, and, as it were, to flash fire. Her stature was tall, and her form was originally elegant, but having broken the patella of the knee by a fall, in the year 1768, she walked with pain and difficulty, which increased with the pressure of years. Her tone of voice was melodious, guided by excellent taste, and well suited to reading and recitation, in which she willingly exercised it." It appears that she was considered to bear a strong resemblance to the late Mrs. Fitzherbert, and she was also occasionally thought like the pictures of Mary Queen of Scotland. In 1796, she thus more modestly describes herself: "I can believe what I am told about my countenance expressing the feelings of my heart, but I have no charms, no grace, no elegance of form or deportment. If, in youth, my complexion was clear, glowing, and animated,

—if my features were agreeable, though not regular, they have been the victims of time."

When about thirteen years of age, Miss Seward's father removed to the palace of Lichfield, which, though, of course, not his own property, singularly enough continued to be her residence until the time of her death.

It was about 1755, that Miss Honora Sneyd, the daughter of Edward Sneyd, esq., one of a family of eight children lately deprived of their mother, was partly adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Seward, and continued to reside with them from the age of five to nineteen, when she rejoined her family, till the period of her marriage. Miss Seward appears to have assisted in superintending her education, and to have formed for her the most romantic and enthusiastic friendship; and though, after her union with Mr. Edgworth, in 1773, their intimacy in some degree ceased, to the last moment of her life she retained for her lost Honora the warmest and tenderest affection.

Miss Seward was not herself eighteen years of age, when, in 1762, she inspired Col. T—— with an attachment as fervent as it was lasting. From her own account, she appears to have felt, at first, merely a girlish interest in, and curiosity for, his dignified seriousness of manner, and his refined attachment to Miss Georgiana Chadwick, afterwards Lady Middleton; but in becoming the confidante of his passion for an absent object, in a few weeks she found his affections were transferred to herself. His regiment then leaving Lichfield, they were separated for two years, when, on meeting again in London, their former friendship was renewed, and soon assumed the shape of love; but as Mr. T——'s fortune had been considerably diminished by the expenses of

his education, the price of his commission, and perhaps by the mismanagement of his guardians, during his minority, Mr. Seward gave a decided negative to his addresses, when the affair was brought to his notice by the observations of officious friends.

In this decision Miss Seward seems to have so perfectly acquiesced, that in the following year she began a flirtation, which on her part soon became an ardent attachment, with Colonel, afterwards General Vyse, a native of Lichfield, who in a few months avenged her inconstancy to Col. T——, by totally neglecting her, and in a couple of years afterwards marrying a friend of her's, whose fortune, then in her own possession, exceeded that which Miss Seward had only in prospect. Mrs. Vyse died in childbirth in the following year, when Miss Seward composed a monody to her memory.

Her lover, once more at liberty, again bowed at the shrine of rank and wealth, in preference to that of the Muses, and married a lady, whose father was high in military command, and during the war, the son-in-law soon rose to the rank of general. Miss Seward consoled herself for his desertion by composing several copies of verses and sprightly songs on the occasion, and soon resumed her tranquillity of mind; though she seems to have suffered sufficiently to have formed a sort of resolution to remain for ever a priestess of Apollo rather than to become a votary of Hymen.

Though she subsequently received several offers of marriage, they were all declined by her. Four years afterwards, Miss Seward again accidentally met Col. T—— in London, when he declared his unceasing affection, with his hopes that an acquisition to his fortune would now induce Mr. Seward to consent to their union.

Miss Seward was too much surprised at the moment to make him an immediate answer, and also somewhat ashamed to find how much he had surpassed herself in constancy; but, on the following day, she communicated to him by letter the complete change which had taken place in her feelings towards him,—from the apparent tranquillity of his deportment never for an instant supposing that she had made an indelible impression on his heart. But it was never effaced; for though, from the conviction of the hopelessness of his attachment, in 1775 he married a young and beautiful woman, the remembrance of Miss Seward clouded with gloom the first years of their married life.

Mrs. T—— appears to have repeatedly sought for opportunities of becoming acquainted with the object to whom her husband was so devoted, and with melancholy enthusiasm she was induced to invest her with all the charms imagination could devise, or which were lavished on her by her husband's description.

The gravity which first captivated Miss Seward's youthful fancy, in after life partook in some degree of a religious insanity, in the form of a devotion which, however intent, veered by turns from one faith to another. Notwithstanding his wife and numerous family, his mind became strangely, extravagantly, and darkly coloured by disappointment; and the singular visit he paid to Lichfield, in 1796, more than thirty years after he first became acquainted with Miss Seward, evinces that she was the original cause of his eccentricity. A servant brought up his card to her whilst she was dressing, and on her sending down word she would be down immediately, he had vanished! The housekeeper coming up stairs had observed him gazing up the next flight, at

the foot of which he was standing, when, perceiving her, he went back into the hall and left the house. Mrs. T——, who was in correspondence with Miss Seward, and who, singularly enough, was always requesting of her to send her portrait, on perusing her account of this singular visit, naturally exclaimed to her husband, "Good heaven! how could you leave the place without seeing Miss Seward at last, since she was at home?"

He replied, with much solemnity, "The momentary gratification must have been followed with pain and regret, that would sufficiently have punished the temerity of attempting to see her at all. I had no sooner entered the house than I became sensible of my perilous state of feeling, and fled with precipitation." Both Mrs. T—— and Miss Seward regretted this result of his visit, for his "insane constancy," as this fair object of his devotion terms it, would scarcely have stood the test of seeing the devastations of time on the idol of his imagination. It would, as she observes, in all probability, "have proved a spell-dissolving interview," for at fifty-two she could scarcely have retained many of the charms that first captivated him when she was but eighteen.

But to return to Miss Seward's youthful days. In 1764, the arrival in Lichfield of Mr. Porter, the son-in-law of Dr. Johnson, appeared likely to produce a considerable change in her manner of life, as, in the event of his marriage with her sister Sarah, then about to take place, she was to have accompanied the bride and bridegroom to Italy, where she was to have spent a couple of years. In her early letters, she gives a spirited and amusing account of the first introduction of Mr. Porter to his fair intended, who, fortunately, were so mutually well pleased with each other, that in a couple of days

the offer was made and accepted. But a terrible blow awaited the family of Seward; the lovely and amiable girl, (for such indeed does she appear to have been,) when everything was arranged for her marriage, and the wedding-day fixed, was suddenly seized with fever, and in a few days was a corpse!

This was the first affliction experienced by Miss Seward, and it consequently was most severely felt by her; and it was now, when deprived of her only sister, that the friendship of her amiable protegée, Honora Sneyd, became of inestimable value to her.

With the exception of a few months occasionally spent at Eyam, her father's living, whither she frequently accompanied him, or at her uncle, Mr. Marten's, at Gotham, in Nottinghamshire, where every two years they passed a month, the greater part of Miss Seward's subsequent life was generally spent at Lichfield, where there seems to have been considerable gaiety, and much visiting in the winter months.

Miss Seward thus describes the quietude of a country clergyman's life seventy or eighty years ago. She was on a visit at Gotham, 1767, when she writes—

"The convenient old parsonage is uncommonly light and cheerful. Its fire-places have odd little extra windows near them, which are the blessings of employment in cold or gloomy days. A rural walk encircles the house. In its front, a short flagged walk divides two grass-plots, and leads to a little wicket gate, arched over with ivy, that opens into the fold-yard. A narrow gravel-walk extends along the front of the house, and under the parlour-windows. Opposite them, and on the larger grass-plot, stands the venerable and expansive mulberry-tree. * * * We rise at seven. At eight, my aunt and

cousin, my mother, Honora, and myself, meet at our neat and cheerful breakfast. That dear, kind-hearted saint, my uncle, has his milk earlier, and retires, for the morning, to his study. At nine, we adjourn to my aunt's apartment above stairs, where one reads aloud to the rest, who are at work. At twelve, my uncle summons us to prayers in the parlour. When they are over, the family disperses, and we young ones either walk or write till dinner. That appears at two. At four, we resume my aunt's apartment. * * * When we quit this dear apartment to take an evening walk, it is always with a degree of reluctance. At half-past ten, he calls in his servants to join our vesper devotions, which close the peaceful and unvaried day, resigning us to sleep as tranquil as itself. * * * The village has no neighbourhood, and in itself no prospect. The roads are deep and dirty, in winter scarce passable. My fair cousin, Miss Marten, is completely buried through the dreary [illegible] * * She tells us she weeps for joy at the sight of the first daisy, and welcomes and talks to and hails the little blessed harbinger of brighter days, her days of liberty as well as of peace."

Both Miss Seward and Miss Honora Sneyd appear to have far more enjoyed the society and the pleasures of Lichfield than the quiet uniformity of this rural life; and her lovely young friend, now growing up to womanhood, shortly after became the object of the fervent but disastrous attachment of Major Andrè.

They first met at Buxton, in 1769, when Major Andrè, then little more than a boy, drew two miniature portraits of Miss Honora Sneyd, and in so doing he appears to have become desperately enamoured of the object whose charms he was portraying. One of these

pictures was given to Miss Seward, the other became of melancholy celebrity in after years, when he was seized by the Americans. He wrote to a friend, "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stript of everything but the portrait of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I think myself fortunate."

Miss Sneyd does not seem ever to have felt for him any sentiment warmer than that of friendship, and in 1773 she became the second wife of Mr. Edgworth of Edgworth town.

Andrè afterwards joined the army in America, where his unfortunate end has attached a melancholy celebrity both to himself and to the object of his attachment.*

Miss Seward composed a monody to his memory, in which she se[illegible]ly animadverted upon the conduct of Washington. Some[illegible] after peace was signed between England and Am[illegible] officer introduced himself to her, commissioned [illegible] Washington to call upon her, and to assure he[illegible] self, that no circumstance of his life [illegible] fying as to be censured in the Monody [illegible] pitiless author of his ignominious fate; [illegible] laboured, in fact, to save him, as appeared by pa[illegible] had sent for her perusal, which fully proved the truth of the assertion.

In 1778, Miss Seward gave a singular mark of friendship for Lady Northesk, daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville, who then visited Lichfield to consult Dr. Darwin about her health, which was rapidly sinking by hæmorrhage. She became an object of great interest both with Dr. Darwin and Miss Seward, from her sufferings and patience, as well as from her beauty and amiable

* He was hanged as a spy by the Americans in 1780.

qualities. Dr. Darwin, one evening, suggested to her the expediency of attempting in her case an old medical custom, long since sunk into disuse from superstitious feelings, viz. that of injecting blood into the veins by means of a syringe,—both human blood, and that of calves and sheep, being used. Lady Northesk cheerfully replied, "She had not the least objection, if he thought it eligible." Upon which Miss Seward, who was then present, immediately observed, that "perhaps Lady Northesk would prefer a supply from a healthy human subject, rather than from an animal, and as she had no dread of the lancet, she would gladly spare from time to time such a portion from her veins as Dr. Darwin should think fit to inject." He was much pleased with the proposal, and Lady Northesk ex[illegible] her warm gratitude on the occasion. Th[illegible] was, however, subsequently abandoned, fr[illegible]arwin's fear of the consequences. H[illegible] altering her regimen to a [illegible] good; she gradually recovered [illegible] three weeks time she was enabled [illegible]urney to Scotland, a convalescent, and [illegible]ventual recovery.

[illegible]esk corresponded with Miss Seward till her death, which took place in 1779, at Edinburgh, in consequence of her cap and handkerchief taking fire.

In 1780, Miss Seward lost her mother. Her father died in 1790, at an advanced age, leaving his daughter an independence of 400*l.* per annum, which, with economy, enabled her to continue to reside in her beloved palace at Lichfield. In her attention to her father in his declining years, Miss Seward appears in a most amiable light, and she evidently took more than ordinary filial delight in soothing the infirmities of his protracted life.

Miss Seward early obtained considerable celebrity, and six volumes of letters published by Sir Walter Scott, evince that she was well known in the republic of letters, as she, from 1784 to 1807, corresponded with many of the most celebrated characters of the day.

Miss Seward was so early in life introduced to some of the best poets, that she could repeat passages from L'Allegro and Il Penseroso before she was three years of age; of course before she could comprehend their meaning. When but eight years old, the dazzling beauty and graces of the Countess of Bradford were the first inspiration of her infant muse, that lady's fondness for her at that period making an indelible impression on her young heart. At ten years of age she began a versification of the Psalms, after which her attempts at poetry appear to have received a check from her mother, who deemed the needle and the thimble fitter implements to grace the hand and to occupy the time of a young lady, than pen and ink. Her father, also, seems not to have relished the being told that he been so mortin the poetic art by his daughter. Dr. Dn Andrè, as the may be considered to have been her n that he had model in verse, as Johnson was in prose,—I ' ars he may be attributed her lavish use of epithets, her inversion of sentence, and her grandiloquence of phrase.

Although several pleasing little poems, composed between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three, have since been printed, at the time they were written she seems to have had but little idea of publication, and it was not till after the encomiums she received from Lady Miller and the Bath-Easton coterie, that she was induced to give her poems to the world. Her monodies to Andrè, Cook, and Lady Miller, were among the first that appeared in print.

The laurel wreath of Bath-Easton appears frequently to have been awarded to Miss Seward, as to many of her poems is prefixed "Prize Poem at Bath-Easton." It was after thus having tried her poetical powers, that she gave the monody to Andrè to the world, and the interest attached to his melancholy fate soon obtained for it no slight celebrity.

Her longest, and as she seems to consider it, her most superior poem, "Louisa, a poetical novel in four epistles," appeared in 1782. In this, she endeavoured "to unite the impassioned fondness of Pope's Eloisa, with the chaster tenderness of Prior's Emma, avoiding the voluptuousness of the first, and the too conceding softness of the second."

Th[illegible]ious and interesting acc[illegible]
[illegible]chfield at that time. [illegible], when first it came before [illegible]

It is a sin[illegible] and admired, has since incurred about [illegible] many a favourite of fashion—that of being forid[illegible] when its original patrons and patronesses are [illegible] in the [illegible]ve. Numerous little poems of local and temporary interest, then, at different times issued from the pen of Miss Seward. Her "Paraphrases and Imitations of Horace" were considered as having caught the *spirit*, while they departed from the *letter*, of the poet; though with the Latin language she was totally unacquainted, as, indeed, with any other than her own.

Miss Seward's voluminous correspondence made its appearance in 1811, after her death. It was edited by Sir Walter Scott, to whom, together with Constable, she left the superintendence of her papers. The letters commence in 1784, and continue down to 1807, and are addressed to several of the literati and celebrated characters of the day; Boswell, Hayley, Mundy, Gregory, Carey, Croft, Repton, Whalley,

Jerningham, Sir Brook Boothly, Dr. Parr, Todd, Walter Scott, Southey, Percival; Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, Helen Williams, Mrs. Brookes, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Knowles, and a long etcetera in addition, whom her partial friendship would fain have exalted into a foremost station in the temple of fame. They present an interesting picture of her own pursuits and of the passing literature of the day. Some of her stars, however, already begin "to pale their ineffectual fires," whilst others, whose dawning glories she ardently watched, have justified her predictions of becoming of the first magnitude in the constellation of literature.

Her letters contain [redacted] tions, both moral and literary, though [redacted] an- sidered as productions of the head, ra[redacted] heart. Her style is studied almost to affectation, frequently disfigured by inversions and compou[redacted] epithets. But it must be remembered that many of her letters are addressed to literary characters, exclusively upon subjects of taste and criticism, and consequently, cannot be expected to have the easy elegance of more familiar letters. They had also the advantage, or disadvantage, of having been revised and corrected by herself for the press, so that we do not see them in their original form.

It was her habit to transcribe into a book every letter of her own which appeared to her worth the attention of the public, omitting those passages which were without interest but to the person to whom they were addressed. She left twelve volumes of letters, thus copied by herself; but as from this it is evident she always had in view the possibility of publication, their studied and highly ornamented style is easily accounted for.

Three volumes of poems, also thus prepared by herself, have made their appearance, in a collective form, since her death, the greater part of which, however, had previously been published in periodicals, or in separate editions. Among these was a centenary of sonnets completed in 1790, all in the style of Milton's. The interesting sonnets of Mrs. Charlotte Smith she ever held in the most utter contempt; but the latter are oftentimes remembered and quoted, whilst Miss Seward's are already consigned to oblivion.

In 1802, the death of her early friend, Dr. Darwin, induced Miss Seward to commit to paper anecdotes of his life, which were afterwards published, and which contain a curious and interesting account of the society of Lichfield.

[redacted] that some lines of Miss Seward's, fifty in number, first suggested to Dr. Darwin the idea of his celebrated Botanic Garden. They were written in 1778, in a wild umbrageous valley near Lichfield, which Dr. Darwin had purchased the preceding year, and where a [illegible]sy fountain of pure and cold water had, one hundred years before, induced the inhabitants to build a [illegible]. A rock there drops perpetually three times in a minute. Summer drought does not abate, frost does not congeal, nor rain increase it. Aquatic plants border it, and branch from fissures. Dr Darwin cultivated and ornamented the spot, and converted it into a picturesque garden of botanical science. She took out her tablets and pencil, and, seated on a flowery bank in the midst of this luxurious retreat, wrote the lines in question, while "the sun was gilding the glen, and while birds of every plume poured their songs from the boughs." When shown to him whom she considered as her poetic preceptor, he

expressed himself pleased with them, and said they should form the exordium of a poem, which he that instant conceived might be written upon the Linnean system, and under the Ovidian licence of transforming trees, shrubs, and flowers into ladies and gentlemen.

Upon this hint, Darwin commenced his Botanic Garden, somewhat disingenuously prefixing the said lines, with a few alterations, without any acknowledgment of the author. They had, however, been previously sent to the Gentleman's Magazine unknown to Miss Seward, and had from thence got into several public prints of that era, with her name affixed.

Miss Seward, though she utterly condemned the licentious excesses of the French Revolution, was liberal in her views both in politics and religion; so that, as she herself observes, she pleased neither the high church party on the one hand, nor the Jacobins on the other.

It was comparatively late in life that Miss Seward began to apply herself to music, of which afterwards she appears to have been passionately fond, that is, of cathedral and sacred performances; and of Handel, he seems to have been an idolater. Her taste may possibly have been formed by an intimacy with Mr. Saville, which commenced when she was about thirteen, and he but twenty years of age, when they were next door neighbours, and which continued uninterruptedly for a space of forty-eight years. He was musician and vicar choral of Lichfield, and appears to have been also a clever and well-informed man.

Miss Seward never left her native land, and was but seldom in the metropolis; but she made frequent excursions to watering-places, and to the habitations of her friends. She was a frequent visitor at Mr. Whalley's, in Somersetshire, where she became acquainted

with Hannah More; also at Wellsburn, the seat of Court Dewes, Esq., the nephew of Mrs. Delany, where she was introduced to Dr. Parr; at Mr. Robert's, at Dinbran, in Wales, she first visited and became intimate with the celebrated recluses of Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who, early in life retired to that elegant seclusion, which they never willingly left even for a night, though they were sought by, and corresponded with, many of the celebrated characters of the day. Miss Seward paid frequent visits to Llangollen vale, the beauties of which she describes in glowing colours, both in prose and verse.

Though an enthusiast in friendship, and liberal in her opinions, it is evident that Miss Seward did not like contradiction, from the impetuous manner with which she frequently addresses Mr. Hardinge, the Welsh judge, and Mr. Hayley, both of whom occasionally presumed to differ with her in opinion. Probably at Lichfield, where there was none to cope with her—she, like

"Cato, gave her little senate laws,"

and thus acquiring confidence in her own opinions, was astonished at any one who disputed her critical decisions.

Her taste seems to have been formed on the models of Pope, Dryden, Prior, and the authors of the reign of Queen Anne. Excepting for Shakespeare and Milton, she had little partiality for writers of an earlier period, nor indeed for those in general of the romantic school; though she admired the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, and had penetration enough to foresee his future literary fame. She preferred Johnson to Addison, and formed her style accordingly, though she was by no means one of his indiscriminate admirers.

Miss Seward had very early in life seriously injured

her right knee, which impeded in some degree the taking that exercise which seems to have been absolutely necessary for the preservation of her health. She was frequently ordered to the sea, Buxton, Harrogate, &c., but many of the remedies for her lameness, and other disorders, tended to increase an oppression of health to which she was liable, and which latterly seems to have rendered writing inconvenient to her.

In 1801, when paying an evening visit, deceived by an imperfect moonlight, she fell down a flight of steps into the street, and violently strained the muscles and tendons of her hitherto uninjured knee. It was long before she recovered from the effects of this accident, and thus being prevented taking her customary exercise, her health seems gradually to have become impaired. She, however, continued her love of literature to the last, and latterly occupied herself with preparing her prose and poetical works for the press.

In 1807, she was attacked with a scorbutic disorder, which affected her blood and whole frame in so distressing a manner, as to banish sleep, and to render intolerable her waking hours. She, however, struggled with her complaint till the year 1809, when, in the month of March, she was attacked with a lethargy, which carried her off on the 25th, at the age of sixty-five.

Her last letter, completed on the 13th of March, was addressed to her friend Sir Walter Scott, with whom she had maintained a literary correspondence for some years, and who, in 1807, had paid her a visit at Lichfield. In this epistle she too surely felt her own approaching end, and describes the fatal progress of her disorder. In another letter, delivered to him after her death, she explained her wishes as to the arrangement and publication of her letters and poems.

Her poetical works were published in 1810, in three volumes, and her letters in six, in the following year.

Dr. Johnson appears to have highly respected Miss Seward, notwithstanding the difference of their opinions, for which she says, she "knew he hated her." Some letters, under the signature of Benvolio, upon his character, were after his death addressed by her to, and published in, the Gentleman's Magazine.

WORKS.

Anna Seward's Poetical Works, with extracts from her Literary Correspondence, by Walter Scott. 3 vols. 1810.

A. Seward's Letters from 1784 to 1807. 6 volumes, 1811.

Life of Dr. Darwin, 1804.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE was born on the 2nd of February, in the year 1745, at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire. She was the youngest but one of the five daughters of Mr. Jacob More, who was descended from a respectable family in Norfolk. As he had been originally intended for the church, he had received a learned education, but in consequence of the failure of a lawsuit, by which considerable property went from his into another branch of the family, he quitted that part of the country for Gloucestershire, where he obtained a foundation school. He afterwards married a young woman, the daughter of a respectable farmer, who, though she had herself received but a plain education, was endowed with sound sense and judgment; and to her care in bringing up her daughters, their success in after life has been deservedly attributed.

Mr. More was himself a Tory and high churchman, but his mother had been a Presbyterian, and was of a zealous nonconformist family, who, in former days, and in troubled times, had boarded a minister at their own

house, and had often assembled at midnight to worship God according to their own way of thinking, whilst one of the party kept watch at the entrance, with a drawn sword in his hand.

This may, perhaps, in some degree, account for the subsequent bias of the subject of this memoir, whose political sentiments differed considerably from her religious ones, which were considered by some to tend towards Calvinism; and, indeed, her precepts and principles partook certainly, in some degree, of the austerity of the old puritanic doctrines and practice.

At an early age she evinced a great aptitude for learning, and a desire for information. When her mother first began to think of teaching her to read, she found her infant Hannah had already made considerable progress, from attending to the instructions bestowed on her elder sisters. Her nurse having lived in the family of Dryden, the inquisitive mind of the intelligent child was [illegible] prompting her to ask for stories about the poet; and to her father's excellent memory (for he had lost most of his books in the removal from Norfolk) she was indebted for long stories from the Greek and Roman histories. Whilst sitting on his knee, he would, to gratify her ear by the sound, repeat speeches of her favorite heroes, in their original language, afterwards translating them into English.

Mr. More imparted to his daughters the rudiments both of Latin and of the mathematics, and was afterwards, it was said, alarmed at the proficiency of his pupils. Mrs. More, however, highly approved of Hannah's wish for information, and joined with her in her entreaties to be allowed to prosecute her studies.

From her earliest infancy, she was fond of scribbling

a moral essay or poem on any scrap of paper she could obtain, which she afterwards concealed in the dark corner allotted for the housemaid's brushes and dusters: and the greatest wish her imagination could then frame, was, that she might be one day rich enough to have a whole quire of writing-paper to herself! Her little sister, with whom she slept, was the usual confidante of her nightly effusions, and one of the sports of her childhood was making a carriage of a chair, to ride to London to see the bishops and booksellers.

As it was intended that their children should be qualified for the establishment and superintendence of a boarding-school, the eldest sister, Miss More, was sent by her parents to a French boarding-school, to acquire the requisite accomplishments, and under her tuition, each week when she returned from thence, did Hannah learn the French language, in which she afterwards became a great proficient.

The projected plan was put into execution, [illegible]e boarding-school was opened at Bristol, in 1760, when the eldest Miss More was not yet quite of age. Her sister Hannah was confided to her care for [illegible]e benefit of masters in the modern languages, and he[illegible] so[illegible] [illegible]n-menced her first acquaintance with books and with persons of celebrity.

Hannah was not fifteen when Mr. Sheridan's lectures on eloquence, at Bristol, gave rise to a copy of verses, which led to an introduction to the object of her admiration. About the same time she became acquainted with Ferguson the astronomer, Dr. Stonehouse, and soon afterwards with Dr. Langhorne, with whom she subsequently corresponded, and with whom she first

met at Weston-super-Mare, whither she had resorted for the benefit of her health, which was generally delicate.

At sixteen, she wrote her pastoral drama, "The Search after Happiness," which generally pleased, and greatly increased her reputation. Fortunately for her, she now had access to some of the best libraries in the neighbourhood, so that she was enabled to continue her studies in the Latin, Italian, and Spanish languages, from which she made numerous translations and imitations. The greater part of these were, however, subsequently destroyed, excepting Metastasio's opera of "Regulus," which, after it had lain by for years, she worked up into a drama, under the title of "The Inflexible Captive."

When about twenty-two years of age, she received and accepted an offer of marriage from a Mr. Turner, a gentleman of large fortune, but considerably her senior. Their acquaintance had commenced in consequence of some young relations of Mr. Turner's being at the Misses More's school, who generally spent their holidays at their cousin's beautiful residence at Belmont, near Bristol, whither they were permitted to invite some of their young friends; and Hannah and Patty More, being near their own age, were generally among those invited. The affair was so far advanced that the wedding-day was actually fixed, and Hannah, having given up her share in her sister's establishment, had gone to considerable expense in making her preparations,—when Mr. Turner, who appears to have been of eccentric temper, was induced to postpone the completion of his engagement; and as this was done more than once, her friends

at length interfered, and prevailed on her to relinquish the marriage altogether, though this was against the wishes of the capricious gentleman.

To make some amends for his thus trifling with her affections, Mr. Turner insisted upon being allowed to settle an annuity upon her, which she at first rejected, but subsequently, through the medium of her friend, Dr. Stonehouse, who consented to be the agent and trustee, she was at length prevailed on to allow a sum to be settled upon her, which should enable her hereafter to devote herself to the pursuits of literature.

She had soon after another opportunity of marrying, which was declined, and from this time she seems to have formed the resolution, to which she ever afterwards adhered, of remaining single.

The desire, so natural to all young persons of talent, of becoming acquainted with persons of celebrity, appears to have been early and strongly felt by Hannah More; and about the year 1774, when she must have been twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, she seems to have had her wish fully gratified. The good-natured vanity of Garrick, pleased with a letter of her's he had casually seen, in which she eulogised his acting, induced him to seek her acquaintance; and at his house, where she was afterwards a frequent inmate, she was by him introduced to, and soon became intimate with, all the literati that visited him. She there first met the celebrated Mrs. Montagu; and at Sir Joshua Reynolds's took place her first introduction to Dr. Johnson, who was touched with the enthusiastic feelings of the young authoress, of whom it is recorded, that, at her first visit to the great moralist, during his absence, seeing a great chair in his room, she immediately installed herself therein, "hoping,"

as she said, "to catch from thence a ray of his genius." He laughed heartily, when told of the circumstance, as it happened to be a chair on which he never sat!

She has herself described, in a letter to her friend Mrs. Gwatkin, the rapture she felt when she first visited "the immortal shades of Twickenham, the haunts of the swan of the Thames,"—the ardour she had ever had to see the sacred spot, and the many times she had "created to herself an imaginary Thames."

Speaking of letter-writing, she used to say, "When I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them much better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common-sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing." She added, "that letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays."

Hannah More again visited London in 1775, and in the course of this year the eulogiums and attention she had received induced her, as she observed to her sisters, to try her real value, by writing a small poem and offering it to Cadell. The legendary tale of "Sir Eldred of the Bower" was, accordingly, composed in a fortnight's time, to which she added "The Bleeding Rock," which had been written some years previously. Cadell offered her a handsome sum for these poems, telling her if he could discover what Goldsmith received for the "Deserted Village," he would make up the deficiency, whatever it might be.

Thus commenced Hannah More's acquaintance with Mr. Cadell, who was, by a singular coincidence, a native of the same village with herself; and her connexion with his establishment was carried on for forty years.

The reception her poems met with was most flattering, and on her return to town, in 1776, where she now made an annual visit, her society was more than ever courted. Engagements multiplied upon her; carriages waited at her door; Sir Joshua Reynolds carried her to see pictures; Dr. Johnson conveyed her home to her lodgings; Mrs. Garrick took her to Westminster Hall to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, and invited her to Hampton; and occasionally the sisters (for one of her sisters was generally with her) had a little *réunion* of friends at their own lodgings.

On one of these latter occasions, Dr. Johnson, after one of the sisters had been describing their way of life, exclaimed, "I love you both—I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening. I am glad I came. God for ever bless you! You lives to shame duchesses."

At another time he told Boswell "he had dined at Mrs. Garrick's, with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney; three such women not to be found. I know not where I could a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all."

Hannah More was this year introduced, by her friend Mrs. Boscawen, to Mrs. Delany. She was afterwards occasionally at Mrs. Delany's select little parties, never exceeding eight in number, where, besides the venerable hostess, she frequently met the Duchess of Portland, Prior's "noble, lovely, little Peggy," the friend and correspondent of Mrs. Montagu, and the granddaughter and heiress of Harley, Earl of Oxford, minister

to Queen Anne; Horace Walpole; the Countess of Bute, daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Lady Wallingford, the daughter of Mississippi Law; Mrs. Dashwood, the Delia of Hammond, and many other celebrated characters.

It was not till the end of June, in this year, that Hannah returned to Bristol, after a six months' residence in and near the metropolis, more than half of which had been spent with her kind friends the Garricks.

In the following year she went into Norfolk, to see some of her connexions who resided there; and whilst there she paid her sister poetess, Mrs. Barbauld, a visit, of whom she says, "Mrs. B. and I have found out, that we feel as little envy and malice toward each other, as though we had neither of us attempted to 'build the lofty rhyme;' though she says, this is what the envious and malicious can never be brought to believe."

In the November of the same year, 1777, Hannah More returned to town, where she spent five months; during which period her tragedy of "Percy" was brought out at Covent Garden. The reception of this drama exceeded her most sanguine expectations. Mr. Garrick and the Lord Chancellor Bathurst exerted themselves greatly in its behalf, and its success was extraordinary.

But the period was now arriving when she was to be deprived of the friend who had introduced her to the literary world, and who had so flatteringly interested himself in her welfare. On the 20th January, 1779, after a short illness, Garrick died; and, at the express desire of his widow, Hannah More rose from the bed of sickness to set out for town, to attend her unhappy friend.

Garrick's death made a considerable difference in the position of Hannah More, as Mrs. Garrick, with whom she spent a great deal of her time, lived in the utmost retirement. But very few persons were admitted into the house that had so recently been the abode of so much gaiety, and reading and meditation appear to have occupied the greater part of their residence at Hampton. It was now, to use her own words, "very clean, very green, very beautiful, and very melancholy."

"The Fatal Falsehood," a tragedy Hannah More had written at the desire of Mr. Garrick, and which was completed before his death, was brought out this season, and though it did not meet with so much success as "Percy," it was received with considerable applause.

In the summer of this year, Hannah More paid a visit to Dr. Kennicott,* Bishop of Oxford, with whom she had become acquainted in the preceding year, at Mr. Wilmot's, where also she had met the Chancellor Bathurst's family.

Here she was introduced to Dr. Horne, afterwards Bishop of Norwich; and to his daughter Sally was addressed the "Heroic Epistle," which was first written in the blank pages of Mother Bunch's fairy tales, and presented to her when she was but a child of three years old. Her "Essays on various subjects, principally designed for young ladies," had previously made their appearance in 1777, with a dedication to Mrs. Montagu.

It was about this time that Hannah More's distaste to the pomps and vanities of the world, the theatre, and other public amusements, which amongst all the great

* Mrs. Kennicott, it may be mentioned, had taken the trouble to learn Hebrew, for the express purpose of qualifying herself to correct the press of her husband's work.

and gay society with whom she had lately associated, had been gradually increasing upon her, began to be very decided. In 1777, when, singularly enough, she was occupied with writing and bringing forward plays, Garrick had one Sunday playfully addressed her at Mr. Wilmot's, when sacred music had been proposed, with "Nine," (an appellation he generally gave her, alluding to the number of the Muses,) "you are a *Sunday woman;* retire to your room; I will recall you when the music is over."

The deaths of Garrick and Mrs. Dashwood, in 1779, and of several of the coterie in which she was intimate, and where she was so great a favourite, appear to have made a deep impression upon Hannah More; but the awfully sudden decease of Mr. Thrale, in 1781, must have made the most frivolous thoughtful. Herself and Mrs. Garrick were dressing for a great party at his house, when the intelligence was brought that he was dead!

In 1782, Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas," together with her poem on "Sensibility," made their appearance, and produced compliments from royalty, and from several even of the bench of Bishops. The good Jonas Hanway told her, he began them with fear and trembling, fearing it was an undue liberty with the Scriptures; but no sooner had he finished them than he ran off to the bookseller, bought three or four, and carried them to a boarding-school, where he had some little friends.

In one of her letters to her sister, she thus describes the parties at Mrs. Vesey's, which gave rise to her poem entitled "The Bas Bleu," written in the summer of 1783, where, under classical names, she described several of the stars that often sparkled in that horizon.

"I believe I forgot to mention Mrs. Vesey's pleasant Tuesday parties to you. It is a select society, which meets at her house every other Tuesday, and of which I am invited to be an unworthy member. It assembles on the day on which the Turk's Head Club dine together. In the evening they all meet at Mrs. Vesey's, with the addition of such other company as it is difficult to find elsewhere."

She sent half of this poem, under two franks, to each of her friends, Mr. Pepys, the Lælius of the writer, the father of the late Lord Chancellor, and Miss Hamilton, by whom they were to be transmitted anonymously to Mrs. Vesey, who was in Ireland. It was at first circulated only in manuscript, and she had the honour of transcribing a copy with her own hand for the King, who desired to have one. Dr. Johnson told her, "There was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own it." It was published in 1786, with "Florio," another of her poems.

On her return to town in 1784, she continued to be overwhelmed with kind and flattering attention, though she seems no longer to have entered into the spirit of that society. She now evidently preferred her quiet visits to Bishop Porteus's parsonage, at Hunton, in Kent, and to Mrs. Montagu's, at Sandleford, in Oxfordshire.

This year she was elected member of the French Academy, proving that her fame was no longer confined to England. She likewise became acquainted with, and greatly interested herself in, the Bristol milkwoman, Mrs. Yearsly, whose verses, published under her inspection, obtained for their author a sum exceeding £600, for which Miss More and Mrs. Montagu became trustees.

Her charitable intentions were, however, repaid by so much ingratitude, that she was at last induced to abandon her protegée altogether.

After having thus sparkled in the fashionable and literary world for more than ten years, where she had received such great and flattering attentions, she began to put into practice her long-projected plan of gradually retiring to "a little thatched hermitage" as she termed it, which, in 1785, she had built for herself, when about forty years old, at Cowslip Green, at Wrington, ten miles on the Exeter road from Bristol. She, however, still continued to pay visits annually to Mrs. Garrick and her other friends, but she now spent much more of her time at her own home, in her little garden, in the morning, as she states, "employed in raising dejected pinks, and reforming disorderly honeysuckles;" in the evening, "riding through the delicious lanes and hills in her neighbourhood."

Her friends, however, paid her frequent visits in her retirement, where, in 1790, her sisters, having realized enough to enable them to give up their school, joined her little establishment. Here, and in a house they had built for themselves in Bath, they projected henceforwards spending their time, and passing the rest of their days in the society of each other.

An acquaintance Hannah More had formed in 1777 with Newton, the friend of Cowper, perhaps may have in some degree contributed to the more serious way of thinking which led afterwards to the production of so many valuable works on religious subjects.

Her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," first appeared in 1788, and soon passed through several editions. A fellow-feeling with Mr. Wilberforce on the

subject of slavery, led to an introduction, and a little poem with that title appeared in 1789. The mutual interest they felt upon this and many other subjects, produced a friendly intercourse; and "The Red-cross Knight," as Mrs. Montagu termed him for his crusade in behalf of the suffering blacks, took equal pains in assisting Hannah More in return, in her endeavours to establish Sunday-schools at Cheddar, where the spiritual ignorance of the inhabitants was most deplorable.

In all her schemes, Hannah More had an able and energetic coadjutor in her youngest sister, Martha,—and the sisters soon had schools and various little institutions over a tract of country of ten or twelve miles, with nearly five hundred children in training. They met, however, in their benevolent schemes, with many difficulties and impediments, arising from the clergy as well as laity; and probably, the account of the rebuffs with which Mrs. Jones meets, described in the Cheap Repository Tracts, is but a faint description of those they themselves encountered.

Mrs. Martha More has given, in an unpublished journal, the following account of the origin of the Sunday Schools at Cheddar. At the period in question, the vicar was non-resident, and the curate, who lived at Wells, nine miles distant, visited the parish only on Sundays.

"In the month of August, 1789, Providence directed Mr. Wilberforce and his sister to spend a few days at Cowslip Green. The cliffs of Cheddar are esteemed the greatest curiosity in those parts. We recommended Mr. W. not to quit the country till he had spent a day in surveying these tremendous works of nature. We easily prevailed upon him, and the day was fixed; but after a

little reflection he changed his mind, appeared deeply engaged in some particular study, fancied time would hardly permit, and the whole was given up. The subject of the cliffs was renewed at breakfast; we again extolled their beauties, and urged the pleasure he would receive by going. He was prevailed on, and went.

"I was in the parlour when he returned. With the eagerness of vanity (having recommended the pleasure) I inquired how he liked the cliffs? He replied, they were very fine, but the poverty and distress of the people was dreadful. This was all that passed. He retired to his apartment, and dismissed even his reader. I said to his sister and mine, I feared Mr. W. was not well. The cold chicken and wine put into the carriage for his dinner were returned untouched. Mr. W. appeared at supper, seemingly refreshed with a higher feast than we had sent with him. The servant, at his desire, was dismissed, when he immediately began—'Miss Hannah More, something must be done for Cheddar.' He then proceeded to a particular account of his day, of the inquiries he had made respecting the place; there was no resident minister, no manufactory, nor did there appear any dawn of comforts, either temporal or spiritual.

"The method or possibility of assisting them was discussed till a late hour; and it was at length decided in a few words, by Mr. W.'s exclaiming, 'If you will be at the trouble, I will be at the expense.'

"Mr. Wilberforce and his sister left us in a day or two afterwards. We turned many schemes in our head, every possible way; at length those measures were adopted which led to the foundation of the different schools."

Mr. Wilberforce adhered to his offer, and furnished the necessary funds for beginning an attempt at a reformation, the Misses More undertaking to subscribe attention and industry: and to them Mr. Wilberforce observes, "Your labour can only be equalled by Spenser's Lady Knights, and they seem to be much of the same kind too—I mean, you have all sorts of monsters to cope withal."

In the same year her "Bonner's Ghost" was printed at the Strawberry Hill press; and in 1790 appeared "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," which met with great success.

Having thus exerted herself to reform the rich, she shortly after wielded her pen with equal spirit to attempt to amend the morals of the poor. "Village Politics, by Will Chip," was her first performance in this line, which was published in 1794. Its popularity induced her to commence operations on a more enlarged scale. The establishment by Mr. Raikes of Sunday-schools, having enabled multitudes of the lower orders to read, she deemed it advisable to provide something for them which they might peruse with safety and advantage to themselves; she accordingly, with the assistance of one of her sisters, and two or three friends, began the publication of these tracts every month, at a price far below what they originally cost. They consisted of stories, ballads, and Sunday readings. They were called "The Cheap Repository Tracts," and had an amazing sale; two million of these were sold in the first year;—a circumstance perhaps unprecedented in the annals of printing.

The Bishop of London (Porteus) interested himself greatly in the circulation of these tracts, and sent off

ship loads to the colonies. One having found its way into the hands of the Rajah of Tanjore, through the medium of the missionary Gericke, he declared "he preferred it to the Rambler, and liked Miss More's books better than any of the English books he had ever read."

About the year 1793, Hannah More's benevolence induced her to exert herself in behalf of the French priests, who, at the time of the French revolution, emigrated to England in vast numbers, and were in great distress. The profits of a little work, entitled "Remarks on the Speech of M. Dupont, made in the National Convention, on the subjects of Religion and Public Education," which amounted to forty pounds, were dedicated to the fund raised for their relief; for which she received the thanks of the committees of the subscribers.

Hannah More now withdrew almost entirely from her former intercourse with the literary coterie in town, confining herself, in a great degree, to what has been termed the religious world; and when in London, she divided her time between the houses of Bishop Porteus, Lord Teignmouth, and Mr. Thornton; and, besides an annual visit to Lord Barham, in Kent, she was also frequently at Tringwell, the residence of the Bishop of Salisbury, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

In 1799, the "Strictures on Female Education" were published. These volumes were read by royalty and approved by bishops, by some of whom they were even recommended from the pulpit; and, in spite of a little censure cast on them by those who deemed them over strict, they eventually found their way into most libraries in the kingdom; the elegance of the style recommending them to many of her former gay and

fashionable friends, who might otherwise have felt but little interest in the subject.

It might have been thought that the decided loyalty of Hannah More's political sentiments would have saved her from the imputation of disaffection to church and state. She now had to sustain, however, a violent persecution from those who, calling themselves the High Church School, set themselves in array against what is now termed the Serious, or Evangelical party, to which she belonged. Some violent attacks were made upon her character, and every attempt was made to put a stop to her schools and Sunday Readings, where, it was reported, blasphemous and seditious principles were inculcated. The cry was raised that "the Church was in danger;" the clergy and farmers in that part of the country too generally set themselves in opposition to her; and at last she was induced to appeal to the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Beadon, who, in answer, expressed his full approbation of her attempts to do good by instructing the poor.

In consequence, probably, of the anxiety and annoyance occasioned by these attacks, she had a very serious illness about this time, which lasted seven months, during which apprehensions were entertained for her life. She lived, however, to shame her persecutors by farther deeds of benevolence. Her friends, and all the Evangelical party, took up her cause warmly, and she continued to receive marked attentions from persons of the highest rank, among whom was the Duchess of Gloucester, with whom she frequently corresponded on religious subjects.

In 1802, Hannah More and her sisters came to the resolution of parting with their house in Bath, and of

exchanging Cowslip Green for a more comfortable abode at Barley Wood, which they henceforth intended to make their sole residence, amusing themselves with laying out the grounds and gardens in the intervals between their acts of charity. It was now that she composed, at the request of a dignitary of the church, her "Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess," which was published in 1805, and which was most graciously received by the royal family.

In 1806, Hannah More, now more than sixty years of age, was attacked by a dangerous illness, from catching cold in returning from one of her schools. A twelvemonth elapsed ere there were hopes of her restoration to health, and two years before she was thoroughly re-established, so as to be competent to literary exertion.

In December, 1809, appeared one of her most popular works, under the title of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife." Within a few months this work ran through twelve editions; and thirty editions, one thousand copies each, were printed during her lifetime. It was at first published anonymously, but the real author was soon discovered, and she was again overwhelmed with panegyrics and compliments by her friends.

In 1811, Hannah More produced her "Practical Piety," which she began about a year after the appearance of "Cœlebs." In 1813 appeared her "Christian Morals." Both these works were deservedly popular, and had a great sale.

Soon after the publication of the latter work, the sisterhood, who had lived together for the space of fifty years, began to be broken up by the hand of death. Mary More, the eldest of the five sisters, was the first

to pay the debt of nature. She died in April, 1813. In June, 1816, followed Elizabeth, the second; and in the spring of 1817 Sarah was taken off; so that Hannah, now past seventy, began to feel that universal penalty of long life—the seeing her family and her friends fall fast around her.

In 1815, her "Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul," was published. But just before it was completed, a termination was almost put to her life by her clothes catching fire when alone in her apartment. The flames were extinguished by the courageous kindness of Miss Roberts, a lady staying with her, who was herself considerably injured, while preserving her friend.

Hannah More had now lived so long that her legal right to her "Sacred Dramas" was expired, and to preserve the rights of her publishers, Cadell and Davies, she consented to make some few additions to a new edition in the press.

In 1817, a committee being formed for the sale of pious tracts, she again exerted herself in the cause, and produced several, both practical and experimental. Her "Village Politics," which first appeared in 1794, was now republished under the title of "Village Disputants." Of these, in September 1817, she tells Mr. Wilberforce she had scribbled thirteen in about six weeks. "Pretty well for a septuagenary," as she observes.

In the following year, she mentions, in a letter to Lady Tryphena Bathurst, that the greater part of her Cheap Repository Tracts had been translated into Russ by the Russian Princess Metschersky, and were widely circulated in her country. "Cœlebs," and

"Practical Piety," were also much read, the former in Sweden, the latter in Iceland.

Thus the labours of this excellent woman were, at the same time, diffusing good in the regions of the frozen North, and in those under the sultry line; for many of them had been translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages, through the instrumentality of Sir A. Johnstone.

In the autumn of this year, both Mrs. H. More and her surviving sister Martha were seized with alarming illness. "Her own," she says, "was partly caused by too great excitement, from an influx of company, chiefly strangers, but who were recommended by friends." Among these are mentioned, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Miss Vansittart, the Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Chalmers, Drs. Henderson and Paterson, northern missionaries, Persian noblemen, &c.

In the autumn of the following year, (1819,) Martha, the sole surviving and the best beloved of H. More's sisters, was taken from her, after an illness of only four days. The Wilberforce family were staying at Barley Wood at the time, and she seems to have over-exerted herself in attending on them. Thus, at the age of seventy-four, Hannah More, the last of a sisterhood who had lived so long and so happily together, was left to finish her worldly course alone; and she survived the loss of this, the last of her sisters, for yet many years.

A month previous to her sister's death, Hannah More's last original work made its appearance, in one thick volume. It was entitled "Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer." Of this work, she

mentions in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, "Though consisting of more than five hundred pages, it was first thought of in January, and was entirely printed, and published at the end of August." It was equally popular with her other works, and appears to have been composed to counteract what she terms "the epidemic French mania." She says, "The rage for a Paris excursion has spread such a general infection, that curates, and even farmers in our part of the world, have caught the malady. A clergyman with ten children has been twice, and his wife is now left there, with a house full of children, that they may bring home the Parisian accent to a little country village."

On the night of the 12th of August, Hannah More had so violent an attack of illness, that, as she had already kept her chamber all the preceding spring and summer, her end was thought approaching; but, through the vigorous measures of Dr. Lovell, in copiously bleeding her, after twice appearing to be dead, she was called back to the world. But though broken in health, the powers of her mind seem at this period to have been as elastic as ever. In 1821, she wrote for the use of young people, a little work called "Bible Rhymes;" and notwithstanding several equally alarming attacks of illness, one in May 1822, and another in 1824, she executed a plan, to which she had often been urged when in tolerable health—that of extracting from all her later works, each of which contained a chapter on prayer, her thoughts upon that all-important subject. This work, with some additions, appeared in 1824, under the title of "Spirit of Prayer," and was the last of her numerous publications.

A young friend, Miss Frowd, appears latterly to have

devoted herself entirely to Hannah More's service, and was, as she says, "her domestic chaplain, secretary, house-apothecary, knitter, and lamp-lighter; missionary to her numerous and learned seminaries, and without controversy the queen of clubs,"—alluding to the charitable institutions, where she took the place which her aged friend could no longer occupy.

In December 1825, Hannah More writes from Barley Wood: "I have now been confined seven years and two months to my apartments, consisting of two rooms, having opened a communication to the adjoining one, which I have made a drawing-room, so that I have room for exercises; it is no want of strength which confines me, but my friendly physician will not allow me to walk out, as a cold has so often threatened to be fatal to me."

But though she had left the world, the world could not consent to resign her as yet, for the retreat of the veteran in literature was still besieged by persons of rank and celebrity; and still she continued to be overwhelmed with letters from numerous correspondents. She says of herself, "I think I never was more hurried, more engaged, or more loaded with cares than at present; I do not mean afflictions, but a total want of that article for which I built my house and planted my grove—I mean retirement—it is a thing I only know by name. I think Miss Frowd says that I saw eighty persons last week, and it is commonly the same every week. I know not how to help it. If my guests are old, I see them out of respect; if young, I hope I may do them a little good; if they come from a distance, I feel as if I ought to see them on that account; if near home, my neighbours would be jealous of my seeing strangers,

and excluding them. My *levée*, however, is from twelve to three o'clock, so that I get my mornings and evenings to myself, except now and then an old friend steals in quietly for a night or two."

Twenty years before this period, she had been deprived by illness of both her smell and taste, which, however, she considered as a mercy, from her being afterwards obliged almost to live upon medicine, instead of food. Indeed, such was her general ill-health, that she says her seventy-fifth year was the only one in her life in which she had not been confined during some part of it to her bed. She retained, however, to the last, what she terms "her intellectual senses," her sight and hearing, which amply made up for her other privations—the doctrine of *compensation* being a favourite theme with her.

She now frequently occupied her leisure hours in the fabrication of linen articles, for fancy bazaars, for the benefit of the Missionary and Jews Societies, and in the composition of rhymes, which were sold for a considerable sum; whilst her private charities continued, on perhaps an even more extended scale than ever.

Now, however, came a severe trial to her, in the discovery, that either from her too easy indulgence, or from her having been so long unable to superintend her domestic concerns, her household had become in a terribly deranged state. By quietly submitting to the waste and misconduct of her servants, she was told, she might appear to be the patroness of vice, or, at least, indifferent to its progress, and thus lessen the beneficial influence of which her writings had been productive. She therefore came to the decided resolution of breaking up her establishment, and of parting with her beloved Barley Wood. It was disposed of to William Harford, Esq.,

and on the 18th of April, 1828, at the age of eighty-three, she removed to Windsor Terrace, in Clifton, still accompanied by her kind friend Miss Frowd.

Having now no garden, and having parted with her carriage and horses, her house expenses were considerably diminished, and instead of eight pampered minions, she kept four sober servants.

After selling Barley Wood, she soon after parted with the copyright of her later works, to the number of ten volumes, to Cadell, and thus was enabled to maintain her schools and enlarge her charities. The former alone, with clothing, rents, &c., stood her in £250 per annum.

From the time Hannah More removed from Barley Wood to Clifton, her health was constantly in a precarious state, and she seldom continued many days without severe attacks of illness. She had at all periods of her life been subject to dangerous affections of her chest, and though these were warded off by the unremitting care of her friend Miss Frowd, who had the entire management of her family, she was ever liable to them, and each now promised to be the last. Latterly, also, the powers of her mind, as well as of her body, began to give way, imperceptibly at first, though towards the end of 1832, a considerable alteration was observable.

The illness and death of her friend Miss Roberts, which took place in September, possibly contributed to produce a farther deterioration in Hannah More's mental faculties; and she now continued gradually to decline till, on the afternoon of the 7th of September, 1833, she placidly yielded up her spirit into the hands of her Creator, at the age of eighty-eight years.

WORKS.

Search After Happiness; a Drama, 1773.

Sir Eldred of the Bower, and the Bleeding Rock, 1775.

Percy, 1777; The Fatal Falsehood, 1779; The Inflexible Captive.

Essays on Various Subjects, for Young Ladies, 1777.

Sacred Dramas and "Sensibility," 1782.

The Bas Bleu and Florio, 1786.

Thoughts on the Manners of the Great, 1788.

Poem on Slavery and Bonner's Ghost, 1789.

An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World, 1790.

Cheap Repository Tracts; Village Politics, by Will Chip, 1792.

Remarks upon the Speech of M. Dupont, 1793.

Strictures on Female Education, 1799.

Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Princess, 1785.

Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, 1808.

Practical Piety, 1811.

Christian Morals, 1813.

Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul, 1815.

Village Disputants, and other Tracts, 1817.

Moral Sketches, &c., 1819.

Bible Rhymes, 1821.

Spirit of Prayer, 1824.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith was born on the 4th of May, 1749, at Bignor, in Sussex. She was the eldest daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., of Stoke House, in Surrey, and of Bignor Park, in Sussex, near the banks of the Arun, where she passed many of her earliest and happiest years. There, amid scenery which had nursed the fancies of Otway and of Collins, she trod on classic ground; and every charm of Nature seems to have made the most lively and distinct impression on her very vivid mind.

She had the misfortune to lose her mother when she was only three years of age; and the care of her education thenceforth devolved upon her aunt, who paid unwearied attention to her young charge. This lady, however, appears to have considered that a good education consisted in an early and unbounded devotion to modern accomplishments, and, in after years, Charlotte Smith was wont to regret that her attention had not been more directed to useful reading, and to the acquirement of languages.

Such, however, was her insatiable thirst for reading,

that, notwithstanding her love for literature was checked by her aunt, she was in the habit of reading, from her earliest childhood, every book which fell in her way. This indulgence, assisted by great natural abilities, enlarged the sphere of her observations, and extended her faculties; it gave impulse to her powers of thinking, and mingled itself with the original operations of a vigorous and penetrating understanding.

One of the leading characteristics of her mind appears to have been, from the earliest infancy, a deep and unaffected love of nature, and her beautiful descriptions of rural scenery form one of the most attractive peculiarities of her writings.

At six years old, she was placed at a respectable establishment in Chichester, where she received instruction in drawing from George Smith, a celebrated artist, and a native and inhabitant of that pretty little city, to whose house she went two or three times a-week, for the purpose of taking lessons.

In her eighth year, Miss Turner was removed from thence to a school at Kensington, at that time in high repute, and where the daughters of several persons of distinction received their education. One of her schoolfellows has recorded of her, that "she excelled the greater part of them in writing and drawing, and being the best dancer, she was always, when there was company, brought forward for exhibition She had a taste and ear for music, but never applied with sufficient steadiness to ensure success. She was considered romantic by her young companions; she had read more than any one in the school, was continually composing verses, and was thought too great a genius for study."

It was the custom, at this seminary, to perform both

French and English plays, and Miss Turner, on such occasions, was in great request, as she was the best actress of the little party. When at home, she was frequently called upon to exhibit her theatrical powers to the company there, where also her verses were read and admired by her friends. Some of these were composed before she was ten years of age; none of them, however, have been preserved.

At twelve years of age, she quitted school to live at home, where she was attended by masters; but by the indulgence of her father, who at this time resided occasionally in town, and of her aunt, who almost idolized her, she was, even at this early age, introduced to frequent and various society, and accompanied her friends to public places. One of her biographers has observed, that "it would be curious to have a picture of her feelings and remarks at that critical period. With that liveliness of perception, and that eloquent simplicity of language, which women of sensibility and talent possess, more especially at an early age, in a degree so superior to the other sex, she must not only have been highly attractive, but have exhibited a brilliancy of imagination and a depth of sentiment, the absence of any record of which must excite severe regret."

Miss Turner's manners and appearance at this time were so far beyond her years, that she was but fourteen when she received an offer of marriage from a gentleman of suitable rank and fortune, which was rejected by her friends solely on account of her extreme youth.

At this period of her life, her reading was desultory and indiscriminate, though principally confined to poetry and to works of fiction. Unknown to her aunt, she sent

to the editor of the Lady's Magazine some verses of her own composition.

In the following year, upon her father again entering the matrimonial state, her aunt, contemplating with dread the effect which this event might have upon the happiness of one who had hitherto been treated with unbounded indulgence, endeavoured, with injudicious haste, to establish her niece, by what she considered to be an advantageous marriage. In this she was seconded by the busy and officious zeal of some relations, by whose means an introduction was effected between Miss Turner, who was then not quite fifteen, and Benjamin Smith, Esq., the second son of Richard Smith, Esq., an East India merchant, and also an East India director, a young man only just of age, but in easy circumstances, as he was already admitted a partner into the lucrative business of his father, who had realized a considerable fortune.

The elder Mr. Smith was originally induced to withhold his approbation from the connexion, on the conviction that the manner in which Miss Turner had been educated had not qualified her for those habits which he deemed essential in the wife of a British merchant. His first interview, however, overcame all his objections, and he subsequently evinced both partiality and affection for his daughter-in-law.

By her own friends, the marriage, which took place on the 23rd of February, 1765, was generally esteemed to be an advantageous one for the young lady, and an uncle of her's was the only one of her family who foresaw and foretold all the misery likely to result from an union in which neither the habits nor tempers of the parties had been consulted, whilst their mutually youthful

years prevented either being able to appreciate or understand the character of the other.

After a few months' residence with an aunt, the widow of Walter Berney, Esq., the young couple removed into the house prepared for their reception, which was situated in one of the narrowest and most dirty lanes in the city, and which, though tastefully and expensively fitted up, was, nevertheless, a large and dull habitation, into which the cheering beams of the sun never penetrated, consequently filling the mind with depression and gloom; and here, away from the fields and woods which she loved, and among a set of people whose habits and opinions could be but little congenial with her own, Charlotte Smith appears to have been placed in a situation wholly unsuited to her character.

The elder Mrs. Smith, formerly the widow of Nathaniel Crow, Esq., of Barbadoes, who at the time of her son's marriage with Miss Turner was still alive, though in very bad health, exacted the constant attention of the whole family, and her poor daughter-in-law was incessantly worried with questions on household economy, which she was ill fitted to encounter; and her ignorance of such matters was often contrasted with the notable housewifery of the ladies of Barbadoes.

The lower part of the house being appropriated to the business, thither her father-in-law every morning repaired to superintend his mercantile concerns. Having no taste for literature or the arts, the elegant and refined amusements of his daughter-in-law appeared to him expensive encroachments upon time, and his somewhat petulant way of speaking, and his keen black eyes, darting inquisitive glances from under dark bushy eyebrows, always appearing as if in search of something with

which to find fault, obliged her, whenever his creaking shoes gave notice of a domiciliary visit, to hurry out of sight whatever might be deemed a cause of offence. Her friends and acquaintance who happened to call were often subject to this sort of suspicious examination, which generally caused them to shorten their visits.

After the death of his wife, whose stately formality, languid air, and sallow complexion, with a monotonous drawl and pronunciation common to the ladies in the West Indies, rendered her a peculiarly unattractive personage, Mr. Smith became so partial to the society of his daughter-in-law that he required her constant attendance. From long residence in the West Indies, his health had been impaired, and he was so sensible to cold, that, in the hottest day in summer, not the slightest breath of air was admitted into his apartment. Here, however, she was often expected to assist at the lectures of an old gouvernante, who, with a broad Cumberland dialect, was accustomed to lull her master to sleep with devotional books of a most gloomy tendency.

Nevertheless, he had sufficient penetration to discover and to appreciate the superior abilities of his daughter-in-law, and he entertained so much respect for her judgment, that he consulted her upon all occasions, confided to her his anxieties, and frequently employed her pen in matters of business. Such was her readiness, that he was wont to declare she could do more from his directions in one hour than any of his clerks in a day. He, at one time, even offered her a considerable allowance if she would reside altogether in town, for the purpose of assisting him, as, with a prophetic eye, he foresaw that his business would otherwise be hereafter lost to his family, through the reckless carelessness of his son, and

his increasing habits of dissipation. This proposal was declined, but it has been observed, "it was a singular instance of the compass of her mind, which with equal facility could adapt itself to the charms of literature, and to the dry details of commerce."

On one occasion she vindicated the character of the elder Mr. Smith, which had been illiberally attacked, in a spirited little pamphlet, which, however, has not been preserved.

During her second confinement, Mrs. Charlotte Smith was deprived of her eldest child by a malignant fever, which ran through the house, and so great was her affliction, that it nearly proved fatal to her. Change of air and scene being recommended, she removed from the city to the village of Southgate, where, in a few months, she recovered her health, and where she enjoyed more liberty and tranquillity than had hitherto fallen to her lot.

The marriage of her aunt, who for some time had ceased to reside with her, with the elder Mr. Smith, soon after released her from her constant attendance upon her father-in-law; and as her husband daily went to town, she had now more time at her disposal, which she employed in the cultivation of her mind, and in reading a small but select collection of books which was in her possession.

An increasing family, all of whom she nursed herself, began now to claim much of her attention; and a larger house becoming necessary, Mr. Smith's father purchased for him a handsome one at Tottenham, whither they removed. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Smith disliked the situation, and was the more dissatisfied with it, as its vicinity to the metropolis had failed to induce her hus-

band to pay greater attention to his affairs than he had hitherto done. At no time, indeed, had he a turn for business, but wasted his time in trifling occupations, each fancy being pursued at a reckless expense, till superseded by some other whim equally frivolous and costly.

In 1774, Mrs. Smith prevailed with her father-in-law to allow them to retire altogether into the country, when he purchased Ly's farm for them in Hampshire, not far from White's "Selborne," on the borders of Sussex. It, however, proved an unfortunate speculation, for her husband, with his usual imprudence, kept a larger establishment than suited his fortune, engaged in injudicious and wild schemes in agriculture, purchased more land, and attempted every sort of plan, some of which are alluded to in "Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle," where Mr. Stafford is represented as projecting the mending of his land with old wigs, &c.

They also entered into such society as the neighbourhood afforded, where, probably, among the country families of Hampshire and Sussex, Mrs. Smith was better appreciated for her talents and personal attractions than when in the heart of the city, among her civic acquaintance.

She here passed several most anxious and important years; for her husband, being away from his father's eye, (the only check which could ever restrain his conduct,) now plunged into the most serious expenses, which, with an increasing family, for they had now eight children, he was ill able to support.

In 1776, the death of the elder Mr. Smith took place, and unfortunately for his family, his will, a voluminous document, having been made by himself, and being

couched in contradictory terms, plunged his heirs into law, and large sums were lost by mismanagement. Endless disputes arose between the parties interested, and probably what Mrs. Smith, who was appointed a joint executor, together with her husband and the elder Mrs. Smith, suffered upon this occasion, gave rise to the bitterness with which she describes the legal characters frequently introduced in her novels.

The storm now lowering about them was for the moment warded off by Mr. Smith's procuring a lucrative contract, through the agency of Mr. Robinson, then Secretary to the Treasury, who had married a connexion of his. He, however, went on with his usual recklessness of expense, and was shortly afterwards appointed sheriff for Hampshire. He also took an active part in behalf of the ministerial candidate in a contested election for Southampton, in whose cause Mrs. Smith's pen was also employed, and her anonymous effusions were among the most successful that appeared upon this occasion.

In the spring of 1777, Mrs. Smith was deprived by death of her then eldest son, in his eleventh year; and to divert her mind from this heavy affliction, together with her increasing anxieties respecting their pecuniary embarrassments, she amused herself with composing her first set of sonnets, which were, at that period, never intended for publication, and the simple pathos of which is the more touching from their evidently describing the feelings of the writer. "When in the Beech Woods of Hampshire," she says, "I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear; it was unaffected sorrow drew them forth; I wrote mournfully because I was unhappy!"

The late Bryan Edwards, author of the History of the West Indies, is said, by his warm and gratifying praises, to have first given the writer an idea of the merits of these poems, by which she was encouraged to add to the collection.

The peace of 1782 depriving her husband of his contract, the legatees became importunate for the settlement of their respective claims, and Mr. Smith, from his inability to meet them, was thrown into the King's Bench prison. Here he languished for seven months; but the greater part of his confinement was shared with him by his admirable wife, who had the virtue and the fortitude to accompany him thither, and by whose indefatigable exertions alone it was, she having made herself mistress of his affairs, that he eventually obtained his liberty. In effecting this, she had to encounter the most unfeeling repulses, and to submit to the most humiliating applications, and all for one whose conduct towards herself had been far from unexceptionable. The estate in Hampshire was sold under the most painful circumstances, and the property being at length placed in the hands of trustees, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at liberty to retire to a house in Sussex, which they had taken when they parted with Ly's Farm.

It was after a day of excessive fatigue, which had succeeded to the most cruel solicitude, that, the deed of trust being signed, Mrs. Smith had the satisfaction of seeing her husband liberated from his confinement, and she thus beautifully describes her sensations upon the occasion:—

"It was on the 2nd of July that we commenced our journey. For more than a month I had shared the restraint of my husband in a prison, amidst scenes of

misery, of vice, and even of terror. Two attempts had, since my last residence among them, been made by the prisoners to procure their liberation by blowing up the walls of the house. Throughout the night appointed for the enterprise I remained dressed, watching at the window, and expecting every moment to witness contention and bloodshed, or perhaps be overwhelmed by the projected explosion. After such scenes, and such apprehensions, how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft, pure air of the summer's morning breathing over the dewy grass, as (having slept one night upon the road) we passed over the heaths of Surrey! My native hills at length burst upon my view! I beheld once more the fields where I had passed my happiest days, and amidst the perfumed turf with which one of the fields was strewn, perceived with delight the beloved group from whom I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections were ever anxious. The transports of this meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits. After all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from my calamities."

It was during the interval of her husband's confinement, that Mrs. Smith's talents, hitherto only cultivated for her private gratification, and for her amusement in prosperity, seemed to offer some resource in the day of adversity. She collected together, therefore, a few of those poems which had been previously confined to the sight of one or two friends, and offered them to Dodsley, the bookseller, who received them with coldness, cast a hasty and casual glance over the manuscript, and returned them with indifference.

Mrs. Smith, with the sensibility of real genius, felt

oppressed and overcome with this discouragement, and but for the impulse of imperious necessity, would probably have made no further exertion to place her talents before the eye of the public.

Her brother, Mr. Turner, who was ever extremely kind to her, now tried his powers of persuasion with Dilly, but with equal want of success. The sonnets were, therefore, printed at Chichester, at the expense of the authoress, and appeared May 10th, 1784, with a dedication to Mr. Hayley, by whose intercession, although he was as yet personally unacquainted with Mrs. Smith, Dodsley had been at length prevailed upon to undertake to be the publisher. They appeared under the title "Elegiac Sonnets, and other Essays, by Charlotte Smith, of Bignor-park, Sussex;" and so great was their success that a second edition was rapidly called for in the same year. The profits arising from this success temporarily released the writer from her pecuniary embarrassments.

The tranquillity which the successful poetess flattered herself she was now destined to enjoy, proved but of short continuance. Mr. Smith's affairs were in a state which made it expedient for him to retire to the Continent, to avoid being again thrown into confinement; and, being ignorant of the French language, he went over to Dieppe, whither his wife accompanied him; but after making the arrangements necessary to his comfort, she re-crossed in the same packet that had taken her over, rejoining her family, with the vain hope of arranging matters in England. But fresh difficulties arising, and being wholly disappointed in her expectations, they all shortly afterwards joined him at a large, dreary, and dilapidated chateau, in Normandy twelve leagues from

Dieppe, which, with his usual thoughtless want of providence, he had engaged.

The distance from a market, the scarcity of fuel, and the brutal manners of the peasantry, rendered the abode both inconvenient and melancholy; but here they passed the peculiarly hard winter of 1785, and here poor Mrs. Smith, who had till lately been accustomed to every comfort and luxury in life, was, without proper attention or accommodation, confined with her youngest son.

A few days after this event had taken place, she was surprised at the entrance of a procession of Catholic priests into her bed-room, who, in defiance of her entreaties and tears, forcibly carried off the infant to be baptized at a neighbouring church, though the cold was intense, and the snow was on the ground. The child was restored to her, however, without, fortunately, having sustained any injury.

The following year Mrs. Smith was again called upon to exert herself for her husband, and she so far succeeded as to enable him to return. Soon after this, they hired the old mansion of the Mills family, at Woolbeding in Sussex, a parish of which Otway's father had been rector.

Here she wrote the following address to the pretty little river Arun, which gives its name to Arundel Castle, the princely abode of the Duke of Norfolk.

"TO THE RIVER ARUN.

"On thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
No glittering fanes, or marble domes appear,
Yet shall the mournful Muse thy course adorn,
And still to her thy rustic waves be dear!

For with the infant Otway lingering here,
Of early woes she bade her votary dream,
While thy low murmurs soothed his pensive ear;
And still the poet consecrates the stream.
Beneath the oak and beech that fringe thy side,
The first-born violets of the year shall spring;
And in thy hazles, bending o'er the tide,
The earliest nightingale delights to sing,
While kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate
Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate."

To those well acquainted with the scenery of Sussex, the wild forest scenery of the northern part of the county, the softly swelling blue downs of the south, with the magnificent sea views from thence, the oak-woods of the Weald, together with the flowery banks, the bosky bourns, and the sequestered dells, so frequently to be met with there, the poetical descriptions of Mrs. Smith convey a peculiar charm, and please, because they are correct and natural, as well as elegant and pathetic.

During her seclusion in Normandy, Mrs. Smith had amused her leisure hours with translating a French novel into English, entitled, "Manon l'Escaut," written by the Abbé Prèvot, and as it now became necessary to exert her abilities for the support of herself and family, this work was published in 1785. She was, however, violently censured on account of the alleged immoral tendency of this novel.

Her next literary employment was the making a selection of extraordinary stories from "Les Causes Celebres" of the French, which she published, under the title of "The Romance of Real Life;" but the difficulties which attended this undertaking gave her a disgust to translating and transcribing the thoughts of others,

—fortunately for the world,—as she was in consequence induced afterwards to recur to original composition, which gave rise to a series of works, alike pleasing, elegant, and interesting.

In 1786, Mrs. Smith's then eldest son having obtained a writership in Bengal, left England for India. But though it was a fortunate circumstance thus to have provided for one of her numerous family, the separation was a great trial to an affectionate mother. A still severer one, however, awaited her, in the death of her second son, who was, in thirty-six hours, carried off by a malignant fever, which, spreading through the family, reduced several others to the brink of the grave. She herself, however, fortunately escaped, and by her exertions they were eventually restored to health.

Shortly afterwards, increasing incompatibility of temper and other circumstances, making it quite hopeless that there should be any chance of happiness whilst living together, Mrs. Smith came to the resolution of separating from her husband, and she accordingly left Woolbeding House, accompanied by all her children, some of whom were old enough to judge for themselves, and who decided on going with their mother, rather than remaining with the father. By their friends, this was deemed, under existing circumstances, the best arrangement that could be made, and perhaps it might have been better had she taken the step at an earlier period. It, however, exposed her to much censure, for the world generally imputes blame to the wife who leaves the protection of her husband.

Unfortunately, no previous adjustment of terms had been made, and Mr. Smith, after a few attempts to induce her to return to him, having involved himself in

fresh difficulties, was again obliged to retire to the Continent. They occasionally met after this separation, but never again resided together, though they constantly corresponded, till the death of Mr. Smith, which took place in March, 1807.

Mrs. Smith now took a small cottage at Wyke, in the vicinity of Chichester, where she published a new edition of her Sonnets, with many additions, which afforded her a temporary relief. In this retirement, again stimulated by necessity, she was induced to try her powers of original composition in another line of literature, and accordingly began, and in the space of eight months completed, her novel of "Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle." This novel was published in the spring of 1788, and the whole of the first edition, 1,500 in number, sold so rapidly, that another was immediately called for, and Mr. Cadell, her publisher, in consequence, voluntarily agreed to augment the price he had promised to give for it. The success of this work, as well as of her Sonnets, established her reputation as a writer, and procured her many valuable friends and acquaintances, some, indeed, of very exalted rank, and it is said, her son, in Bengal, owed his promotion in the civil service to the talents of his accomplished mother.

Of this work, Sir Walter Scott says, "We remember well the impression made on the public by the appearance of *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle*, a tale of love and passion, happily conceived, and told in a most interesting manner. It contained a happy mixture of humour and of bitter satire, mingled with pathos, while the characters both of sentiment and of manners were sketched with a firmness of pencil and

liveliness of colouring, which belong to the highest branch of fictitious narratives."

Another elegant critic and warm admirer of Mrs. Smith's works, Sir Egerton Brydges, says, "All that part of the public, who, though they were disgusted with the usual contents of a circulating library, yet had fancy and feeling enough to judge for themselves in spite of prejudice, received this enchanting fiction with a new kind of delight. It displayed such a simple energy of language, such an accurate and lively delineation of character, such a purity of sentiment, and such exquisite scenery of a picturesque and rich, yet most unaffected imagination, as gave it a hold upon all readers of true taste, of a new and captivating kind. The simple charms of Emmeline, the description of the old castle in Wales, the marine scenery in the Isle of Wight, the character of Godolphin, and many other parts, possessed a sort of charm, which had not hitherto been imparted to novels. How a mind oppressed with sorrows and injuries of the deepest dye, and loaded with hourly anxieties of the most pressing sort, could be endowed with strength and elasticity to combine, and throw forth such visions, with a pen dipped in all the glowing hues of most playful and creative fancy, fills me with astonishment and admiration."

"But whatever wonder may be excited by this first effort, it will yet be increased when we recollect that for several successive years, she still produced others with equal felicity, with an imagination still unexhausted, and a command of language, and variety of character, which have not yet received their due commendation."

Her next performance, "Ethelinde, or the Recluse

of the Lake," appeared in 1789, with a rapidity of composition only equalled by Sir Walter Scott, who, in speaking of this work, says, "Though the love tale be less interesting, owing to a sort of fantastic romance attached to the hero Montgomery, it is in other respects altogether fit to stand beside 'The Orphan of the Castle.' The cold-hearted yet coquettish woman of fashion, Lady Newenden, is very well drawn, and so are the female horse-jockey and the brutal buck."

"Celestina," the next that appeared, was published in 1791, and if somewhat less popular, perhaps, than the preceding, is, nevertheless, a pleasing and an interesting fiction.

"Desmond" followed in 1792, in which the heroine, Geraldine, being a married woman, Mrs. Smith was somewhat severely criticized by austere moralists; as also by politicians adverse to the French Revolution, for having therein somewhat advocated the cause; but when she was in France, she had seen the degradation of the people, and the oppression of the aristocracy, and possibly deemed any change must be for the better, unwitting of the ferocious scenes of licentiousness and anarchy that were afterwards to ensue. Politics are certainly out of their place in a novel, and her having thus introduced them is said to have lost her some valuable friends.

She was, however, not frowned into silence by unfriendly critics, for, in the following year, 1793, appeared "The Manor House," by many thought the best of her productions. "The Wanderings of Warwick," a sort of episode in the above, was published afterwards in a separate volume.

Of this work, Sir Walter Scott observes, "The chef-

d'œuvre of Mrs. Smith's works, is, according to our recollection, the *Old Manor House*, especially the first part of the story, where the scene lies about the ancient mansion and its vicinity. Old Mrs. Rayland is without a rival; a Queen Elizabeth in private life, jealous of her immediate dignities and professions, and still more jealous of the power of bequeathing them. Her letter to Mr. Somerive, in which she insinuates rather than expresses her desire to keep young Orlando at the Hall, while she is so careful to avoid committing herself by any direct expression of her intentions with respect to him, is a masterpiece of diplomacy, equal to what she of Tudor could have composed on a similar occasion. The love of the young people, thrown together so naturally, its innocence and purity, and the sort of perils with which they are beset, cannot fail deeply to interest all those who are interested by this peculiar species of literature. The unexpected interview with Jonas the smuggler furnishes an opportunity for varying the tale with a fine scene of natural terror, drawn with a masterly hand."

Whilst composing this work, Mrs. Smith paid a visit to her friend Mr. Hayley, with whom, as well as with his lady, she had been intimate for two or three years; and whilst at his villa at Eartham, near Chichester, the poet Cowper formed one of the party. In his letters he mentions Mrs. Smith bringing down and reading for their amusement "The Old Manor House," as she proceeded in its composition.

At that period the friendship of Mr. Hayley appears to have entailed on his "Muses," as he was wont to call his female friends, the loss of that of their own sex, each apparently wishing to monopolize to herself

all claims to his adulation. This may, perhaps, in some degree, explain the severity of criticism with which Mrs. Smith's productions were greeted by certain literary ladies about this time. But whilst the performances of most of her contemporaries have been consigned to a well-deserved oblivion, at the end of nearly half a century, some of Mrs. Smith's are still read with pleasure and interest by all persons of taste.

She had now quitted her cottage at Wyke, and resided sometimes in or near London, but chiefly at Brighton, where her sister, Mrs. Dorset, appears to consider she formed certain acquaintances with some of the advocates of the French Revolution, which influenced her political sentiments. Mrs. Smith was, however, by far too clever a woman not to judge for herself, and to form her own opinion upon all occasions, and indeed, in "Desmond," published in 1792, she had already openly avowed them.

Domestic calamity, in other than a pecuniary form, now again awaited her, for in 1793, her third son, who was serving as an ensign in the 14th regiment of foot, lost his leg at Dunkirk, and in a few years afterwards he fell a martyr to the yellow fever in Barbadoes.

But the misfortune which most severely tried her fortitude, was the death of her second and favourite daughter, who had married the Chevalier de Foville, a gentleman of Normandy, who had emigrated at the beginning of the Revolution. Madame de Foville fell into a decline after her first confinement, and died at Clifton in the spring of 1794.

"How lovely and beloved she was," says the afflicted mother in a letter to a friend, "those only who knew her can tell. In the midst of perplexity and distress,

till the loss of my child, which fell like the hand of death upon me, I could yet exert my faculties, and in the consciousness of the resource which they afforded to me, experience a sentiment not dissimilar to that of the Medea of Corneille, who replied to the inquiry of her confidante, "Where now are your resources?" "In myself!"

Elsewhere she says, "After having resisted for twelve years, difficulties and distresses such as women are seldom called upon to encounter, *one* dreadful evil has overtaken me, and nearly overwhelmed me; that lovely being who was the greatest blessing of my life, who alone had the power to sooth my wearied spirits and sweeten my hours of toil, has been torn from me for ever, and this last and bitterest calamity I shall ever impute to the conduct of our inhuman oppressors. Yet, in the hour of my extreme misery, while I *dreaded*, and after I had suffered the severity, what did I receive from them—from these men who *then held*, who *still hold*, the property of my family? Refusal of the most necessary assistance, taunts, and insults;—and I owed it to the friendship of one amiable and exalted female character, to a nobleman eminent for his good actions, and to a physician of the first reputation in London, (to whom I was wholly a stranger,) that at that period of agonizing distress I did not entirely sink; while to a physician at Bath I was indebted for every friendly, every skilful exertion which I could not purchase, but which were unremittingly applied to save me from the blow that has indeed crushed me to the earth, and rendered the residue of my days labour and sorrow."

Mrs. Smith seems never to have recovered from this shock; indeed her health began to sink under the pres-

sure of so many calamities, and the continued exertion she was constrained to use to effect some arrangement of the family property. An imperfect gout fixed itself in her hands, perhaps increased by the constant use of the pen, which she, however, continued to employ, even after some of her fingers had become contracted. She removed to Bath for the waters, but derived no benefit from their use.

She now became more than ever unsettled, wandering from place to place in search of that tranquillity and happiness she seemed destined never to enjoy. She continued her literary labours, however, without intermission, and with astonishing rapidity. "The Old Manor House" was followed, in July 1794, by "The Banished Man," in which, under the name of Mrs. Denzil, she has described the troubles of an authoress, which were probably drawn from her own experience; and in the adventures of the hero and heroine, the Chevalier D'Aimville and Angelina Denzil, we may imagine are portrayed those of the Chevalier and Madame De Foville.

"Montalbert" appeared in 1795, and "Marchmont" in 1796.

In the preface to this work, ("Marchmont,") Mrs. Smith observes, "I have been gravely told that I have made enemies by personality. In many instances it has certainly been the consciences of the prototypes that have helped the world to resemblances; but I do not affect to deny that I have occasionally drawn from the life; and I have no hesitation in saying, that in the present work the character most odious (and that only) is drawn *ad vivum;* but as it represents a reptile whose most hideous features are too offensive to be painted in

all their enormity, I have softened rather than overcharged the disgusting resemblance."

"The Young Philosopher" appeared in 1798, and "The Solitary Wanderer," making together, with her former productions, about thirty-eight volumes.

Besides these, Mrs. Smith wrote several beautiful little works for young people, entitled, "Rural Walks," "Rambles Farther," "Minor Morals," "Conversations;" also a poem in blank verse, called "The Emigrant;" a "History of England for the Use of Young Persons," which being incomplete, was finished by another hand; and "A Natural History of Birds," which was published in 1807, as was also her poem, entitled, "Beachy Head." Some of these performances are in a half dramatic, half narrative form, interspersed with interesting tales and curious facts in natural history, many evidently the result of her own observation.

The whole of these performances are well calculated to inspire young persons with a love of the country, and to attract their attention to the works of nature. Indeed, to those brought up in retirement, there are few works better calculated to teach them to find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

A premature old age coming on, probably from the pressure of anxiety and distress, in 1803, Mrs. Smith removed from Frant, near Tunbridge Wells, into Surrey, from a desire that her mortal remains might be laid with those of her mother, in Stoke Church, near Guilford.

Whilst at Elsted, near Godalming, her talented sister, Mrs. Dorset, the authoress of "The Peacock at

Home," paid her a visit. She says, "In the winter of 1804, I spent some time with her, when she was occupied in composing her charming little work for the use of young persons, entitled "Conversations," which she occasionally wrote in the common sitting-room of the family, with two or three lively grandchildren playing about her, and conversing with great cheerfulness and pleasantry, though nearly confined to her sofa, in great bodily pain, and in a mortifying state of dependence on the services of others, but in the full possession of her faculties: a blessing of which she was most justly sensible, and for which she frequently expressed her gratitude to the Almighty."

In the following year, Mrs. Smith moved to Telford, near Farnham, where her sufferings were terminated on the 28th of October, 1806, in her fifty-eighth year. She was interred at Stoke, according to her wishes, where an elegant monument of white marble with a grey border, by Bacon, was erected to her memory, with the following incription:—

"Sacred to the talents and virtues of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, (eldest daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., late of Stoke Place,) who terminated a life of great and various sufferings on the 28th of October, 1806. Also to the memory of Charles and George Frederic Smith, two of her sons, who met an early but honourable death in the West Indies, in the service of their country;—this tribute of gratitude and affection, of filial and paternal love, is inscribed by the surviving family."

From her writings it might be supposed that Mrs. Smith was of a melancholy cast of mind. It appears, however, that she was naturally of a cheerful and gay disposition, and when with those she liked, her conver-

sation was spirited and racy. Every sentence had its point, the effect of which was increased by the extreme rapidity with which she spoke, her ideas, apparently, flowing too fast for utterance.

She composed with greater facility than others could transcribe, and never availed herself of an amanuensis, always asserting that it was more trouble to find them in comprehension, than to execute the business herself. The quickness of her conception, indeed, was such, that she made but little allowance for the slower faculties of others, and her impetuosity seldom allowed her time to explain herself with precision.

The whole of her works, not far from fifty volumes in number, bear the impress of a highly elegant and cultivated mind, as well as of great original talent.

Of Mrs. Smith's numerous family of twelve children one daughter only is in existence, residing at Lymington, in Hampshire. Her son, Lieutenant-General Sir Lionel Smith, colonel of the fortieth regiment, who was born the 9th of October, 1778, was created a baronet in 1838, in consideration of his military services and patriotic exertions as the liberal governor of Jamaica. His departure from that colony was marked by the lamentations and tears of the coloured population, to whom he had ever evinced himself a sincere and stedfast friend. He was appointed governor of the Mauritius, where his decease took place a few months ago.

WORKS.

Elegiac Sonnets and other Essays, 1784.
Translation of Manor L'Escaut, 1785.
The Romance of Real Life, 1786.

Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle, 1788.
Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake, 1789.
Celestina, 1791.
Desmond, 1792.
The Manor House, and Wanderings of Warwick, 1793.
The Banished Man, 1794.
Montalbert, 1795.
Marchmont, 1796.
The Young Philosopher, 1798.
The Solitary Wanderer, 1799.
Rural Walks and Rambles Farther, 1796.
Minor Morals, 1798.
History of England for Young People.
Natural History of Birds, 1807.
Conversations, 1805.
The Emigrant, a Poem, &c.
Beachey Head, &c., 1807.

MRS. INCHBALD.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD was born on the 15th of Oct. 1753, at Standingfield, near Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk. Her maiden name was Simpson. Her father was a respectable farmer of the Roman Catholic religion, who died on the 15th April, 1761, leaving a very numerous family. Her mother, (whose maiden name was Rushbrook,) though very early left a widow, and having to struggle with great difficulties, nevertheless brought up her children respectably.

The beauty of her daughter Elizabeth was much celebrated in the circle of her acquaintance, and she appears to have been noticed by several of the neighbouring gentry, particularly by those who were of the same religious tenets with themselves. But an imperfection in her organs of utterance, which for some time rendered her speech indistinct, induced her, in early youth, to fly from company, and hide her defect in solitude; seeking in books for that recreation which she denied herself in the world. The nature of her education, or rather the absence of it, may be gathered from an observation of her own. "It is astonishing how much

all girls are inclined to literature, to what boys are. My brother went to school seven years, and could never spell; I, and two of my sisters, though we were never taught, could spell from our infancy."

Elizabeth Simpson appears early to have felt the craving so frequently experienced by young persons of talent, for the excitement of change of scene, and at thirteen, she declared, "she would rather die than live any longer without seeing the world." As the impediment in her speech was a bar to her getting a theatrical engagement, for which she had an early and a decided inclination, she endeavoured to cure it by the most persevering efforts, and by repeated trials at length discovered methods of at least palliating her defect. She wrote out all the words with which she had much difficulty, carried them constantly about with her, and at last perceived, or fancied she perceived, that stage declamation was favourable to this defect, rather than the reverse.

Her passion for the theatre was probably caused, in the first instance, by the vicinity of Standingfield to Bury, and by their frequently attending the performances there, and becoming intimate with the actors. There seems also to have been a little girlish flirtation in the case, with one of the managers, of the name of Griffiths, to whom she privately applied for an engagement in his company, but was refused.

It was about the same time that her brother George became an actor, which kept up the desire in his sister's breast of going upon the stage.

In 1771, she paid a visit to one of her sisters, who was married to a Mr. Hunt, and lived in London; and on this occasion she frequently met her future husband,

Mr. Inchbald. An attachment seems to have then been formed, at least on the gentleman's side, and a correspondence begun, without anything, however, like a regular engagement between them.

In April 1772, she had the indiscretion to leave her mother's house, unknown to any one, and getting into a Norwich coach, she again set off for London, apparently without any very definite motive for so doing. On arriving there, she proceeded to the residence of some relations opposite Northumberland House, but to her great consternation she found that they had left London for Wales. She then requested, and obtained permission from the people of the house to remain there for the night, but suddenly taking into her head that there was something suspicious in their kindness, she caught up her bandbox and rushed into the street.

Not exactly knowing what to do with herself, she then sought accommodation at the first lodging-house where there was a bill in the window, under the assumed character of a milliner's apprentice, when, turning round, she found she had been pursued, from curiosity or from kindness, by the master of the house from whence she had originally fled. She now again meditated flight, when a constable was threatened; but through the tears and entreaties of a little boy of twelve years old, who began to cry and to tell his mother "he would never go to school again if she did not let the young lady go," she was allowed to depart.

She then wandered about in the streets all night, till the clock struck two, when finding herself at Holborn-bridge, and a coach just setting off for York, she applied at another lodging-house, feigned herself to be a disappointed passenger, and under this pretext obtained a bed-

chamber, the door of which was locked by her careful landlady.

She remained here for some days, during which period she in vain sought for an engagement in one of the theatres. At last, probably, the extreme impropriety of her conduct becoming apparent to her, she entered into communication with some of her married sisters, who were settled in town, and placed herself under their protection. Here she again frequently met with Mr. Inchbald, who renewed his assiduities, and they were united on the 9th of June 1772, by a Roman Catholic priest, and on the following day they were regularly married according to the rites of the Protestant religion.

Mr. Inchbald was a Roman Catholic, and by profession an actor and an artist. He appears to have been an amiable and worthy man, considerably older than his young, lovely, and somewhat giddy wife, she being eighteen, and he in his thirty-seventh year.

Mr. Inchbald followed his calling with great assiduity, and his wife's still existing passion for the stage was now gratified. She made her first appearance at Bath, on the 4th September, 1772, in the character of Cordelia, her husband playing that of Lear.

For some years the Inchbalds seem to have been in connexion with a company of country actors, and underwent all the pleasures and privations attendant on their migratory life. The latter appear greatly to have predominated, as their funds were at times so low that they were frequently forced to go without their customary meals.

In July, 1776, they went to France, with the idea of Mr. Inchbald improving in the art of painting, and his wife in the French language; but they soon found that

their schemes of supporting themselves in that country by his profession as an artist, were abortive, and in the following August they returned to England.

So urgent were their necessities at this time, that Mrs. Inchbald began to think of earning something by her pen; and on the 31st, whilst waiting at Dieppe for the packet, she commenced writing a farce. After a stormy passage they reached Brighton, and were in such a destitute condition that they actually went into the fields to eat turnips, to satisfy the cravings of nature.

Mr. Inchbald now attempted to resume his theatrical engagements, and at Liverpool he was at last fortunate enough to procure one both for himself and his wife. Here Mrs. Inchbald met Miss Farren, and first opened an acquaintance with Mrs. Siddons, which ripening into friendship, lasted for a period of forty-five years. In the January of 1777, they first saw John Kemble, then a youth of nineteen, at his sister's house, and an intimacy was immediately formed between them.

It was in the following February that Mrs. Inchbald drew the first brief outline of her best and greatest work, the "Simple Story," which now deservedly ranks among our first-rate novels. But as she accompanied her husband on his theatrical tour, she probably had not as yet much time to devote to her literary pursuits. At Birmingham, the families of Inchbald and Siddons lived together, Mr. Inchbald frequently painting in Mrs. Siddons's room.

Young and fascinating, Mrs. Inchbald now found friends and admirers wherever she went; the latter, indeed, somewhat to the annoyance of her more sedate husband; and some little differences not unfrequently took place between them. Nevertheless, he appears to

have indulgently overlooked all the impetuosities of her temper and character; he also did his utmost to improve her as an actress, by listening to her declamation, and giving her instructions by which she greatly profited.

Just, however, as they had obtained regular engagements at the York theatre, and were rising considerably in professional reputation, whilst at Leeds, June 5th, 1779, Mr. Inchbald suddenly expired, it was supposed of some affection of the heart, leaving his young, beautiful, and unprotected widow, at the age of twenty-five, to struggle by herself with the world, and with all the difficulties of her situation.

Deeply did she now feel the loss of one who had been to her at once husband, father, brother, counsellor, and friend; and now that she was for ever deprived of him, she recalled to her mind his attachment and kindness. Well might she call the day which took him from her, "a day of horror," and the week succeeding "a week of grief, horror, and almost despair."

Her friends, upon this melancholy occasion, were extremely kind, and John Kemble, in particular, was so attentive to her, as to lead to the idea that he would willingly have succeeded to the place of the departed husband. He contented himself, however, with writing a Latin epitaph on his deceased friend. To him she shortly afterwards submitted her novel, and he wrote at length his opinion of the work. Other friends approved of it also, and it was, on the 5th October, 1779, packed up in a small box, and sent to London, to the care of Dr. Brodie, who had attended her in a dangerous illness, and who had paid her very marked attention. He was commissioned to offer the work to the trade for

sale; and it may be some satisfaction to those similarly situated, to know that the "Simple Story," which is now so universally admired, met with no bookseller who would venture his money on the publication; and it was not till many years afterwards that it was printed.

Mrs. Inchbald continued her engagement with the country company till the following year, when she procured one at Covent Garden, and made her first appearance before a London audience on the 3d of October, 1780. At first she seems to have acted somewhat subordinate parts; but her exquisite loveliness made her an excellent heroine in parts requiring youth and beauty, and in many of them she was very successful.

She now received several offers of marriage from persons of her own profession, but they were all declined. She had also many admirers in high life, some of whom would have dishonourably availed themselves of her unprotected state; but she repulsed such advances with the scorn and indignation they deserved.

She wrote a farce, entitled "Polygamy," which she sent to Mr. Harris on the 13th of February, 1781, and in the following year she sent "The Ancient Law" to Mr. Colman at the rival theatre. An unfavourable answer was returned to both. But, notwithstanding these rebuffs, she was not discouraged, and again tried her fate, when her "Mogul's Tale" was at length accepted by Mr. Colman, who offered her £100 for the piece, and it was acted with considerable success in July, 1784.

Mrs. Inchbald was, at this time, lodging in Leicester-court, Leicester Fields; but as this was an abode not sufficiently respectable for the visits of managers and of her more aristocratic acquaintances, who now began to

notice her, she occasionally borrowed the house of a friend in which to receive them.

Whilst alone, she practised the greatest frugality, indeed it might be called culpable parsimony, but for the generous and noble use she made of her little savings, great part of which were applied to alleviate the distresses of her sisters and other friends, who were in pecuniary difficulties.

In 1785, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, "I tell you What," was acted with considerable success, and she received many congratulations from her numerous friends. Amongst these must be enumerated Francis Twiss, Esq., who afterwards married Miss Kemble, and with whom, when in town, Mrs. Inchbald regularly took her Sunday dinner; Holcroft, the dramatist; Pratt; Dr. Wolcot; Sir Charles Bunbury, &c.

The last gentleman appears to have been so devoted in his attentions to Mrs. Inchbald, as to have led to the idea that he intended to make her Lady Bunbury, and it is understood that she expected an offer from him; but none was ever made—at least none that she could with propriety have accepted. In the mean time she declined, perhaps for his sake, a regular offer of marriage from a Mr. Glover, a gentleman of independent property, who offered her a carriage and a settlement of £500 per annum.

Mr. Moore, a barrister, and the brother of Sir John Moore, was also deeply attached to her, when she was no longer young, and though she was considerably his senior.

As a proof of the uncertainty of the success of a theatrical piece, after the performance of "I tell you What," Harris accepted a little piece of hers, entitled

"Appearances are against Them," which had been actually declined by Colman, and its reputation was such that the King commanded it, and the Prince of Wales went to see it.

Her next production was "The Widow's Vow," which was soon followed, in 1787, by a comedy entitled "Such things are," founded upon the character of the benevolent Howard. Mr. Haswell, his representative in the play, in visiting a prison, has his pocket picked by a slave, of his pocket-book, who afterwards receiving from the philanthropist bounty and promises of aid, falls on his knees and returns the stolen article. By a singular coincidence, the hero of the drama, Mr. Howard himself, at this juncture arrived in England, and was actually plundered of his papers and jewels between Canterbury and town.

This play was very successful, and the author's receipts for it were estimated by herself at £900.

Mrs. Inchbald was at this time residing in Great Russell-street, at the house which had formerly been Button's coffee-house, founded by Addison, in favour of a servant of the Warwick family, bearing that name.

She now occupied herself in translating, or rather in imitating, from the French, and preparing for the English stage, several plays, all of which were more or less successful. She likewise employed her leisure in altering her novel in some degree, by consolidating two stories into one, which she effected with great skill. This she completed late in the year 1790, and sold to Richardson for £200, under the well-known title of "The Simple Story." It was published on the 18th of February, and such was its popularity, that on the 1st of March a second edition was ordered.

This most interesting performance, which by many has been esteemed unequalled in its line, established Mrs. Inchbald's reputation as a literary character, and her acquaintance was, in consequence, very generally sought and cultivated. It gained for her the friendship and admiration of the late Judge Hardinge, who subsequently corresponded with her in a jocose strain of gallantry and criticism.

Mrs. Inchbald's talents and fascinating manners rendered her a most agreeable companion, and though now no longer young, her beauty caused her to be so much admired, that she often received the homage of strangers, and when walking in the streets, she was not unfrequently followed by persons who were attracted by her appearance. "The fair muse," as she was often termed, was, when between thirty and forty, above the middle size, rather tall, of a striking figure, but a little too erect and stiff. She was naturally fair, slightly freckled, and her hair was of a sandy auburn hue. Her face and features were beautiful, and her countenance was full of spirit and sweetness. This description is from a decided admirer of hers, who winds it up with observing, that "her dress was always becoming, and very seldom worth so much as *eight pence*."

The year 1793 found Mrs. Inchbald very busy with her comedy, "Every One has his Fault," which was acted on the 29th of January, for the first time, with the greatest applause. She received £700 from the proceeds of this successful composition, and Mr. Robinson bought the copyright. The sale was immense, partly, perhaps, owing to it having been attacked by "The True Briton," a paper established for the express purpose of supporting Mr. Pitt, and which chose

somewhat unfairly to attribute a revolutionary tendency to the work.

Belonging as she did to the Roman Catholic community, who were then suffering under several of those civil disadvantages which have since been removed, Mrs. Inchbald necessarily advocated liberal opinions; yet she seldom took much interest in politics, and consequently this attack was not only unmanly, but also unfair. She wrote a spirited answer, which was published in her friend Woodfall's paper, called "The Diary," in which she exposed the falsehood of the imputations.

In 1794, she completed her second romance or tale, entitled "Nature and Art," which she submitted to her then literary friends, Holcroft, Godwin, and Hardinge. In this performance are some passages of the utmost pathos, feeling, and interest; the sternest nature can hardly refrain from being touched with the distresses of the unfortunate Agnes, who may be esteemed the heroine of the work.

This year Mrs. Inchbald was introduced, at the house of her friend and publisher, Mr. Robinson, to the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe, and at Mrs. Siddons's she first met Sir Thomas Lawrence, then only beginning his career of fame. She afterwards frequently sat for her picture to him.

"Nature and Art" was published by Mr. Robinson, who gave £150 for it, in the following year, and in a short time another edition was required.

Mrs. Inchbald was now a frequent visitor at the houses of the nobility and other persons of consequence. She often was at Stanmore, the Marquis of Abercorn's, Lady Milner's, Lady Cork and Ossory's, Sheridan's, and

was invited to Kemble's house to meet various individuals. At his and at other houses she met Curran, Fuseli, Roger, Jekyll, &c. She paid bridal visits to her fair friends Miss Alderson and Miss Wallis, on their respectively becoming Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Campbell. At Mrs. Opie's she was introduced to Mrs. Barbauld.

She now occupied herself in translating from Kotzebue, at Mr. Harris's request, "Lover's Vows," and "The Wise Men of the East." "Deaf and Dumb," from the French, was refused by him, but was accepted by the rival theatre, Drury Lane, where it was performed with great applause.

She had been some time employed upon her Memoirs, for which Phillips, the bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, now offered her £1000, without having ever seen one word of them. Being, however, somewhat undecided about the publication, and perhaps wishing the son of her old friend Robinson to have the opportunity of printing them, if so disposed, she declined giving him an immediate answer. They were, however, refused by Robinson at her price, and when she offered them to Phillips, he had changed his mind, it was said, because he had been told that there was nothing in them unfit to meet the chastest eye!

For "To Marry or not to Marry," Mr. Harris eventually gave her £600, and Messrs. Longman, relations of his, who had succeeded to Mr. Robinson after his bankruptcy, were the publishers. With them she corresponded about her Memoirs, but the negociation failed; she, however, undertook for them, biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of acting plays, which they were about to publish. This somewhat tedious employment occupied much time, but so well were they ap-

proved of, and so firmly was her reputation now established as a critic, that a handsome sum was afterwards given her for merely prefixing her name to a selection of modern farces, and afterwards to another collection of modern plays, for which she wrote not a word. She was also solicited by Prince Hoare to write for a periodical, entitled "The Artist," for which she furnished some papers.

In 1809, the editorship of La Belle Assemblée was declined by her. A manuscript novel of Madame D'Arblay, probably "The Wanderer," was submitted to her by a bookseller, and when "The Quarterly Review" was just set on foot, in 1809, she was requested to write for it. Madame Cottin's "Malvina" was the subject submitted to her inspection, and "The School for Authors," by Mr. Tobin, which would have given her an opportunity of making general observations on the state of theatrical situations. She, however, resisted the flattering offers of Mr. Hoppner and Mr. Murray, apparently wishing to enter into no further literary engagements of a critical nature.

At all times Mrs. Inchbald seems to have determined to retain a perfect independence, and to have chosen to have her time and her property at her own disposal. She had an enthusiastic love of Home, although that home was often, indeed generally, only a single, or at most a couple of rooms up two or three pairs of stairs, occasionally in the attic, where she was waited on by the servant of the house, or sometimes not waited on at all; for she not unfrequently speaks of fetching her own water and dressing her own dinner, and once kept a coroneted carriage waiting whilst she finished scouring her apartment. But in that apartment she was free to do

what she chose; she could act as she pleased, dress as she liked, and keep her own hours.

At one time she took up her abode in a boarding-house, but she could not, as she said, when there, command her appetite, and be hungry at stated periods, like the rest of the boarders, so she generally returned to "her attic, her crust of bread, and liberty."

But though Mrs. Inchbald could not bring herself to comply with the usual forms of fashionable life, by living like the rest of the world, she at times evidently felt deeply the isolation of her situation. Lest, however, undue eccentricity should be imputed to her, in her style of living, when, by her successful efforts of genius, she had comparatively large sums at her command, it is to be remembered that she was by religion a Roman Catholic, and that penance, fasting, and alms-giving, are often enjoined in that religion, as religious exercises; so that possibly some of the abstinences and austerities observed by her, which have been attributed to parsimony, might have been in reality only the observances of her church. She frequently suffered from the want of fire herself, when it is known that she had enabled others to avail themselves of that necessary of life, and her donations to her sisters and other friends in distress were generous and munificent. To her sister, Mrs. Hunt, she eventually allowed nearly a hundred per annum. At the time when Mrs. Inchbald was her own servant, she writes, "I have raised her allowance to eighty, but in the rapid strides of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months hence, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred." Again in 1810, she says, "I say NO to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall

have to say, that I shall allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year."

In June 1810, she took lodgings in George's-row, overlooking Hyde Park, first at number 5, afterwards at number 11, kept by a publican of the name of Beale. This was a favourite situation with her, and is perhaps one of the pleasantest in town. Here she at first fancied herself in paradise, for, from her windows she could see the rising and the setting sun; and she says of herself, "I must have London, combined with the sun, the moon, and the stars, with land or with water, to fill my imagination, and excite my contemplation."

Mrs. Inchbald's method, when composing, appears to have been to shut herself up in her apartment, where she sat, with closed shutters, in order that her attention might not be distracted; and, thus secluded, she would devote herself to the subject which engrossed her thoughts for hours together. From this, or from other causes, she appears frequently to have suffered in health, and, as years increased, their general attendants, infirmities and sickness, accompanied them. Her several trips into Suffolk were not of sufficient duration to prove of much utility.

In 1810, Mrs. Inchbald again sold the copyright of her two novels, "The Simple Story," and "Nature and Art," to Messrs. Longman and Co., and they were republished in Mrs. Barbauld's edition of British Novels, where she took her station with Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and the already celebrated living writers, Madame D'Arblay and Miss Edgworth. With the last-mentioned talented lady she had entered latterly into a friendly and literary correspondence, after Mr. Edgeworth had courteously sent her a copy of one of his daughter's "Tales of Fashionable Life."

The following is the opinion of Miss Edgworth, and a better authority we can scarcely have, on the merits of Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story:"—"I have just been reading, for the third, I believe for the fourth time, the 'Simple Story.' Its effect upon my feelings was as powerful as at the first reading; I never read *any* novel—I except *none*—I never read any novel that affected me so strongly, or that so completely possessed me with the belief in the real existence of all the persons it represents. I never once recollected the author whilst I was reading it; never said or thought, *that's a fine sentiment*—or, *that is well expressed*—or, *that is well invented;* I believed all to be real, and was affected as I should be by the real scenes, if they had passed before my eyes; it is truly and deeply pathetic."

In answer to a letter from Mrs. Inchbald, Maria Edgworth says, "The strength and originality of your thoughts and expressions distinguish your letters from all we receive; and when we compared it with one from Walter Scott, received nearly at the same time, and read both letters again, to determine which we liked the best, upon the whole the preference was given, I think, by the whole breakfast-table (a full jury) to Mrs. Inchbald's."

Mrs. Opie was the medium through which an introduction was effected between Mrs. Inchbald and Madame de Staël, who sought her acquaintance with much perseverance, and even threatened a call upon her "at her alehouse," Mr. Beale's, the publican's. After much persuasion Mrs. Inchbald was induced to meet this celebrated lady at a third house. She thus describes the meeting between "Corinne" and "Miss

Milner:" "I admired Madame de Staël much; she talked to me the whole time; so did Miss Edgworth, whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory; but with Madame de Staël it seemed no passing compliment; she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to tell her why I shunned society. 'Because,' I replied, 'I dread the loneliness that will follow.' 'What! will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company than you did before you came hither?' 'Yes.' 'I should think it would elevate your spirit: why will you feel your loneliness more?' 'Because I have none to tell that I have seen YOU; no one to describe your presents; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my 'Simple Story;' no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself.' 'Ah! ah! you have no children;' and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty."

Two days afterwards, Mrs. Inchbald called by appointment on Madame de Staël, and was told she was ILL!—Her only son had just been killed in a duel!

A better rule, perhaps, cannot be offered to over-anxious parents, than the following observation of Mrs. Inchbald's, to her friend Mrs. Phillips, about her family. "I think in your determination concerning your children, (which are your greatest care,) you do not sufficiently consider, after all your caution, how much more than upon all your own poor efforts for their

welfare, their success will depend upon chance. Still, do the best you can; and then call that chance by the name of Providence, and submit to it."

In 1814, Miss Edgeworth paid Mrs. Inchbald the compliment of sending to her "Patronage," whilst in manuscript, for her criticisms, which seem to have been received in the same spirit of candour and liberality with which they were given. Miss Edgworth says, "Would you ever have guessed that the character of Rosamond is like ME? All who know me intimately, say that it is as like me as possible; those who do not know me intimately would never guess it."

This, perhaps, will explain why Rosamond is so much more interesting than the more perfect Caroline. The one is drawn from nature, and is pleasing, the other from imagination, and is almost monotonous from its perfection.

In 1815, Mr. Colburn solicited Mrs. Inchbald to undertake the editorship of a work he was publishing; but she politely declined it, and seems now to have gradually been detaching herself from this world, and turning her thoughts to another. She destroyed an immense number of letters relating to former times, particularly those connected with her lost sisters, some of whom seem to have been a great cause of grief to her, from their misfortunes and misconduct.

The last of her family, Mrs. Hunt, expired on the 14th of February, 1811, aged seventy-four; and Mrs. Inchbald became that most melancholy of beings—the sole survivor of a numerous family of brothers and sisters.

To the last, Mrs. Hunt depended on Mrs. Inchbald almost exclusively for support. The following ex-

presses the sentiments of her feeling and affectionate heart, on the receipt of the intelligence that she had no longer a brother or sister in the world. "To return to my melancholy. Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself—but, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room: she has her fire lighted every morning; all her provision bought, and brought to her ready cooked: she would be less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I have to suffer, but from this reflection! It almost made me warm, when I reflected that SHE suffered no cold; and yet, perhaps, this severe weather affected her also, for after only two days of dangerous illness she died. I have now buried my whole family."

The circumstances of her landlord, Mr. Beale, having induced her to give up her lodgings in St. George's Terrace, she now removed to the establishment of Miss Hodges, No. 4, Earl's Terrace, opposite Holland House. There she remained for a few months, when she went to Mrs. Voysey's in Leonard's Place, Kensington, where she was far more comfortable than she had been heretofore; but a life of regularity does not seem to have suited her desultory and independent habits. She says, "I know of no employment with my present feelings and taste, (thank God, according with my years,) that would afford me so much enjoyment as attending and conversing with the sick. Perhaps this disposition is not so much the result of charity, as of the selfishness which inclines us to seek after the pleasure of importance; and in cheering the heavy hours of an invalid, I think I could render myself important."

Her wishes were, however, soon granted, as all the

old widows and old maids of the establishment fell sick, as if to oblige her, leaving her, as she says, "the only strong and young person amongst them, to divert their blue devils from bringing them to an untimely end. I like to be of importance, and so the present society is flattering to my vanity."

In another place she says—"I really am very happy here, (VERY,) and yet I would leave it TO-MORROW could I meet with any pretty airy place nearer to London, and where I could dine at the hour of hunger, and cut a piece of crust off my own loaf. My sisters were all poor and dependent, yet THEY sat at their own table, and ate their own bread."

It was probably under these feelings that she again took refuge in private lodgings in Sloane-street; but wavering between her love of independence and the want of society, in April, 1819, she took up her last and final abode at Kensington House, a large and respectable establishment under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Saltarelli, where, during the early part of her residence, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Jerusalem regularly performed mass, and, after he had quitted the house, the Abbé Mathias officiated. Here, among other associates, were Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, and some old friends of Mrs. Inchbald.

Her Memoirs, now increased into four volumes, had, through the medium of Godwin, been submitted to the inspection of Constable, in 1818, who praised the manuscript extremely, but declined the publication, and she requested to have them returned to her; and she either destroyed, or left directions finally to have them destroyed at her death, from conscientious motives—probably from the advice of Dr. Poynter, as indicated

by the following memorandum in her own hand writing:—"Query. What I should wish *done* at the point of death? Dr. P——. 'Do it NOW.' Four volumes destroyed."

Though now almost entirely retired from the world, Mrs. Inchbald was not forgotten by all her old friends, for, at the close of 1820, one of her earliest, John Kemble, who had introduced Talma to her a short time before, called on her before he quitted England, as it proved, for ever; and, in 1820, Mr. Rogers sent her a present of "Eustace's Travels," which she had promised she would keep for his sake.

Age and infirmities were now coming fast upon her, and her health, which seems to have been for some time not particularly good, became impaired by frequent attacks of illness. In 1819, she had felt symptoms of a disorder which never afterwards entirely left her, in a sensation of tightness about her waist; though it at times yielded to the care of Dr. Baillie, whom she consulted on the occasion. In July, 1821, she caught cold,—to which she was always extremely susceptible; fever and inflammation of the intestines ensued, and she expired at nine in the evening, on the 1st of August, 1821, at the age of sixty-seven, after having had all the rites and ceremonies of her religion administered to her by the Abbés Masser and Mathias, who resided in the same house with her.

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